

Come, O come, in pious lays

John Stainer, 1840-1901

Te Deum Laudamus
77.77.D

Come, O come, in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart and voice and instrument;
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.
Let those things which do not live
In still music praises give.

So, from heaven on earth He shall
Let His gracious blessings fall;
And this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be;
That our song may over-climb
All the bounds of place and time.
And ascend from sphere to sphere
To the great Almighty's ear.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take you place;
And amid the mortal throng
Be ye masters of the song.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round.
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is He.

George Wither