

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,

God hath brought his Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness:
 and from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath ris - en;
 with the roy - al feast of feasts, comes its joy to ren - der;
 nor the watch - ers, nor the seal hold thee as a mor - 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 thine own thou didst stand, be - stow - 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 - wear - ied strains Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.
 that thy peace which ev - er - more pass - eth hu - man know - ing.

Words: John of Damascus (8th cent.); tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866), alt. Music: *St. Kevin*, Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)