Come, O come, our voices raise Hymnal 1982 no. 430

Melody: Sonne der Gerechtigkeit 7 7. 7 7. with Alleluia



Come, O come, our voices raise,

sounding God Almighty’s praise;

hither bring in one consent

heart, and voice, and instrument.

Alleluia!

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,

let no tongue nor string be mute,

nor a voiceless creature found,

that hath neither note nor sound.

Alleluia!

Come ye all before his face,

in this chorus take your place;

and amid the mortal throng,

be you masters of the song.

Alleluia!

Let, in praise of God, the sound

run a never-ending round,

that our songs of praise may be

everlasting, as is he.

Alleluia!

So this huge wide orb we see

shall one choir, one temple be;

where in such a praiseful tone

we will sing what he hath done.

Alleluia!

Thus our song shall overclimb

all the bounds of space and time;

come, then, come, our voices raise,

sounding God Almighty’s praise.

Alleluia!

Words: George Wither (1588-1667)

Music: Melody from Bohemian Brethren, *Kirchengesang*, 1566