

Crown Him With Many Crowns-Ira Sankey

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 Chosen King
Through All Eternity.

Crown Him The Son Of God
Before The Worlds Began;
And Ye Who Tread Where He Hath
Trode
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 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 His Burning Eye
At Mysteries So Bright.