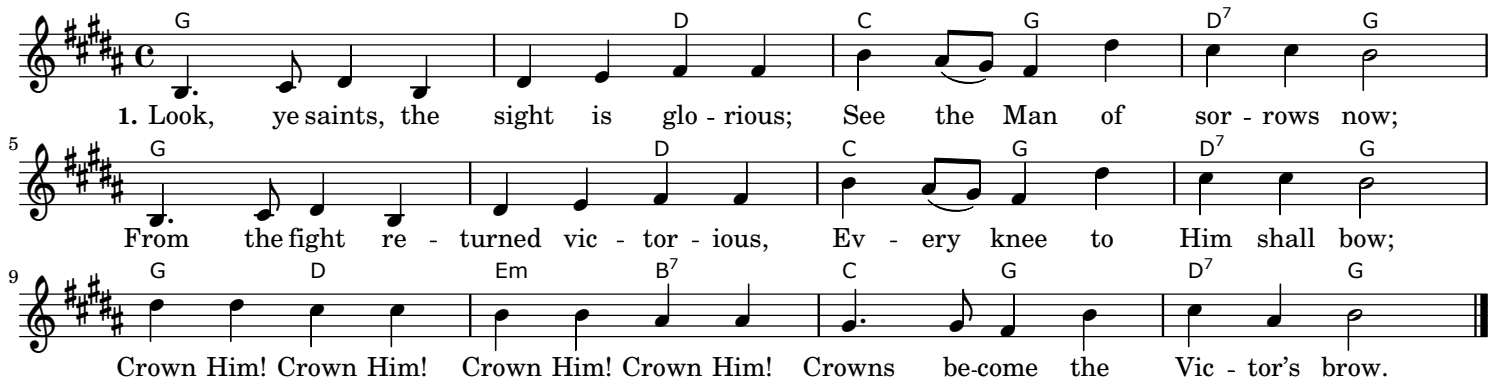


Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious

Praise of the Lord — His Glory

140

(Guitar: Capo 4)



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the Man of sor - rows now;
From the fight re - turned vic - tor - ious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.

2. Crown the Savior! Angels, crown Him!

Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Savior King of kings.

3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,

Mocking thus the Savior's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4. Hark! those bursts of acclamation!

Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!