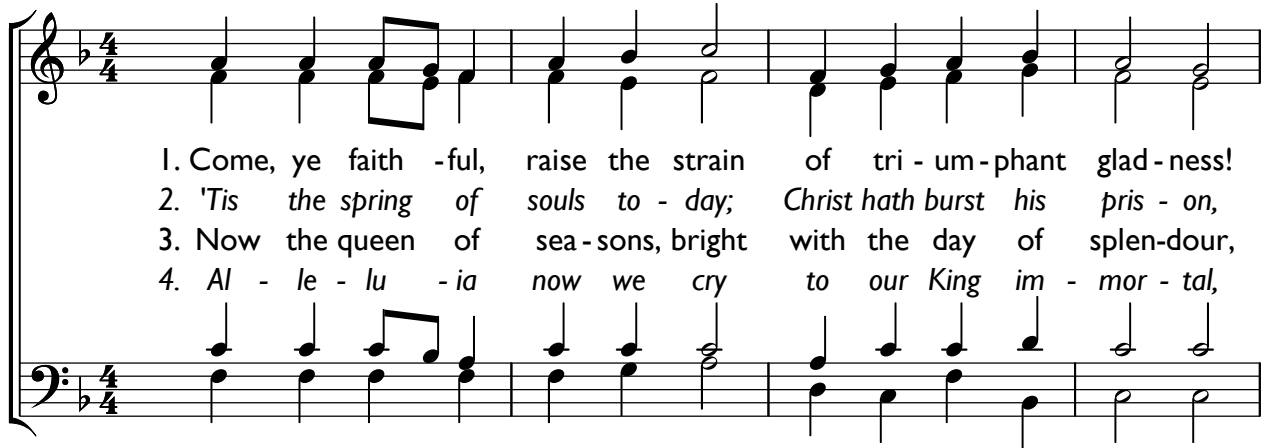


# Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

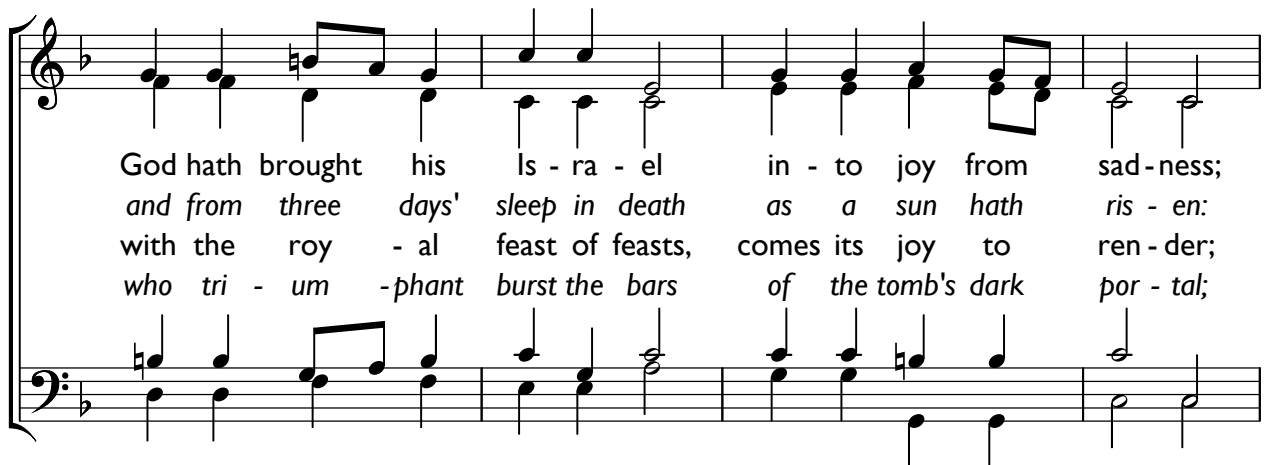
John of Damascus (8th cent.),  
tr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866)

