

# Crown Him With Many Crowns

Christopher West

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 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. Crown him the Lord of peace,  
whose power a scepter sways  
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
and all be prayer and praise.  
his reign shall know no end,  
and round his pierced feet  
fair flowers of paradise extend  
their fragrance ever sweet. Crown him the Lord of love,  
behold his hands and side,  
those 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. Crown him the Lord of Heaven,  
enthroned in worlds above,  
crown him the King to whom is given  
the wondrous name of Love.  
Crown him with many crowns,  
as thrones before him fall;  
Crown him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
for he is King of all. Crown him the Lord of lords,  
who over all doth reign,  
who once on earth, the incarnate Word,  
for ransomed sinners slain,  
now lives in realms of light,  
where saints with angels sing  
their songs before him day and night,  
their God, Redeemer, King. Crown him the Lord of years,  
the Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
ineffably sublime.  
all hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For thou has died for me;  
thy praise and glory shall not fail  
throughout eternity.

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