

Crown Him With Many Crowns (Blue Hymnal #304)

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Words: St. 1,3,4 Matthew Bridges; St. 2 Godfrey Thring
Music: George J. Elvrey

[NO CAPO]

[CHORDS]

D	G	A	E
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			0
0 0	0	0 0 0	0 0
0	0 0 0		

[INTRO]

| D | G D | G A | D |

[VERSE 1]

D G D G A
Crown Him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up-on His throne;
D G E A A E A
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own
D G E A
A-wake my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
D G D G A D
And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e-ter-ni-ty.

[VERSE 2]

Crown Him the Lord of Life, Who tri-umphed o'er the grave,
And rose vic-to-rious in the strife For those He came to save;
His glo-ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high,
Who died e-ter-nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.

[VERSE 3]

Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep-ter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise:
His reign shall know no end, And round his pierc-ed feet
Fair flow'rs of par-a-dise ex-tend Their fra-grance ev-er sweet.

[VERSE 4]

Crown Him the Lord of love; Be-hold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet vis-i-ble a-bove, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied:
All hail, Re-deem-er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise and glo-ry shall not fail Though-out e-ter-ni-ty.

KING, LORD

304 Crown Him with Many Crowns

And on His head were many crowns. Revelation 19:12

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scep - ter sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,

Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise:
Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high,
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me:

And hail Him as thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

WORDS: St. 1, 3, 4, Matthew Bridges; st. 2 Godfrey Thring

MUSIC: George J. Elvey; Last stanza setting and choral ending by David Winkler

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DIADEMATATA
6.6.8.6.D.(S.M.D.)