

# Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

St. John of Damascus, 8th cent;  
Tr. J.M. Neale, 1853

76.76.D.

Thurlow Weed

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1.Come, ye faith ful raise the strain of tri um phant glad ness  
2.'Tis the spring of souls to day; Christ hath burst his pri son,  
3.Now the Queen of sea sons, bright with the day of splen dour,  
4.Neither might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por tal,

5

God hath brought his Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness; Loosed from Pha - raoh's  
And from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath ri - sen; All the win - ter  
With the ro - yal feast of feasts, Come its joy to ren - der; Comes to glad Je -  
Nor the wat - chers, nor the seal Hold thee as a mor - tal: But to - day a -

10

bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters; Led them with un - moist - ten'd foot  
of our sins, long and dark, is fly - ing from his light, to whom we give  
ru - sa - lem, who with true af - fec - tion wel - comes in un - wear - ied strains  
midst thine own thou did stand, be - stow - ing that thy peace which ev - er - more

15

through the Red Sea wa - - - - ters.  
Laud and praise un - - - - dy - - - - ing.  
Je - sus' re - sur - - - rec - - - - tion.  
pas - seth hu - man know - - - - ing.

