## Crown Him with many crowns

Praise of the Lord — His Glory

(Guitar: Capo 1)

D G D Α 1. Crown Him with The Lamb His throne; Hark! man - y crowns, up - on A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> D Α Α the heav'n - ly - them drowns All but its own! Α how an mu - sic E<sup>7</sup>  $A^7$ G D Α Of Him And who died for wake, my soul, and sing thee,  $A^7$ D G D D Α hail Him thy match - less King Through all ter ni tv. as

- Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
   The God Incarnate born,
   Whose arm those crimson trophies won
   Which now His brow adorn:
   Fruit of the mystic Tree,
   As of that Tree the Stem;
   The Root whence flows Thy mercy free,
   The Babe of Bethlehem.
- 3. 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.

- 4. 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 glory now extend
  Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 5. 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.