

Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem

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1 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
sing to him who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal Days,
God of God, the Word incarnate,
whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

2 Ere he raised the lofty mountains,
formed the seas, or built the sky,
love eternal, free, and boundless,
moved the Lord of life to die,
fore-ordained the Prince of princes
for the throne of Calvary.

3 There, for us and our redemption,
see him all his life-blood pour!
There he wins our full salvation,
dies that we may die no more;
then, arising, lives for ever,
reigning where he was before.

4 High on yon celestial mountains
stands his sapphire throne, all bright,
midst unending alleluias
bursting from the sons of light;
Zion's people tell his praises,
victor after hard-won fight.

5 Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
sweep the string and pour the lay;
let the earth proclaim his wonders,
King of that celestial day;
he the Lamb once slain is worthy,
who was dead, and lives for ay.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
laud and honour to the Son,
laud and honour to the Spirit,
ever Three and ever One,
consubstantial, co-eternal,
while unending ages run.