

Crown Him Conqueror

Elsie Duncan Yale, 1909

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♩=108 *Tempo marcia-Boldly*

1. Crown, O crown Him Con-quer-or! The gates of death swing wide, The seal-èd stone is
2. Crown, O crown Him Con-quer-or! Up - on His scar - rèd brow There rests a di - a-
3. Crown, O crown Him Con-quer-or! The harps in tri - umph ring, And an - gel hosts in

Semi-Chorus

rolled a - way, He lives, the Cru - ci - fied. The gold-en glo - ries of the day The
- dem of light In roy - al splen-dor now. And all shall low - ly bow the knee, Who
glad ac-cord Their joy - ful an - thems sing. No long-er weep in lone-ly grief, O

east - ern skies a - dorn, Crown Him, crown Him Con-quer-or! 'Tis
mocked Him once in scorn; Crown, O crown Him Con-quer-or! 'Tis
sad - dened hearts for - lorn, Crown Him, crown Him Con-quer-or! 'Tis

Chorus

res-ur-rec-tion morn!
res-ur-rec-tion morn! Crown Him, crown Him, Vic-tor in the strife; Crown Him, crown Him,
res-ur-rec-tion morn!

Lord of light and life; Harps in rap-ture now re - sound, While an-gel voic-es sing;

Crown Him, crown Him Con-quer-or! O hail the ris-en King!