

435 Lo! He Comes with Clouds Descending

1 Lo! he comes with clouds de - scend - ing,
 2 Now re - demp - tion, long - ex - pect - ed,
 3 Yea, a - men, let all a - dore thee,

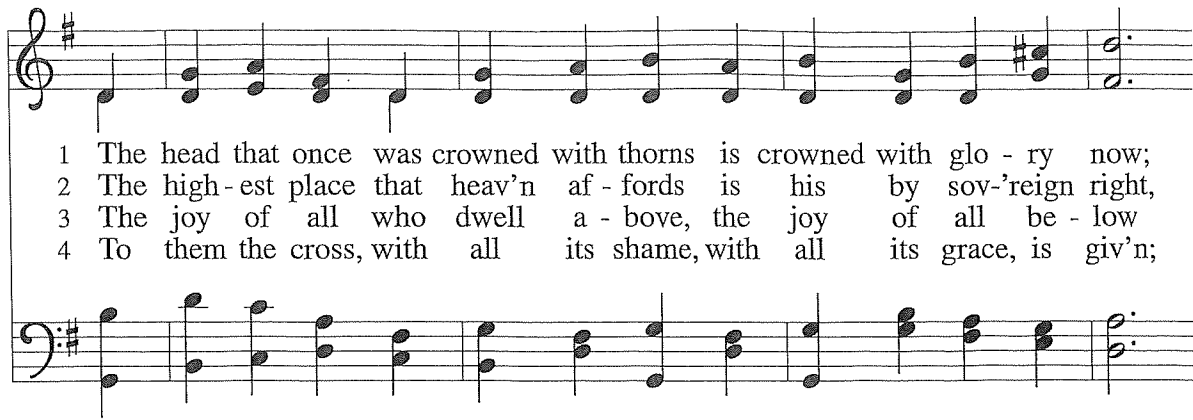
once for our sal - va - tion slain;
 comes in sol - emn splen - dor near;
 high on thine e - ter - nal throne;

thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing
 all the saints this world re - ject - ed
 Sav - ior, take the pow'r and glo - ry,

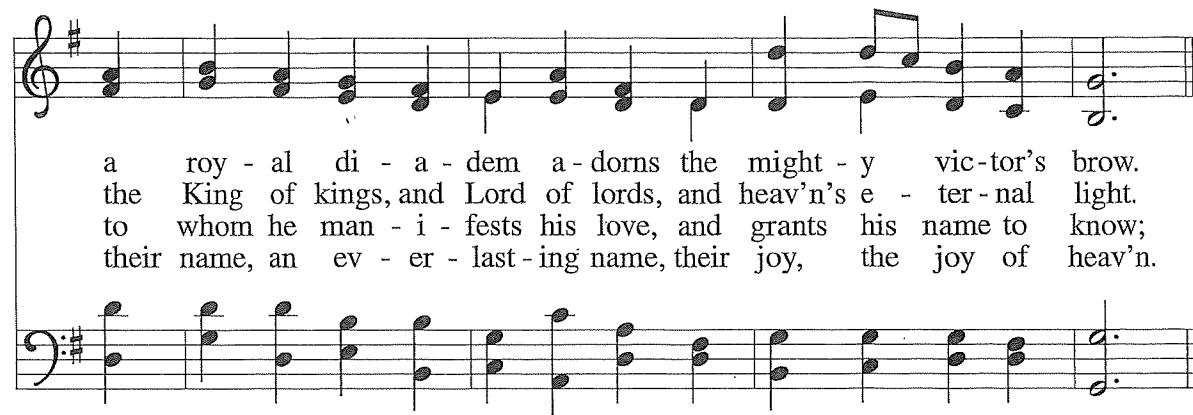
join to sing the glad re - frain:
 thrill the trum - pet sound to hear:
 claim the king - dom as thine own.

