

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 Virgin's Son!
The God Incarnate born,—
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn!
Fruit of the Mystic Rose
As of that Rose the Stem:
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem!

Crown Him the Lord of Years!
The Potentate of Time,—
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
Glass'd in a sea of light,
Where everlasting waves
Reflect His Throne,—the Infinite!
Who lives,—and loves,—and saves.

Crown Him With Many Crown