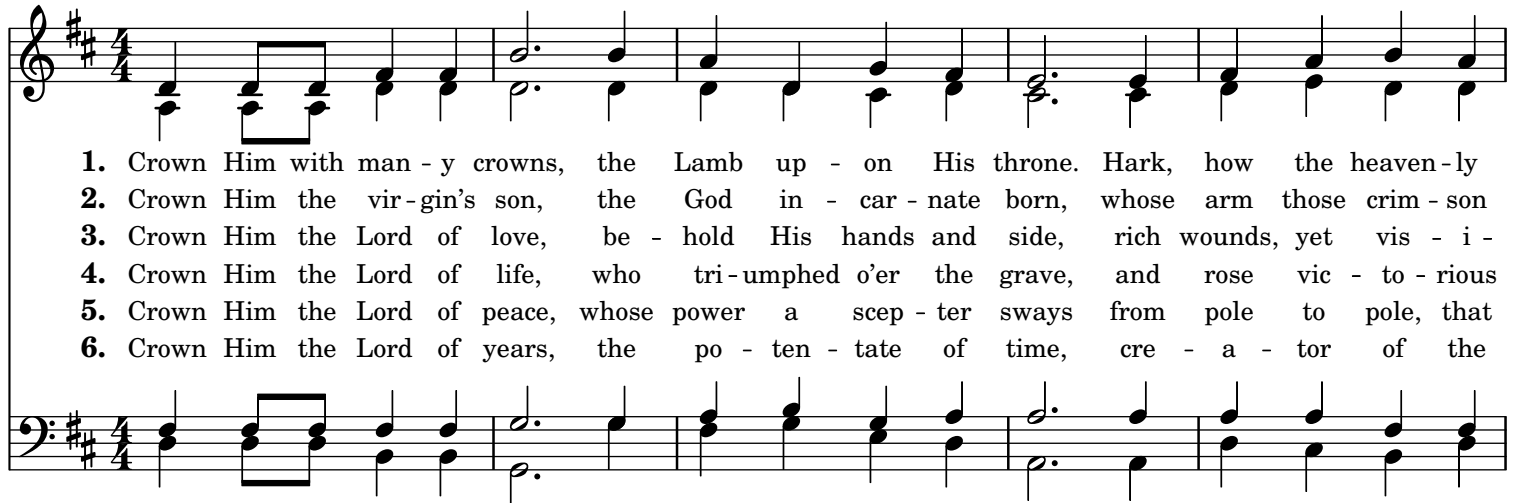


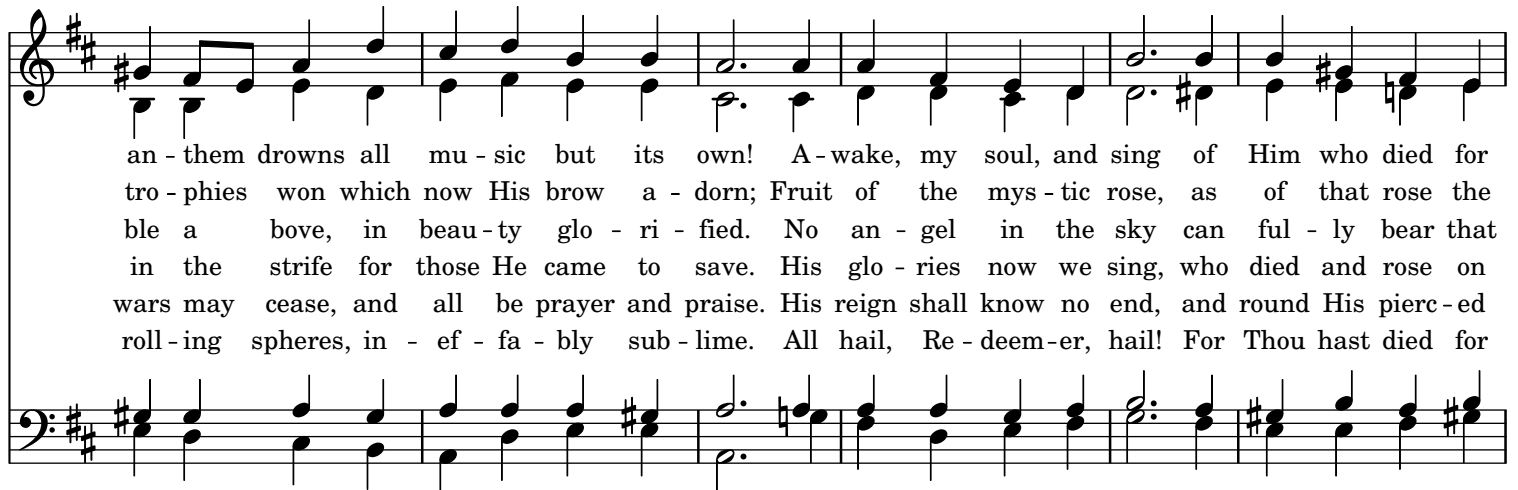
Crown Him With Many Crowns

Text: Matthew Bridges 1851; st. 4, Godfrey Thring, 1874

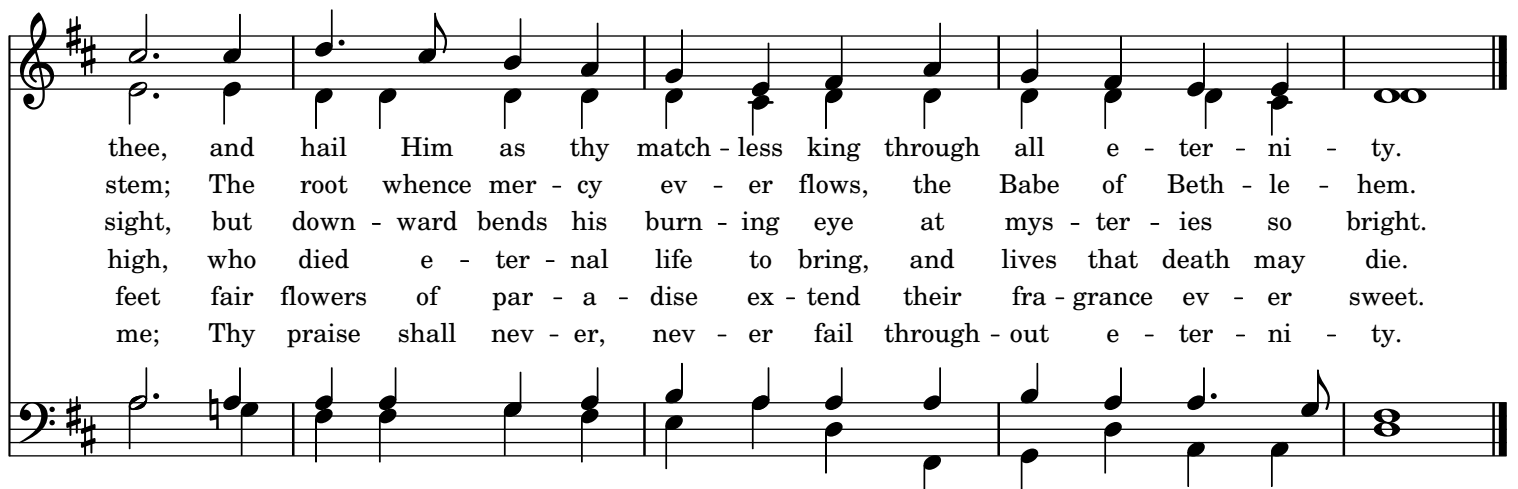
Tune: George Job Elvey, 1868



1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on His throne. Hark, how the heaven - ly
2. Crown Him the vir - gin's son, the God in - car - nate born, whose arm those crim - son
3. Crown Him the Lord of love, be - hold His hands and side, rich wounds, yet vis - i -
4. Crown Him the Lord of life, who tri - umphed o'er the grave, and rose vic - to - rious
5. Crown Him the Lord of peace, whose power a scep - ter sways from pole to pole, that
6. Crown Him the Lord of years, the po - ten - tate of time, cre - a - tor of the



an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for
tro - phies won which now His brow a - dorn; Fruit of the mys - tic rose, as of that rose the
ble a bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied. No an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that
in the strife for those He came to save. His glo - ries now we sing, who died and rose on
wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise. His reign shall know no end, and round His pierc - ed
roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime. All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for



thee, and hail Him as thy match - less king through all e - ter - ni - ty.
stem; The root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, the Babe of Beth - le - hem.
sight, but down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
high, who died e - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
feet fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
me; Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through - out e - ter - ni - ty.