The Head That Once Was Crowned

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1 The head that once was crowned with thorns is crowned with glo - ry now;
2 The high - est place that heav'n af - fords is his by sov'-reign right,
3 The joy of all who dwell a - bove, the joy of all be - low
4 To them the cross, with all its shame, with all its grace, is giv'n;



a roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns the might - y vic - tor's brow.
the King of kings, and Lord of lords, and heav'n's e - ter - nal light.
to whom he man - i - fests his love, and grants his name to know;
their name, an ev - er - last - ing name, their joy, the joy of heav'n.

5 They suffer with their Lord below;
they reign with him above;
their profit and their joy to know
the myst'ry of his love.

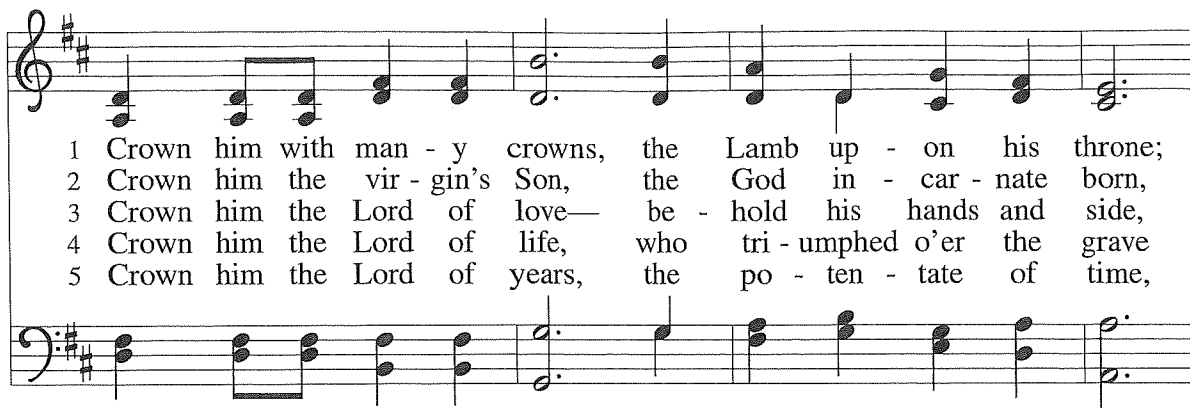
6 The cross he bore is life and health,
though shame and death to him;
his people's hope, his people's wealth,
their everlasting theme!

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855
Music: Jeremiah Clarke, 1669-1707

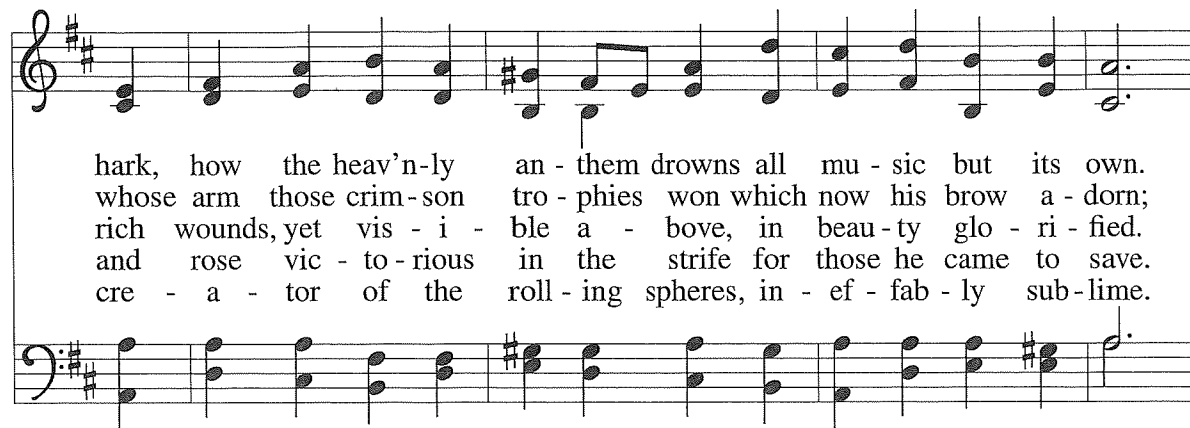
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Crown Him with Many Crowns

