

Crown Him with Many Crowns

Bridges

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 died for thee,
and hail him as your heav'nly King
through all eternity.
2. 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.
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 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 live that death may die.
5. Crown him the Lord of peace,
whose pow'r a sceptre sways
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,
absorbed by prayer and praise:
his reign shall know no end,
and round his piercèd feet
fair flow'rs of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.
6. 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,
your praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.