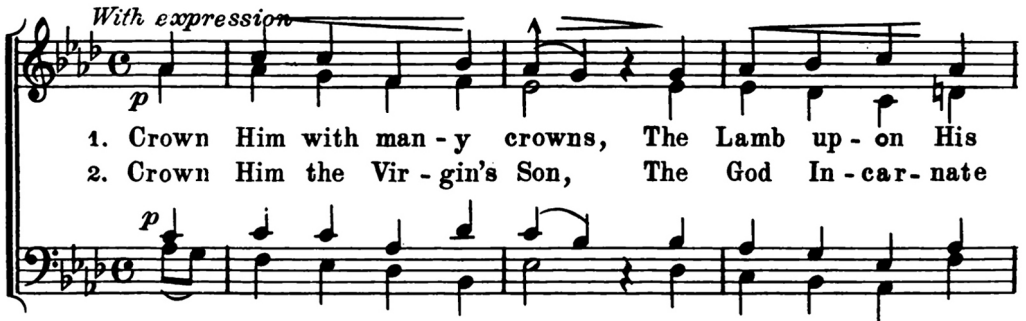


OUR BLESSED LORD  
Crown Him with many Crowns  
Processional

Matthew Bridges

Nicola A. Montani

*With expression*



*p*

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His  
2. Crown Him the Vir - gin's Son, The God In - car - nate

*p*



throne; Hark, how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All  
born; Whose arm those crim - son tro - phies won, Which



mu - sic but its own: A - wake, my soul, and  
now His Brow a - dorn! Fruit of the Mys - tic

sing ——— Of Him Who died for thee, And  
Rose, ——— As of that Rose the Stem; The

hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.  
Root whence Mer-cy ev - er flows, The Babe of Beth-le - hem.

3. Crown Him the Lord of Love:      4. Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
Behold His Hands and Side,      Whose power a sceptre sways  
Rich Wounds, yet visible above      From pole to pole; that wars may cease,  
In beauty glorified;      Absorbed in prayer and praise:  
No Angel in the sky      His reign shall know no end,  
Can fully bear that sight,      And round His pierced Feet  
But downward bends his burning eye      Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
At mysteries so bright.      Their fragrance ever sweet.
5. Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
One with the Father known,  
And the blest Spirit through Him given  
From yonder Triune throne:  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.