CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Crown Him with many crowns,

The Lamb upon His throne;

Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns

All music but its own!

Awake, my soul and sing

Of Him who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy matchless King

Through all eternity.

VERSE 2 Crown Him the Lord of life,

Who triumphed o'er the grave,

And rose victorious through the strife

For those He came to save.

His glories now we sing,

Who died and rose on high,

Who died eternal life to bring

And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of Lords,

Who over all doth reign,

Who once on earth, the incarnate Word

For ransomed sinners slain

Now lives in realms of light

Where saints with angels sing

Their songs before Him day and night,

Their God, Redeemer, King.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,

Enthroned in worlds above;

Crown Him the King to whom is given

The wondrous name of Love.

Crown Him with many crowns

As thrones before Him fall;

Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns

Grown Asus AD

For He is King of all.

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS by Matthew Bridges 1851 (stanza 1), and Godfrey Thring, 1852 (stanzas 2-4). Tune: DIADEMATA, George J. Elvey, 1868.