Come Let Us Lift Our Voices High

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Come let us lift our voices high, High

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
as our joys a- rise, And

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
join the songs a- bove the sky, Where

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
pleasure never dies.

The other verses

2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot-wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.

3 Jesus the God invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

5 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd;
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side.

6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.

7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting smart.

8 "When hell and all its spiteful powers
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To rescue those dear lives of yours
"I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
"The monster tumbling down.

10 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh, my blood;
"And live eternal ages bless'd,
"For 'tis immortal food."

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

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