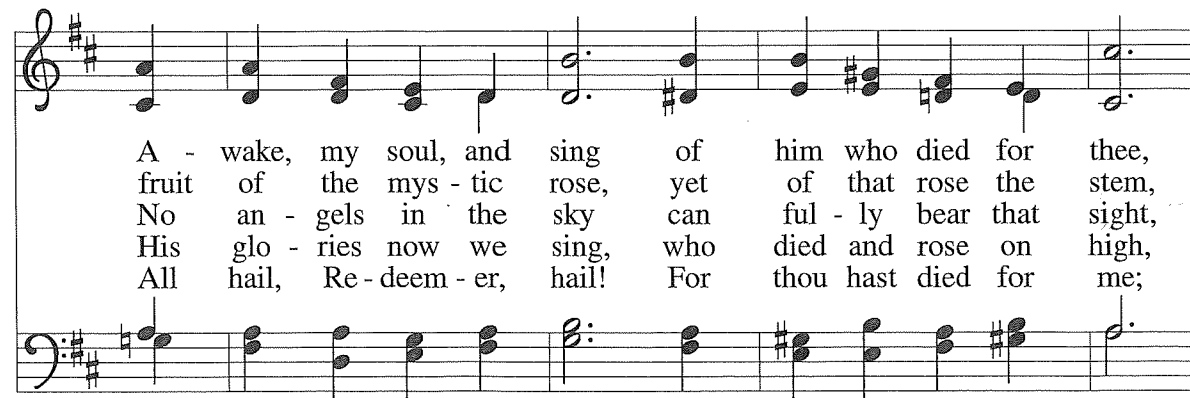
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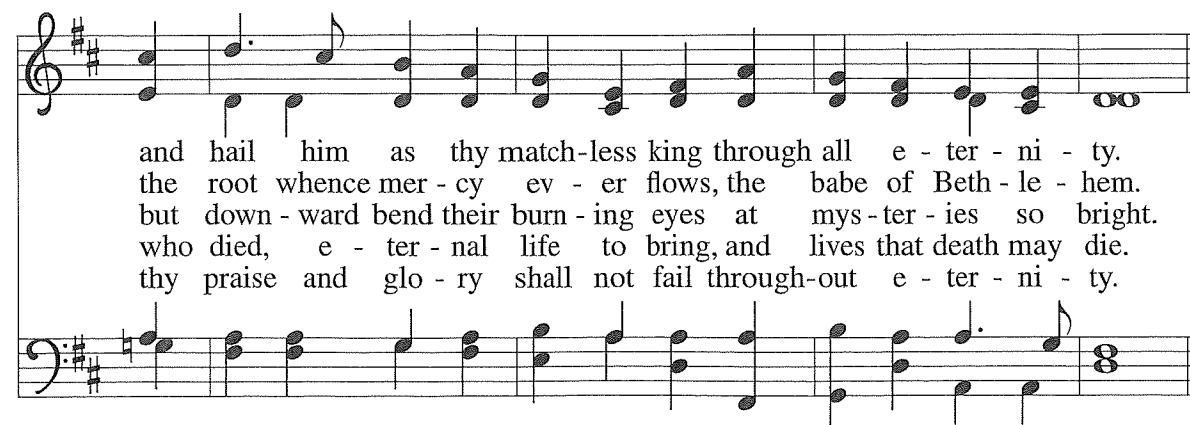
1 Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2 Crown him the vir - gin's Son, the God in - car - nate born,
 3 Crown him the Lord of love— be - hold his hands and side,
 4 Crown him the Lord of life, who tri - umphed o'er the grave
 5 Crown him the Lord of years, the po - ten - tate of time,



hark, how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own.
 whose arm those crim-son tro - phies won which now his brow a - dorn;
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied.
 and rose vic - to - rious in the strife for those he came to save.
 cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fab - ly sub - lime.



A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 fruit of the mys - tic rose, yet of that rose the stem,
 No an - gels in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His glo - ries now we sing, who died and rose on high,
 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.
 the root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, the babe of Beth - le - hem.
 but down - ward bend their burn - ing eyes at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
 thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail through-out e - ter - ni - ty.