

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise The Strain

John of Damascus

Arthur S. Sullivan



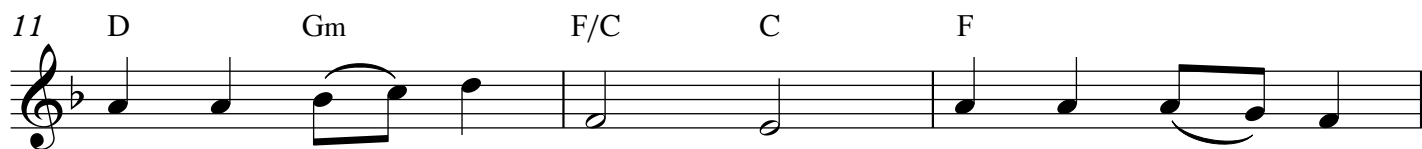
Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant
'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst his
Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of
Nei - ther might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark
"Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry to our King im -



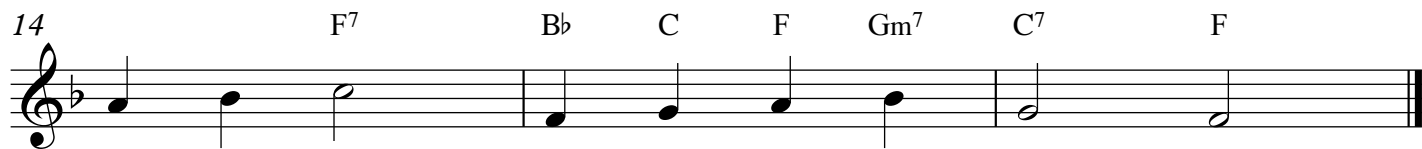
glad - ness! God hath brought his Is - ra - el
pris - on, and from three days' sleep in death
splen - dor, with the roy - al feast of feasts,
por - tal, nor the watch - ers, nor the seal
mor - tal, who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars



in - to joy from sad - ness: loosed from Pha - roah's bit - ter yoke
as a sun hath ris - en; all the win - ter of our sins,
comes its joy to ren - der; comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem,
hold thee as a mor - tal: but to - day a - midst thine own
of the tomb's dark por - tal; "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son,



Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters, led them with un -
long and dark, is fly - ing from His light, to
who with true af - fec - tion wel - comes in un -
thou didst stand, be - stow - ing that thy peace which
God the Fa - ther prais - ing, "Al - el - lu - ia!"



mois - tened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.
whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.
wea - ried strains Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.
ev - er - more pass - eth hu - man know - ing.
yet a - gain to the Spir - it rais - ing.