

# Crown Him with many crowns

Praise of the Lord — His Glory

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*(Guitar: Capo 1)*

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

2. 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.