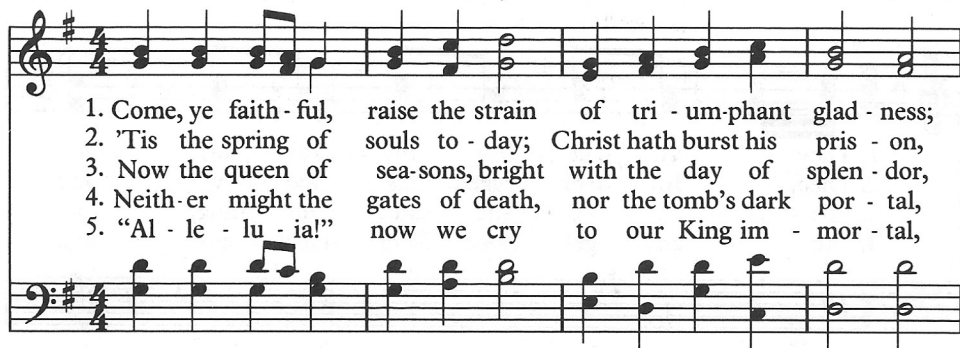
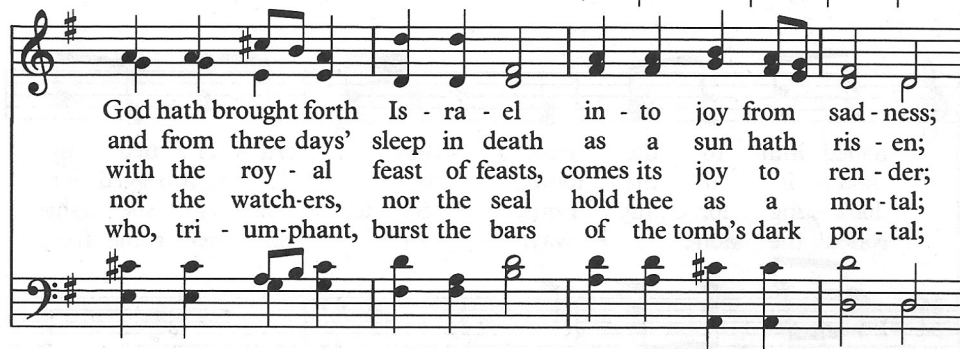


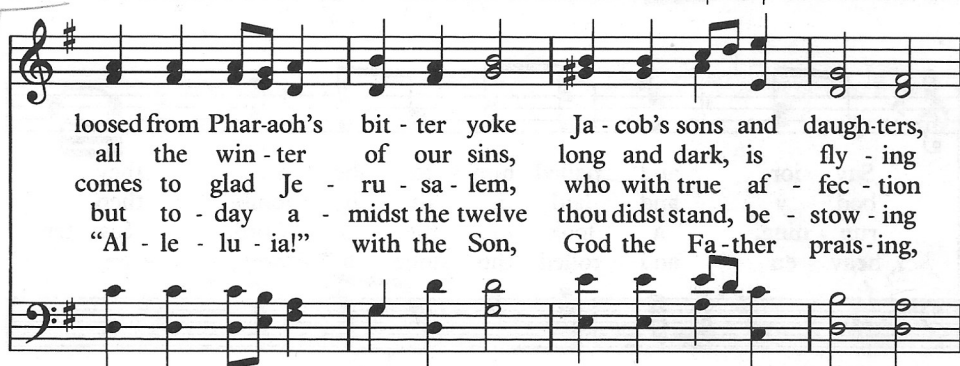
## Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain 315



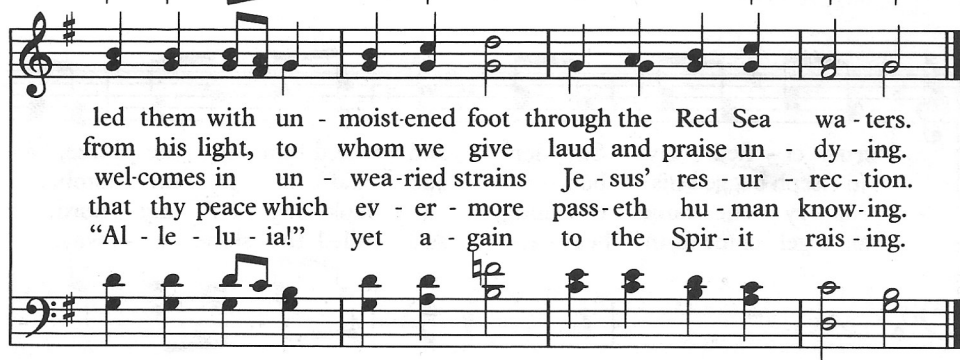
1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain of tri-um-phank glad-ness;  
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day; Christ hath burst his pris-on,  
 3. Now the queen of sea-sons, bright with the day of splen-dor,  
 4. Neith-er might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por-tal,  
 5. "Al-le-lu-ia!" now we cry to our King im-mor-tal,



God hath brought forth Is-ra-el in-to joy from sad-ness;  
 and from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath ris-en;  
 with the roy-al feast of feasts, comes its joy to ren-der;  
 nor the watch-ers, nor the seal hold thee as a mor-tal;  
 who, tri-um-phank, burst the bars of the tomb's dark por-tal;



loosed from Phar-ah'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 Je-ru-sa-lem, who with true af-fec-tion  
 but to-day a-midst the twelve thou didst stand, 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 his light, to whom we give laud and praise un-dy-ing.  
 wel-comes in un-wea-ried strains Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion.  
 that thy peace which ev-er-more pass-eth hu-man know-ing.  
 "Al-le-lu-ia!" yet a-gain to the Spir-it rais-ing.

WORDS: John of Damascus; trans. by John Mason Neale, 1859 (Ex. 15)  
 MUSIC: Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

ST. KEVIN  
 76.76 D

Alt. tune: AVE VIRGO VIRGINUM