

- L**OOK, 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.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, saints adore 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 Saviour King of kings!
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
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
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855