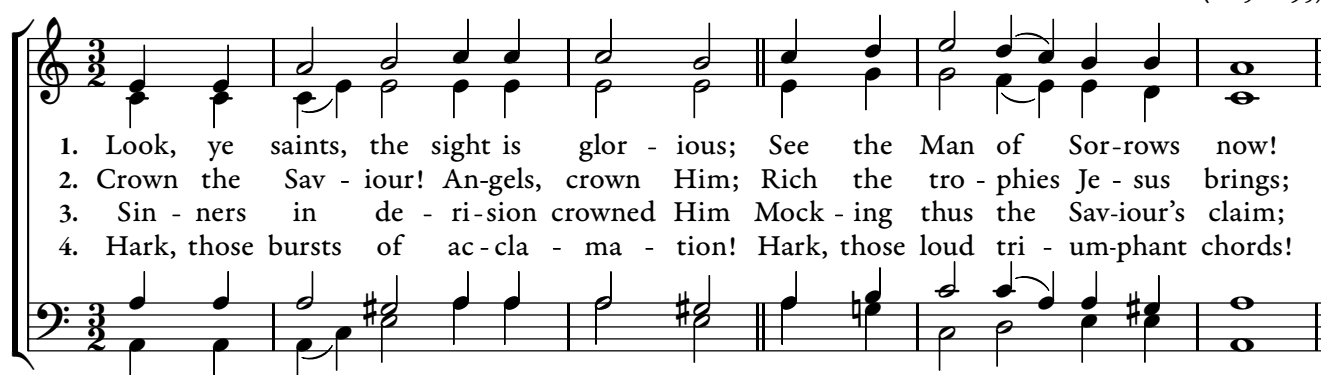
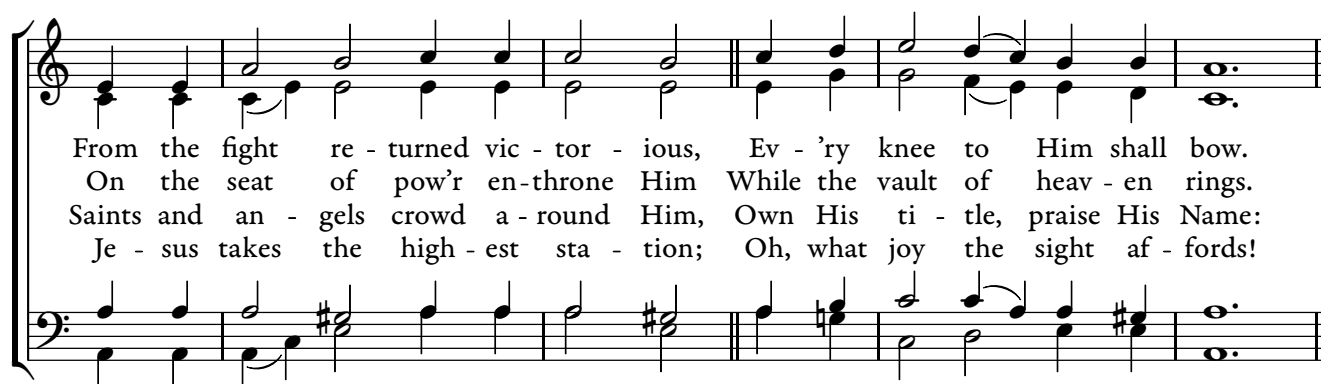


LOOK, YE SAINTS, THE SIGHT IS GLORIOUS

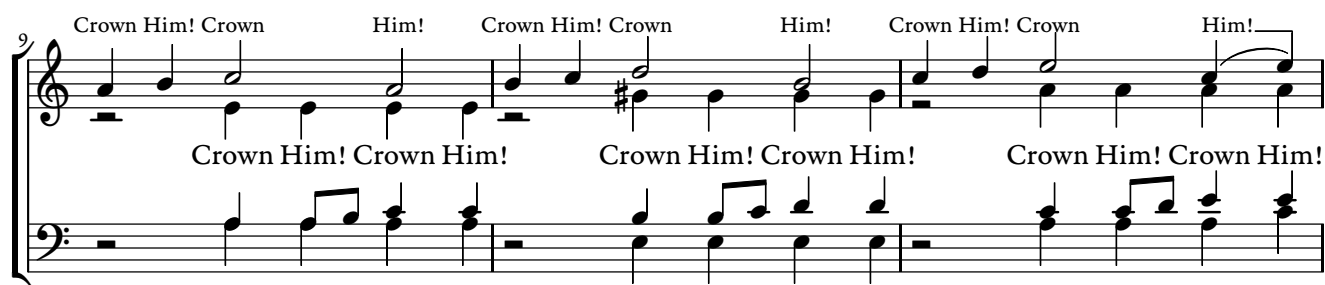
William Owen (1813-1893)



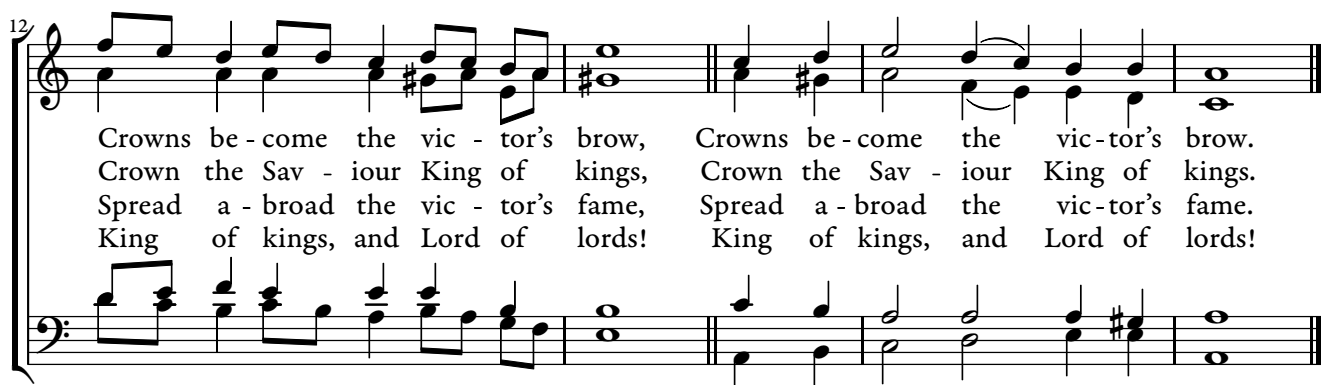
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glor - ious; See the Man of Sor - rows now!
 2. Crown the Sav - iour! An - gels, crown Him; Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;
 3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned Him Mock - ing thus the Sav - iour's claim;
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri - umphant chords!



From the fight re - turned vic - tor - ious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
 On the seat of pow'r en - throne Him While the vault of heav - en rings.
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His Name:
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; Oh, what joy the sight af - fords!



Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!



Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow, Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow.
 Crown the Sav - iour King of kings, Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.
 Spread a - broad the vic - tor's fame, Spread a - broad the vic - tor's fame.
 King of kings, and Lord of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords!