

THE Hiding Place

Crown Him With Many Crowns

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 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.

Crown him the Lord of love.
Behold his hands and side,
rich wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified.
No angels in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends their burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

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;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.