Crown Him With Many Crowns



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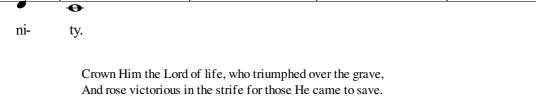
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Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side, Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified. No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight, But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

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 peace, whose power a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise. His reign shall know no end, and round His piercèd feet Fair flowers of paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.

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.