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1. Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon the throne:
hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died to be
your Saviour and your matchless King
through all eternity.

2. Crown him the Son of God,
before the worlds began;
let all who tread where he has trod,
crown him the Son of Man,
who every grief has known
that wrings the human breast,
and takes and bears them for his own,
that all in him may rest.

3. 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.

4. Crown him the Lord of peace
whose kingdom is at hand;
from pole to pole let warfare cease
and Christ rule eve ry land!
A city stands on high;
Christ's glory it displays,
and there the nations 'Holy' cry
in joyful hymns of praise.

5. Crown him the Lord of years,
the Source, the End of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
in majesty sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
for you have died for me;
your praise shall never, never fail
through all eternity!