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 Lord of love, behold His hands and side,

Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.

He lives in realms of light, where saints with angels sing

Their songs before Him day and night, their God, Redeemer, King.

Crown Him the Son of God, before the worlds began,

And ye who tread where He hath trod, crown Him the Son of Man;

Who every grief hath known that wrings the human breast,

And takes and bears them for His own, that all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed over 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.