

## 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 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 wondering eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed over 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, 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.