

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise The Strain

John of Damascus, 8th c.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1859

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain
'Tis the spring of souls to - day;
"Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry

Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
Christ hath burst His pris - on,
To our King im - mor - tal,

God hath brought His peo - ple forth
And from three days' sleep in death
Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars

In - to joy from sad - ness.
As a sun hath ris - en;
Of the tomb's dark por - tal;

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Now re - jice, Je - ru - sa - lem,
All the win - ter of our sins,
"Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son,

And with true af - fec - tion
Long and dark, is fly - ing
God the Fa - ther prais - ing;

Wel - come in un - wea - ried strains
From His light, to whom we give
"Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain

Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
To the Spir - it rais - ing. A - men.