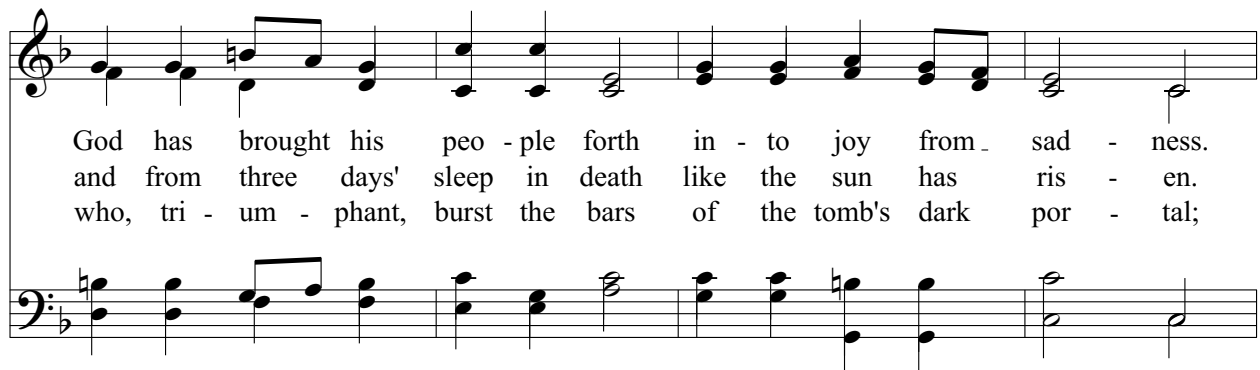


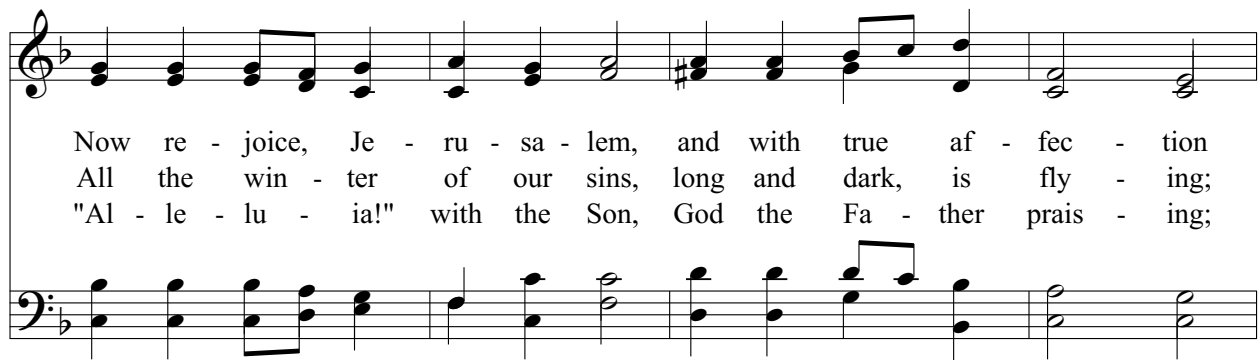
Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain



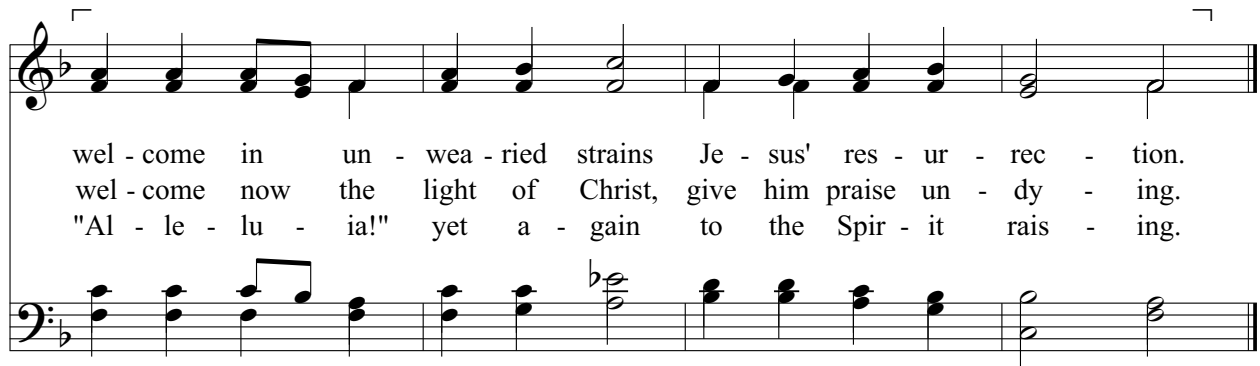
1 Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
2 'Tis the spring of life to - day! Christ has burst his pris - on,
3 "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry to our King im - mor - tal,



God has brought his peo - ple forth in - to joy from sad - ness.
and from three days' sleep in death like the sun has ris - en.
who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars of the tomb's dark por - tal;



Now re - joice, Je - ru - sa - lem, and with true af - fec - tion
All the win - ter of our sins, long and dark, is fly - ing;
"Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;



wel - come in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
wel - come now the light of Christ, give him praise un - dy - ing.
"Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain to the Spir - it rais - ing.

Text: John of Damascus, 8th cent.; tr. John M. Neale, 1859, alt.
Tune: Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872



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ST. KEVIN
www.hymnary.org/text/come_ye_faithful_raise_the_strain