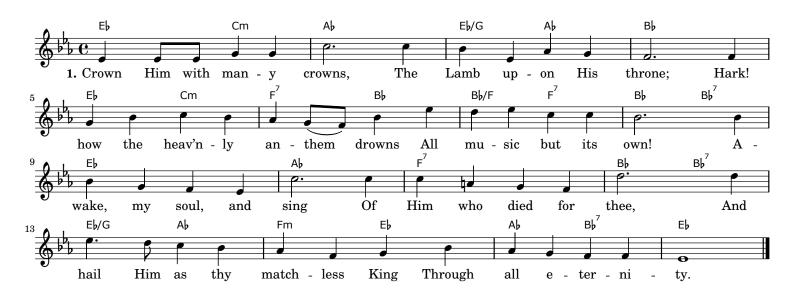
Crown Him with many crowns

Praise of the Lord — His Glory

142



- 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.