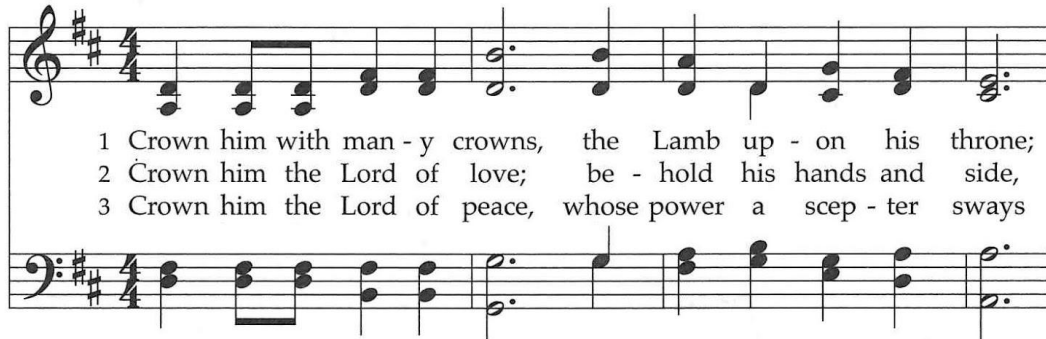
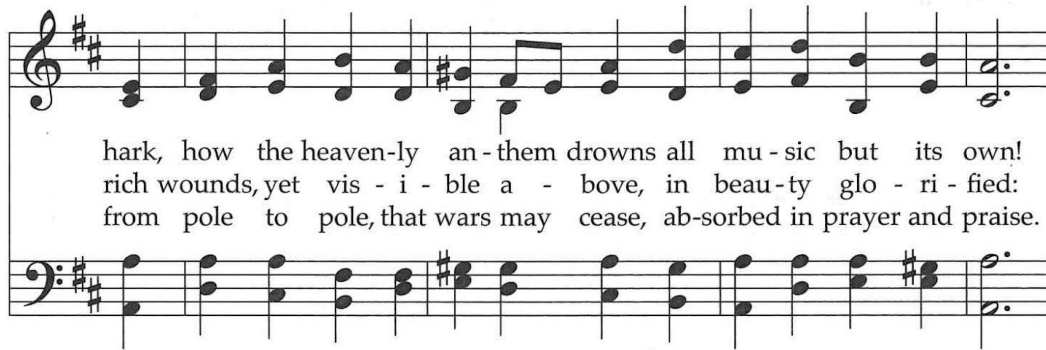


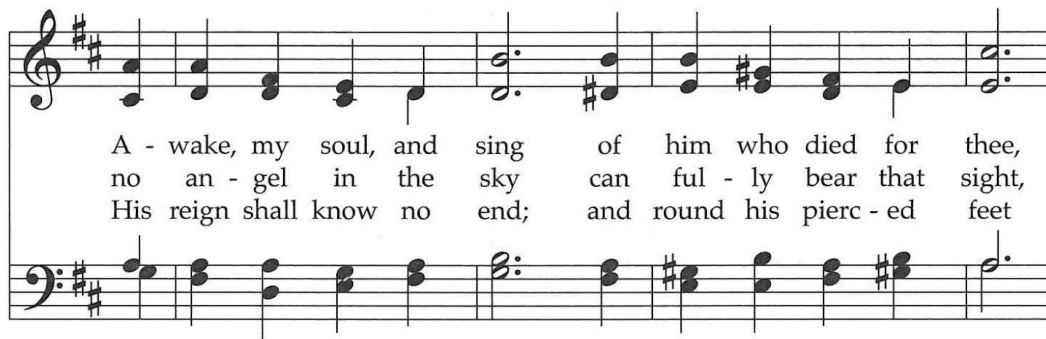
Crown Him with Many Crowns



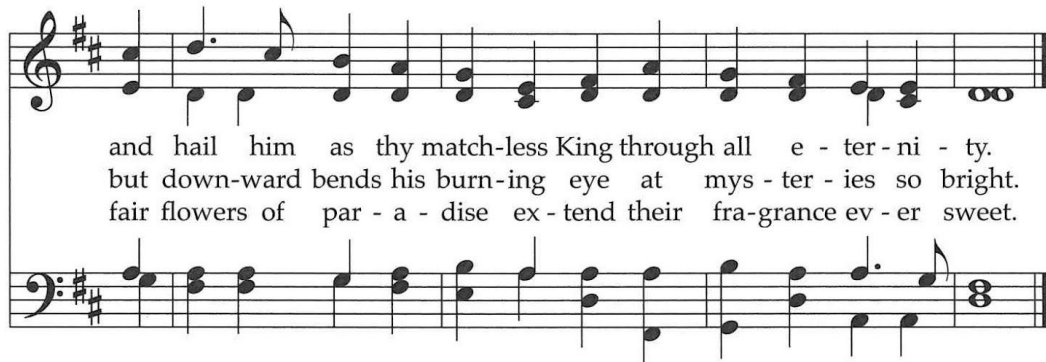
1 Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
2 Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
3 Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scep - ter sways



hark, how the heaven-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own!
rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise.



A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end; and round his pier - ed feet



and hail him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
but down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.

This text is so familiar that it is easy to miss all its paradox, mystery, suffering, and beauty; it rewards careful reading and meditation outside corporate worship. The tune's composer, chapel organist at Windsor Castle, had much experience in creating a royal sound.

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

He has risen from the dead ... you will see him — Matthew 28:7 NIV

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head, Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Dy - ing once He all doth save, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O Grave? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!

WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788
 MUSIC: *Lyra Davidica*, 1708

EASTER HYMN
 7.7.7.7. with Alleluias

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