

AMNS 145 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem

Melody: Neander (Unser Herrscher)

J. Hupton (1762-1849)
and J. M. Neale (1818-1866)

Melody by
J. Neander (1640-1680)

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the an - them, cleave the skies with
2. Ere he raised the lof - ty moun - tains, formed the seas, or
3. There, for us and our re - demp - tion, see him all his

shouts of praise; sing to him who found the ran - som,
built the sky, love e - ter - nal, free, and bound - less,
life - blood pour! there he wins our full sal - va - tion,

An - cient of e - ter - nal days, God of God, the
moved the Lord of Life to die, fore - or - dained the
dies that we may die no more; then, a - ris - ing,

Word in - car - nate, whom the heav'n of heav'n o - beys.
Prince of prin - ces for the throne of Cal - va - ry.
lives for ev - er, reign - ing where he was be - fore.

Verses 4-6 on next page

AMNS 145 continued

4. High on yon ce - les - tial moun - tains stands his sap - phire
 5. Bring your harps, and bring your in - cense, sweep the string and
 6. Laud and hon - our to the Fa - ther, laud and hon - our

throne, all bright, midst un - end - ing al - le - lu - ias
 pour the lay; let the earth pro - claim his won - ders,
 to the Son, laud and hon - our to the Spi - rit,

burst - ing from the sons of light; Si - on's peo - ple
 King of that ce - les - tial day; he the Lamb once
 ev - er Three and ev - er One, con - sub - stan - tial,

tell his prais - es, vic - tor af - ter hard - won fight.
 slain is wor - thy, who was dead, and lives for ay.
 co - e - ter - nal, while un - end - ing a - ges run.