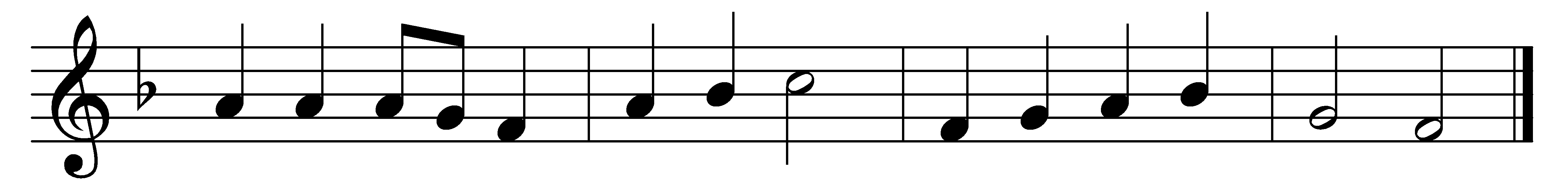
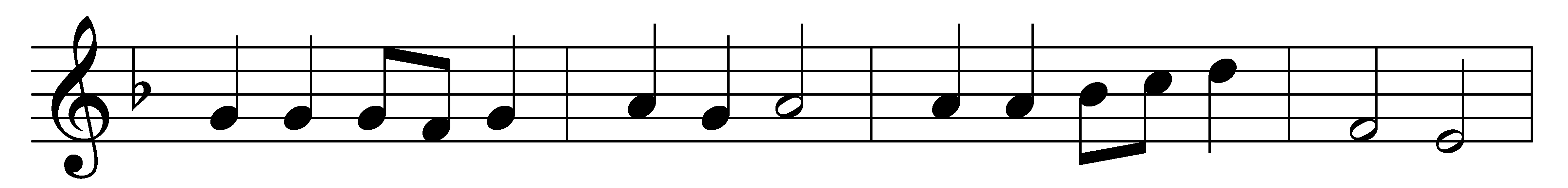
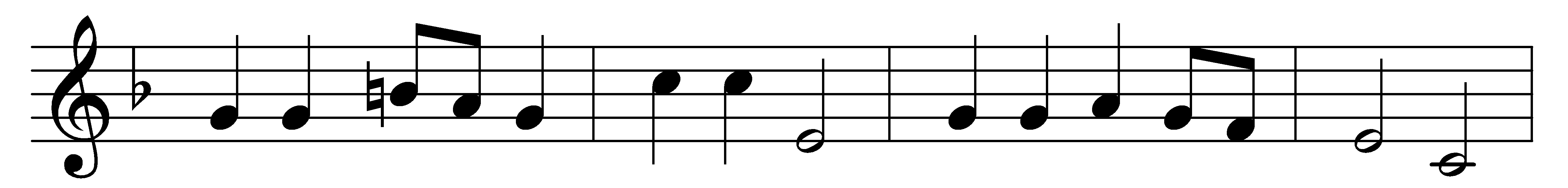
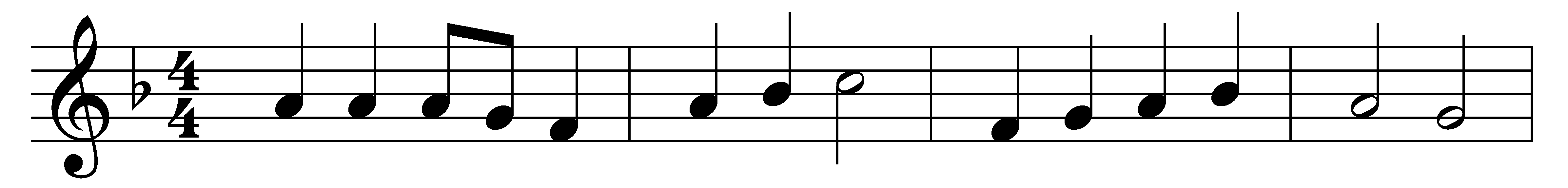
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Hymnal 1982 no. 199 Melody: St Kevin 7 6. 7 6. D.



Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

of triumphant gladness!

God hath brought his Israel

into joy from sadness:

loosed from Pharaoh’s bitter yoke

Jacob’s sons and daughters,

led them with unmoistened foot

through the Red Sea waters.

’Tis the spring of souls today:

Christ hath burst his prison,

and from three days’ sleep in death

as a sun hath risen;

all the winter of our sins,

long and dark, is flying

from his light, to whom we give

laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright

with the day of splendor,

with the royal feast of feasts,

comes its joy to render;

comes to glad Jerusalem,

who with true affection

welcomes in unwearied strains

Jesus’ resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,

nor the tomb’s dark portal,

nor the watchers, nor the seal

hold thee as a mortal:

but today amidst thine own

thou didst stand, bestowing

that thy peace which evermore

passeth human knowing.

Words: St. John of Damascus (d. c. 754), translated by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

Music: Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)