

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,
Rich 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.

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 pierced 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 hast died for me.
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity! Amen!

Crown Him with many Crowns!



"It is true! He has risen..."

Luke 24:34

