

HYMNS

Crown Him with Many Crowns

525



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 heav'n, En - throned in worlds a - bove,



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.  
Crown Him the king to whom is giv'n The won-drous name of Love.



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And  
Fruit of the mys - tic rose, Yet of that rose the stem, The  
No an - gels in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But  
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high, Who  
Crown Him with man - y crowns As thrones be - fore Him fall; Crown



hail Him as thy match-less king Through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, The babe of Beth - le - hem.  
down-ward bend their won-d'ring eyes At mys - ter - ies so bright.  
died e - ter - nal life to bring And lives that death may die.  
Him, ye kings, with man - y crowns, For He is king of all.

*Text: Matthew Bridges, 1800–94, sts. 1–3, 5, alt.;  
Godfrey Thring, 1823–1903, st. 4  
Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816–93  
Text and Tune: Public domain*

# The Lord My Trusty Shepherd Is



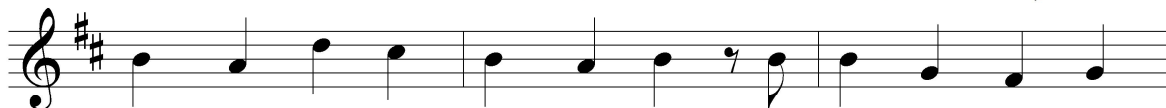
1. The Lord my trusty Shepherd is, And  
 2. He steers my course to water pure, Re -  
 3. Al - though in deep - est vale I tread, And  
 4. You lay a Ta - ble for my good. Though  
 5. Your mer - cy, good - ness, and Your care Will



keeps me in His car - ing. There ne'er a lack— the  
 vives me when I'm pant - ing— His Bap - tism giv'n to  
 live in great af - flic - tion, No tor - ment, tor - ture,  
 sin and death and dev - il A - round me swarm, Your  
 fol - low me when test - ed. I shall re - main both



meal is His— Of grace and love un - spar - ing. He  
 me, so dear, His Spir - it, glad - ness grant - ing. He  
 no great dread, No griev - ous der - e - lic - tion Can  
 Bod - y, Blood Pro - tect me from all e - vil. You  
 now and e'er In God's house safe and rest - ed, With -



pas - tures me with - out re - prieve In fields of green where  
 guides me in His righ - teous way, His pre - cepts are my  
 give me ev - er - last - ing fear, For You are al - ways  
 daub my head with cheer - ful oil, Your Spir - it strength - ens  
 in Christ's ho - ly Church on earth. And then, in death, my



I re - ceive His Word, to me life giv - ing.  
 light each day, And leads me there well guard - ed.  
 with me, near, Your Word re - mains my com - fort.  
 me in toil, And fills my soul with plea - sures.  
 great - est mirth— I'll be with Christ, my Sav - ior!

*Text: Evangelisch-Lutherisches Kirchengesangbuch, Augsburg 1531;  
 tr. J. S. Bruss, 2018, rev. 2021  
 Tune: Johann Walter, 1524;  
 setting, Bethany Johnson, 2018  
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# Good Christian Friends, Rejoice and Sing

475



1 Good Chris-tian friends, re-joyce and sing! Now is the tri-umph  
2 The Lord of life is ris'n this day; Bring flow'rs of song to  
3 Praise we in songs of vic-to-ry That love, that life which  
4 Your name we bless, O ris-en Lord, And sing to-day with



of our King! To all the world glad news we bring:  
strew His way; Let all the world re-joyce and say:  
can-not die, And sing with hearts up-lift-ed high:  
one ac-cord The life laid down, the life re-stored:



Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!

*Text: Cyril A. Alington, 1872–1955, alt.*

*Tune: Melchior Vulpius, c. 1570–1615*

*Text: © 1958, renewed 1986 Hymns Ancient and Modern Ltd., admin. Hope Publishing Co.*

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*Tune: Public domain*

# How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

524



1 How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In  
2 It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole And  
3 Dear name! The rock on which I build, My  
4 O Je - sus, shep - herd, guard - ian, friend, My



a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes our sor - rows,  
calms the heart's un - rest; 'Tis man - na to the  
shield and hid - ing place; My nev - er - fail - ing  
Proph - et, Priest, and King, My Lord, my life, my



heals our wounds, And drives a - way our fear.  
hun - gry soul And to the wea - ry, rest.  
treas - ury filled With bound - less stores of grace.  
way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

5 How weak the effort of my heart,  
How 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 ev'ry fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death!

*Text: John Newton, 1725–1807, alt.  
Tune: Alexander R. Reinagle, 1799–1877  
Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Fight the Good Fight

664



1 Fight the good fight with all your might; Christ is your  
2 Run the straight race through God's good grace; Lift up your  
3 Cast care a - side, lean on your guide; His bound-less  
4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near; He chang - es



strength, and Christ your right. Lay hold on life, and  
eyes, and seek His face. Life with its way be -  
mer - cy will pro - vide. Trust, and en - dur - ing  
not who holds you dear; On - ly be - lieve, and



it shall be Your joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.  
fore us lies; Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.  
faith shall prove Christ is your life and Christ your love.  
you will see That Christ is all e - ter - nal - ly.

*Text: John B. Monsell, 1811-75, alt.  
Tune: The Methodist Harmonist, New York, 1821  
Text and Tune: Public domain*

# I Am Jesus' Little Lamb

740



1 I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, Ev - er glad at  
2 Day by day, at home, a - way, Je - sus is my  
3 Who so hap - py as I am, E - ven now the



heart I am; For my Shep - herd gent - ly guides me,  
staff and stay. When I hun - ger, Je - sus feeds me,  
Shep - herd's lamb? And when my short life is end - ed,



Knows my need and well pro - vides me, Loves me ev - 'ry  
In - to pleas - ant pas - tures leads me; When I thirst, He  
By His an - gel host at - tend - ed, He shall fold me



day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.  
bids me go Where the qui - et wa - ters flow.  
to His breast, There with - in His arms to rest.

*Text: Henrietta L. von Hayn, 1724-82;  
tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941  
Tune: Choral-Buch ... Brüder-Gemeinen, Leipzig, 1784  
Text and Tune: Public domain*

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