

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

ST. KEVIN
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ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness; God hath brought his
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst his pris - on, And from three days'

Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness; Loosed from Pha - roah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and
sleep in death As a sun hath ri - sen; All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is

daugh - ters; Led them with un - mois - tened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
fly - ing From his light, to whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.

3. 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.

4. Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal
Hold thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS
TR. JOHN MASON NEALE