

Come, Ye Faithful Raise the Anthem

Unser Herrscher, 87.87.77

John M. Neale, 1805

Joachim Neander, 1680

$\text{♩} = 110$
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1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the an-them, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
2. Ere He raised the loft-y moun-tains, Formed the seas, or built the sky,
3. There, for us and our re-demp-tion, See Him all His life blood shed!
4. High on yon cel-es-tial moun-tains, Stands His sap- phire throne, all bright,
5. Bring your harps, and bring your in-cense, Bow the heart and bow the knee;

Sing to Him Who found a ran-som, An-cient of e-ter-nal days,
Love e-ter-nal, free, and bound-less, Moved the Lord of Life to die,
There He wins our full sal-va-tion, Dies that we may die no more;
Midst un-end-ing al-le-lu-ias, Burst-ing from the sons of light;
Let the earth pro-claim His won-ders, King of that cel-es-tial day;

God of God the Word In-car-nate, Whom the heav'n of heav'n o-beys.
Fore-or-dained the Prince of Prin-ces For the throne of Cal-va-ry.
Then, a-ris-ing, lives, for-ev-er, Reign-ing where He was be-fore.
Si-on's peo-ple tell His prais-es, Vic-tor af-ter hard won fight.
He the Lamb once slain is worth-y, Who was dead and lives for aye.