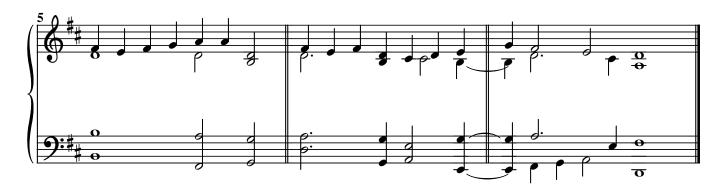
## Come, O Come, our voices raise





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!

George Wither

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