

# Look Ye Saints!

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And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp twoedged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. (*Revelation 1:12-16*)

<b>Words:</b> Thomas Kelly, Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture, third edition, 1809. <b>Music:</b> "Coronae," , William H. Monk, 1871. ( <a href="#">midi</a> , <a href="#">mp3</a> )	Listen to the hymn melody
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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,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crowns become the Victor's brow,  
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 Him, crown Him,  
Crown the Savior King of kings,  
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,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame,  
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,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
King of kings and Lord of lords!  
King of kings and Lord of lords!