

Crown Him King

See him ride, sat upon a donkey.
Hear them hail, 'Hosanna to the King!'
Do you recognise your King?
His chariot is a colt,
no crown upon his head,
or purple, royal robe.

(PRE-CHORUS:)

All of creation longs to proclaim.
As crown of his creation -
crown him your King!

Let not the rocks cry out, (rocks cry out)
We will shout, (we will shout)
Behold He comes in the name of the Lord!
Let not the rocks cry out, (rocks cry out)
We will shout, (we will shout)
Behold He comes in the name of the Lord!
Jesus our King - lift him high over all!

See your King, how the crowds adore him.
Watch them wave, branches at his feet.
Do you recognise your King?
He's come down from his throne,
he's humbled himself,
to make us all his own.

All of His creation,
crown of his creation - crown him King.

All of His creation,
crown of his creation - crown him King.