Hymnal 1982 no. 199, Melody: St Kevin  
AMNS words

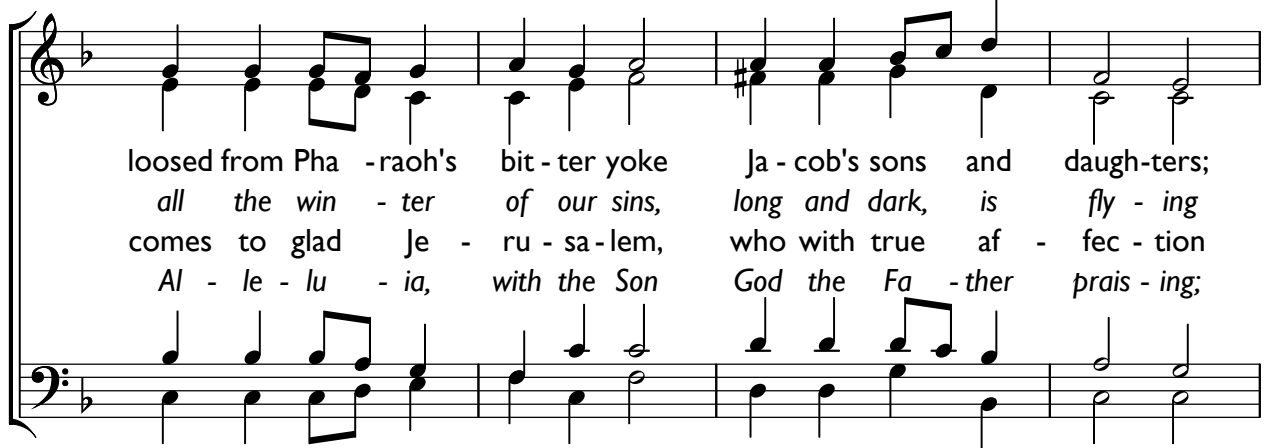
A. S. Sullivan  
(1842-1900)



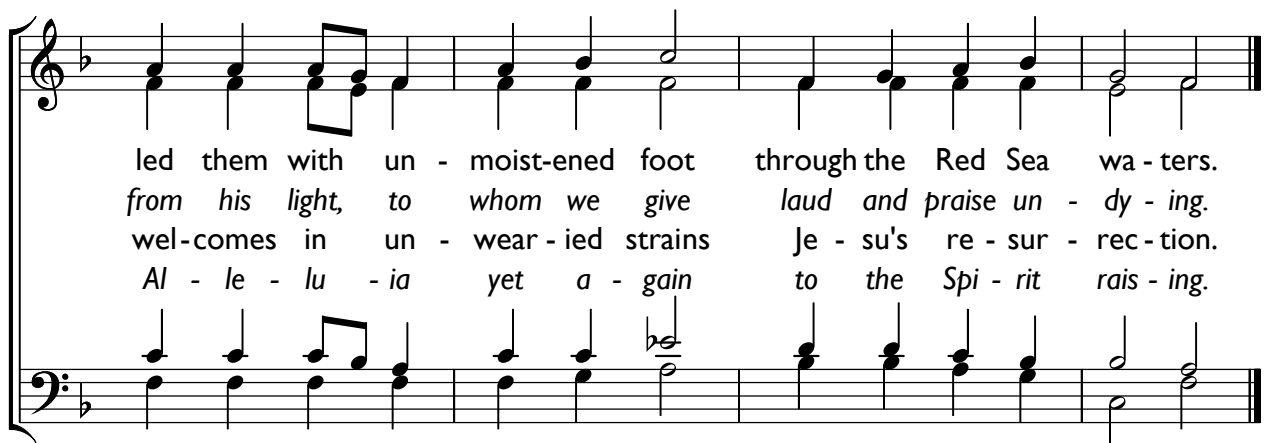
1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!  
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst his pris - on,  
3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of splen - dour,  
4. Al - le - lu - ia now we cry to our King im - mor - tal,



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;  
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  
Al - le - lu - ia, with the Son God the Fa - ther prais - ing;



led them with un - moist - ened 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 - su's re - sur - rec - tion.  
Al - le - lu - ia yet a - gain to the Spi - rit rais - ing.