

small
things
BIG
DIFFERENCE

Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! How the heav'nly anthem drowns all music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

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.

Crown him the Lord of peace; whose pow'r a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, absorbed in 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, inteffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.