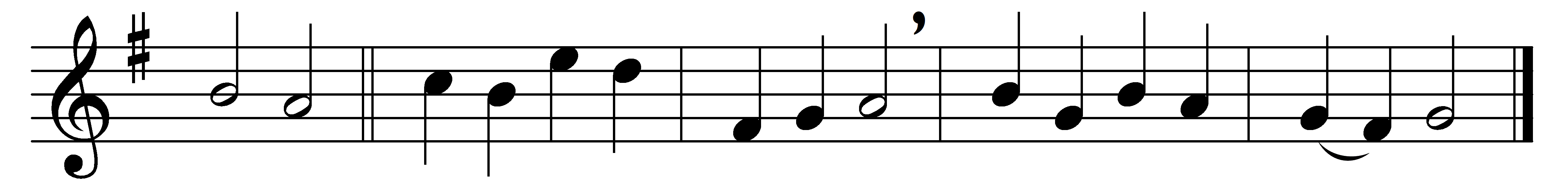
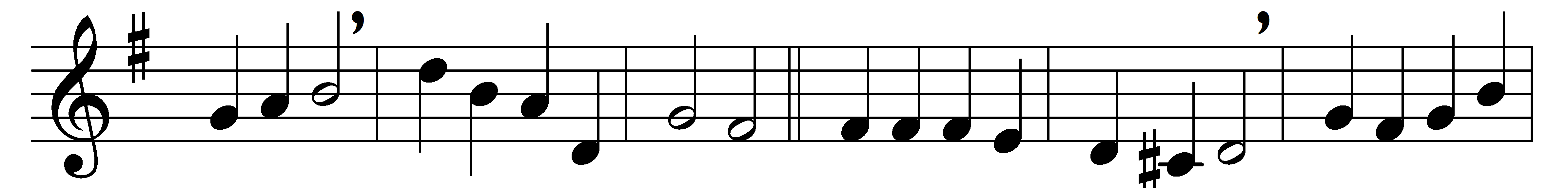
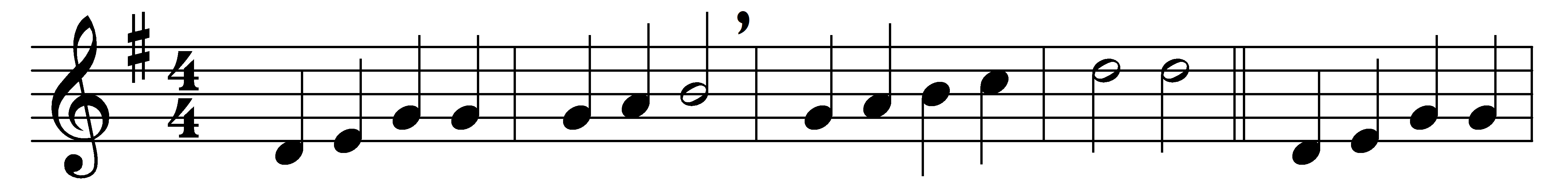
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain AMNS 76 Melody: St. John Damascene 7 6. 7 6. D.



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 to-day;

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 splendour,

with the royal feast of feasts,

comes its joy to render;

comes to glad Jerusalem,

who with true affection

welcomes in unwearied strains

Jesu’s resurrection.

Alleluia now we cry

to our King immortal,

who triumphant burst the bars

of the tomb’s dark portal;

Alleluia, with the Son

God the Father praising;

Alleluia yet again

to the Spirit raising.

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

Music: Arthur Henry Brown (1830-1926)