

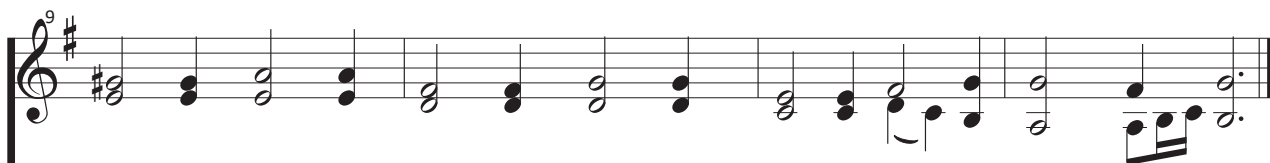
Look, Ye Saints, the Sight Is Glorious



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious: See the Man of Sor-rows now;
2. Crown the Sav-ior, 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-ior's claim;
4. Hark! those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark! those loud tri-um-phant chords!



From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow.
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav-en rings.
 Saints and an-gels crowd around 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!
 Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow.
 Crown the Sav-ior King of kings.
 Spread a-broad the Vic-tor's fame!
 King of kings and Lord of lords.



Music: Henry Purcell, 1680

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1809

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

8 7. 8 7. 4 7. w/ repeats