

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.

Crown him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown him the Son of man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in him may rest.

Crown him the Lord of life
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in 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 heaven!
One with the Father known,--
And the blest Spirit, through him given
From yonder triune throne!
All hail! Redeemer,--Hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity!