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Crown Him With Many Crowns

(Diademata)

Matthew Bridges

George Job Elvey, 1868

1. Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne, hark how the Virgin's Son, the God incarnate born, whose side those of love; be hold his hands and side, those of peace, whose pow'r a sceptre sways from years, the Po-ten-tate of time, cre-

how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns all mu-sic but its own, a-arm those crim-son tro-phies won which now his brow a-dorn: Fruit wounds yet vi-si-le a-bove in beau-ty glo-ri-fied: no pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be pray'r and praise: his a-tor of the roll-ing spheres, in-ef-fa-bly sub-lime: all

wake my soul and sing of him who died for thee, and hail him as thy of the mys-tic Rose, as of that Rose the Stem; the Root whence mer-cy an-gel in the sky can ful-ly bear that sight, but down-ward bends his reign shall know no end, and round his pier-ced feet fair flow'rs of pa-ra-hail, Re-deem-er, hail! for thou hast died for me; thy praise shall ne-ver,

match-less King, through all e-ter-ni-ty, ev-er flows, the Babe of Beth-le-hem, bur-ning eye at mys-te-ries so bright, dise-ex-tend their fra-grance ev-er sweet, ne-ver fail through-out e-ter-ni-ty.

ST MARY'S CATHEDRAL, KUALA LUMPUR. From Hymnary.org (based on a score from the Cyber Hymnal)
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Transcribed by (General) Rtd
Michael Oij
for SAM choir
for 21-11-18
for Christ the King