

Crown Him With Many Crowns

Words: Verses 1, 4, 5, 6 & 9: Matthew Bridges, *The Passion of Jesus*, 1852.
verses 2 & 3: Godfrey Thring, *Hymns and Sacred Lyrics*, 1874.

Music: 'Diademata' George J. Elvey, 1868. Setting: "Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869.
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♩ = 110

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on His throne.
2. Crown Him the vir - gin's Son, the God in - car - nate born,
3. Crown Him the Son of God, be - fore the worlds be - gan,
4. Crown Him the Lord of life, who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
5. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - ter sways

Hark! How the heav'n - ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own.
Whose arm those crim - son tro - phies won which now His brow a - dorn;
And ye who tread where He hath trod, crown Him the Son of Man;
And rose vic - tor - ious in the strife for those He came to save.
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise.

A - wake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,
Fruit of the mys - tic rose, as of that rose the stem;
Who ev - ery grief hath known that wrings the hu - man breast,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died, and rose on high,
His reign shall know no end, and round His pierc - ed feet

And hail Him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
The root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, the Babe of Beth - le - hem.
And takes and bears them for His own, that all in Him may rest.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
Fair flow'rs of pa - ra - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.

6. Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

7. 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, for He is King of all.

8. 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.

9. Crown Him the Lord of years, the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For Thou has died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail throughout eternity.