CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

1 Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne.
2 Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side,
3 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, enthroned in worlds above.

Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own,
Those wounds, yet visible above in beauty glorified.
Crown Him the King to Whom is given the wondrous name of Love.

Awake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
Crown Him with many crowns, as thrones before Him fall.

And hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns, for He is King of all.