

# Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness;  
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst his pri - son,  
 3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of splen - dor,  
 4. Nei - ther might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,  
 5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry to our King im - mor - tal,

God hath brought forth Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness;  
 and from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath ri - sen;  
 with the roy - al feast of feasts, comes its joy to ren - der;  
 nor the wat - chers, nor the seal hold thee as a mor - tal;  
 who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars of the tomb's dark por - tal;

loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,  
 all the win - ter of our sins, long and dark, is fly - ing  
 comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, who with true af - fec - tion  
 but to - day a - midst the twelve thou didst stand, bes - to - wing  
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing,

led them with un - mois - tened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.  
 from his light, to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.  
 wel - comes in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.  
 that thy peace which e - ver - more pas - seth hu - man kno - wing.  
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain to the Spi - rit rais - ing.

Text: John of Damascus;  
 trans. John Mason Nealse, 1859  
 Tune: Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872



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