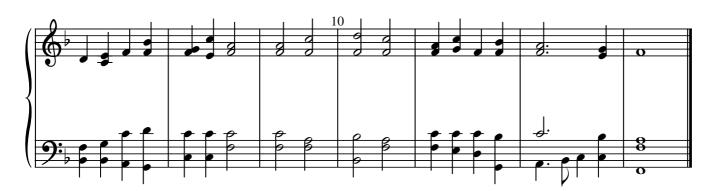
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious

Coronae William H. Monk, 1871 87.87.47





Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious: see the Man of Sorrows now; from the fight returned victorious, every knee to him shall bow; crown him, crown him, crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Savior! angels, crown him; rich the trophies Jesus brings; in the seat of power enthrone him, while the vault of heaven rings; crown him, crown him, crown the Savior King of kings.

Sinners in derision scorned him, mocking thus the Savior's claim; saints and angels crowd around him, own his title, praise his name; crown him, crown him, spread abroad the Victor's fame.

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, King of kings and Lord of lords!

Thomas Kelly

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