

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.

1. Look, ye saints,—the sight is glorious,—
See “the Man of Sorrows” now,¹²¹
From the fight returned victorious,
Ev’ry knee to Him doth bow.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor’s brow.

2. Crown the Saviour! Angels, own H im!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of pow’r enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings,
Crown H im! Crown H im!
Crown the Saviour, “King of kings!

3. Sinners in derision crown’d Him
Mocking thus the Saviour’s claim:
Saints and angels, crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
Crown H im! Crown H im!
Spread abroad the Victor’s fame,

4. H ark! those bursts of acclamation:
H ark! 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!”