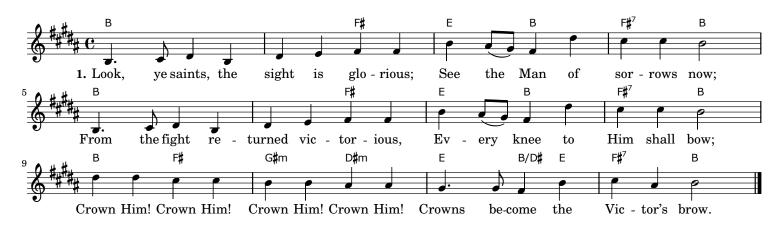
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious

Praise of the Lord — His Glory

140



- 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!