

Crown Him with Many Crowns
DIADEMATA

1. Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who set us free,
And hail him as your heav'nly King
Through all eternity.

2. Crown him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those he came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

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 pow'r a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flow'rs of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5. Crown him the Lord of years,
The risen Lord sublime,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
The Master of all time,
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For you have died for me;
Your praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

Text: SMD; Revelation 19:12; verses 1, 3-5, Matthew Bridges, 1800-1894; verse 2,
Godfrey Thring, 1823-1903, alt. Music: George J. Elvey, 1816-1893.