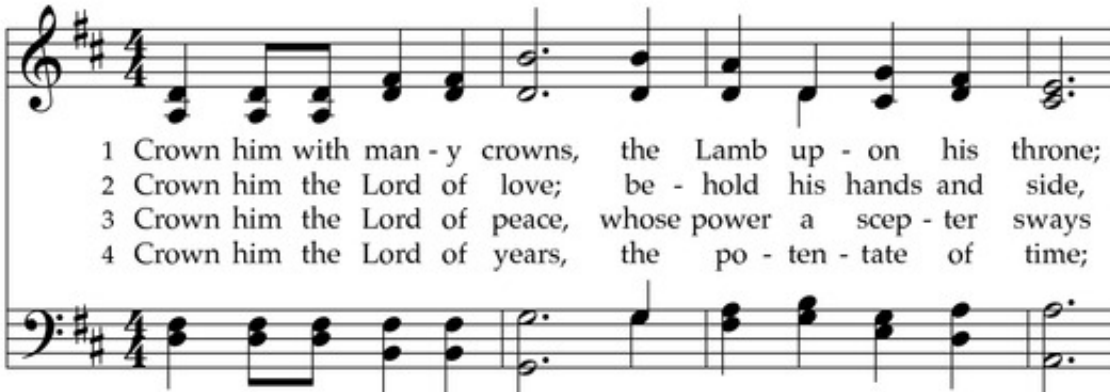
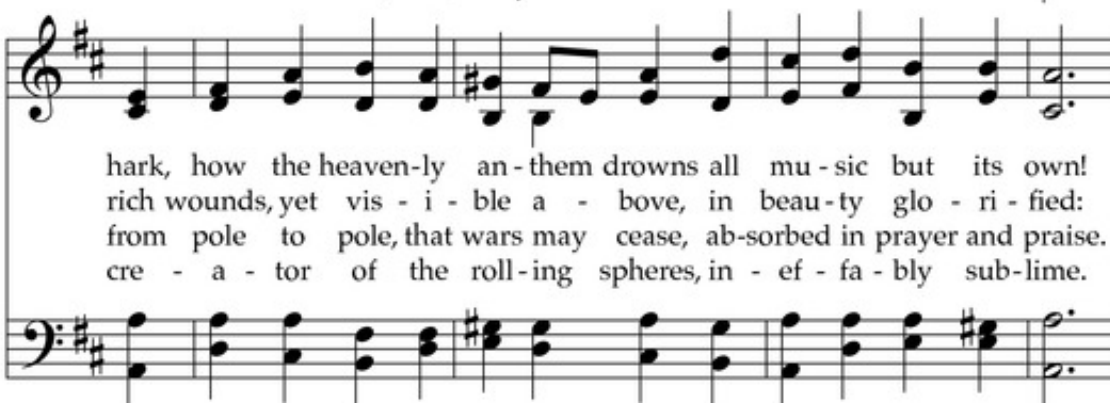


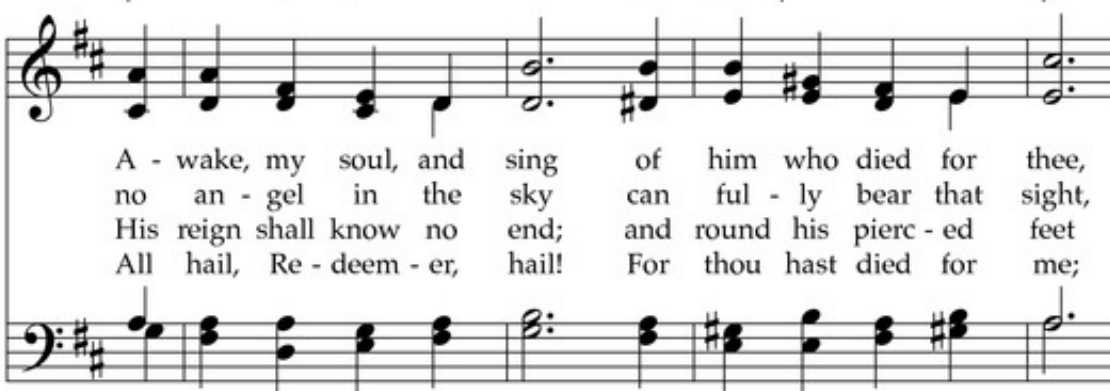
# Crown Him with Many Crowns 268



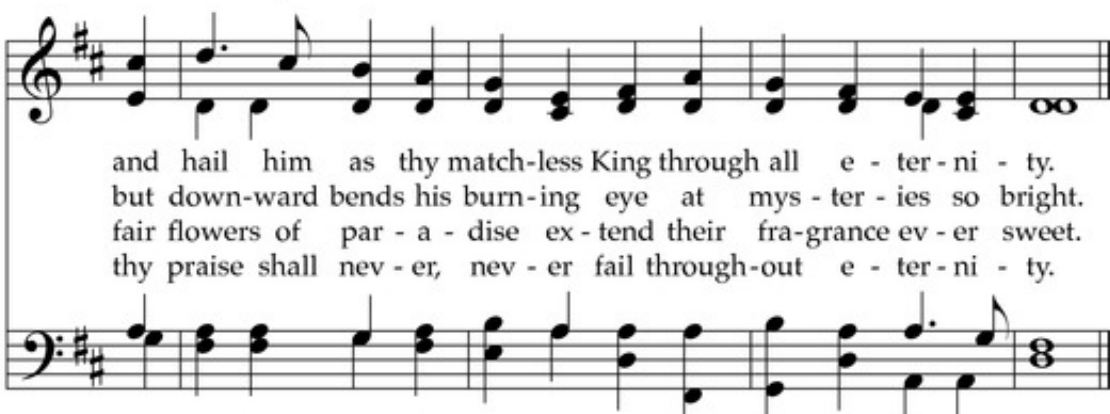
1 Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;  
 2 Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,  
 3 Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scep - ter sways  
 4 Crown him the Lord of years, the po - ten - tate of time;



hark, how the heaven-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own!  
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:  
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise.  
 cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.



A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,  
 no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,  
 His reign shall know no end; and round his pierc - ed feet  
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For thou hast died for me;



and hail him as thy match-less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 but down-ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.  
 fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.  
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

This text is so familiar that it is easy to miss all its paradox, mystery, suffering, and beauty; it rewards careful reading and meditation outside corporate worship. The tune's composer, chapel organist at Windsor Castle, had much experience in creating a royal sound.