Crown Him With Many Crowns

D Bm G D G A7 D A
Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne;
D A Bm D E E7 A G#dimA Esus4E A
Hark, how the heav'nly anthem drowns all music but its own;
D A7 D G B7 E D E7 A
Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
D G D Em7 A D G DAsus4A D
And hail him as thy matchless King through all eter nity.

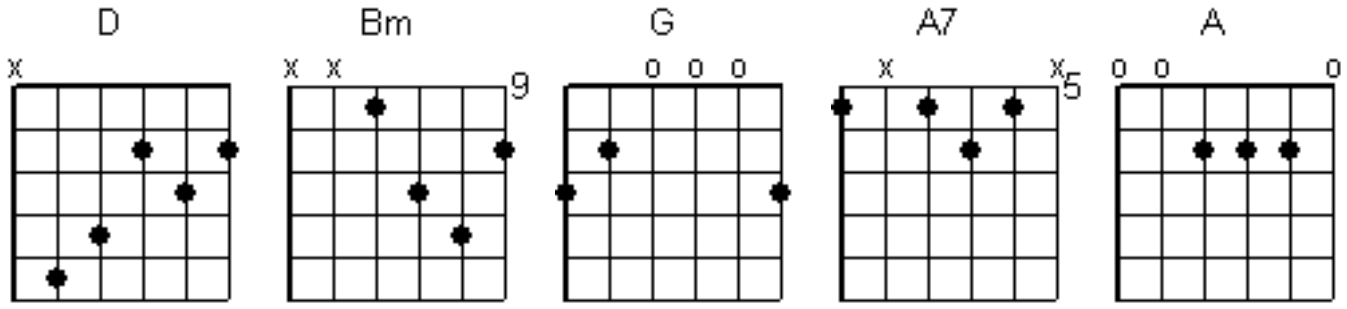
Crown him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife for those he came to save.
His glories now we sing, who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends each burning eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace, whose pow'r a sceptre 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 flow'rs of paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.

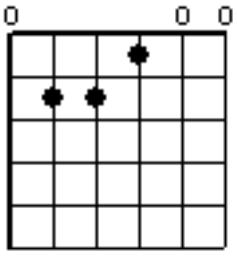
Crown him the Lord of years, the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.

Text: Matthew Bridges, 1851
Music: George Job Elvey, 1868

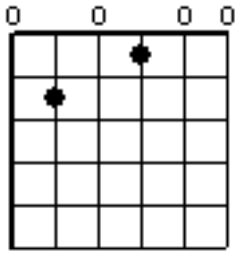


Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.

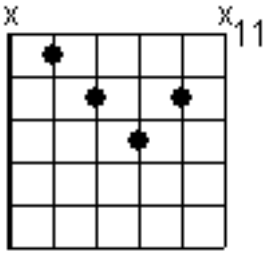
E



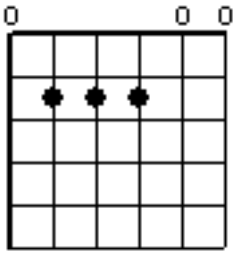
E7



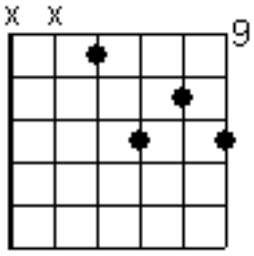
G#dim



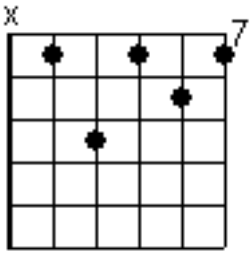
Esus4



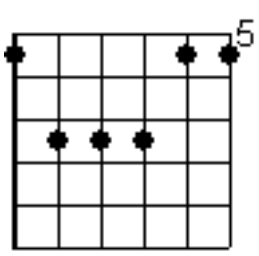
B7



Em7



Asus4



Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.