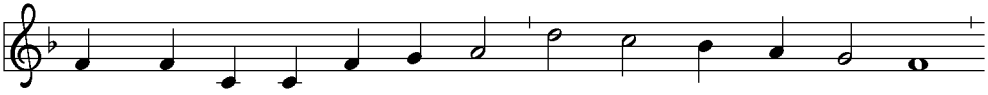
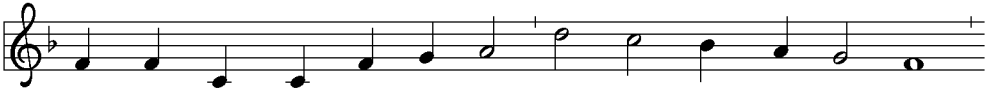
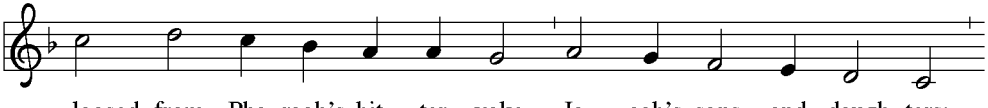
Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain



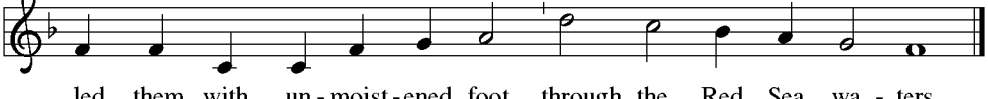
1 Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!
2 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst his pris - on,
3 Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of splen - dor,
4 Nei - ther could the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,
5 Al - le - lu - ia! now we cry to our Lord im - mor - tal,



God has brought forth Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness,
and from three days' sleep in death as a sun has ris - en.
with the roy - al feast of feasts comes its joy to ren - der;
nor the watch - ers, nor the seal, hold you as a mor - tal:
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 Jer - u - sa - lem, who with true af - fec - tion
but to - day, a - mong your own, you ap - pear, be - stow - ing
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 the Light to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.
wel - comes in un - wea - ried strain Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion!
your deep peace, which ev - er - more pass - es hu - man know - ing.
Al - le - lu - ia! yet a - gain to the Spir - it rais - ing.

Text: John of Damascus, c. 696–c. 754; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–1866, alt.
Music: GAUDEAMUS PARITER, Johann Horn, 1490–1547