

295

Crown Him with Many Crowns

On his head are many crowns. Rev. 19:12

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 pow'r a scep - ter sways
 4. Crown him the Lord of years, the Po - ten - tate of time;

hark! how the heav'n-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:
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime:

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 pierc - ed feet
 all hail, Re - deem - er, hail! for thou hast died for me:

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 flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

662

As the Hart Longs for Flowing Streams

As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, O God. Ps. 42:1

Unison D^7 G C G

1. As the hart longs for flow - ing streams,
 2. My tears have fed me day and night,
 3. Why do I mourn and toil with - in,

$G/F\#$ Em Em/D C Dsus

so longs my soul for thee, O God.
 while men have said, "Where is your God?"
 when it is mine to hope in God?

D F G Dm^7 G^7 $Cmaj^7$ G

My soul does thirst for the liv - ing God;
 But I re - call as my soul pours dry,
 I shall a - gain sing praise to him;

Am^7 G/D D^7 G $\bar{7}$

when shall I come to see thy face?
 the days of praise with - in thy house.
 he is my help, he is my God.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

647

Your name is like perfume poured out. Song of Sol. 1:3

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, and calms the trou - bled breast;
3. Dear Name! the rock on which I build, my shield and hid - ing place,
4. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Broth - er, Friend, my Proph - et, Priest, and King,

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, and drives a - way his fear.
'tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, and to the wea - ry rest.
my nev - er - fail - ing trea - s'ry filled with bound - less stores of grace;
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, ac - cept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would thy love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy name
refresh my soul in death.