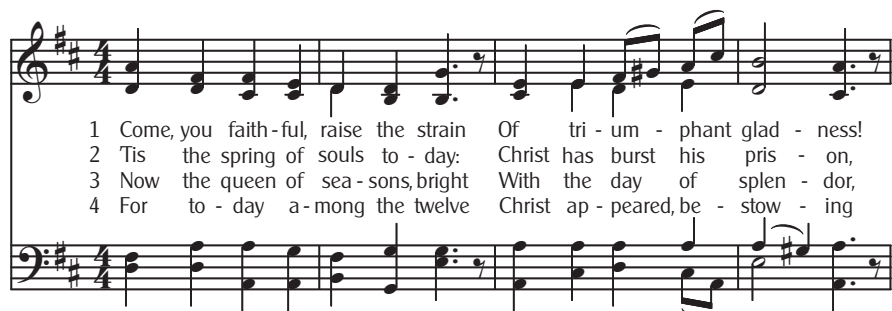
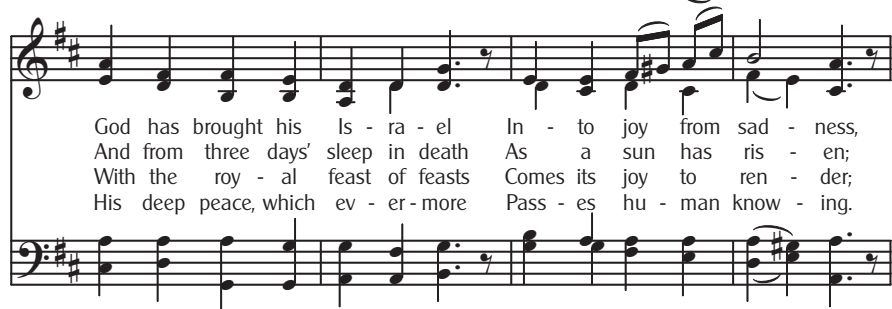


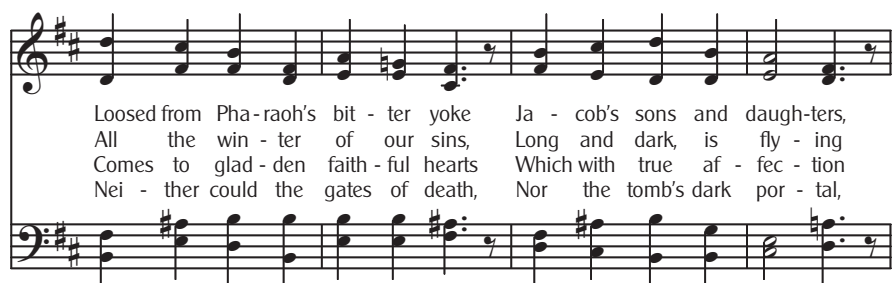
Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain



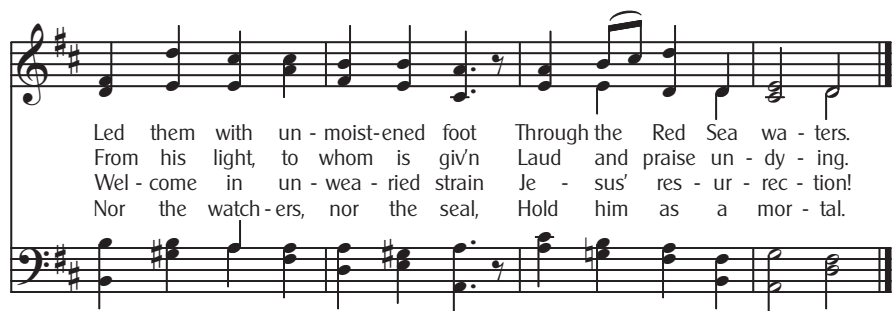
1 Come, you faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-um-phant glad-ness!
 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day: Christ has burst his pris-on,
 3 Now the queen of sea-sons, bright With the day of splen-dor,
 4 For to-day a-mong the twelve Christ ap-peared, be-stow-ing



God has brought his Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness,
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun has ris-en;
 With the roy-al feast of feasts Comes its joy to ren-der;
 His deep peace, which ev-er-more Pass-es hu-man know-ing.



Loosed from Pha-raoh'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-den faith-ful hearts Which with true af-fec-tion
 Nei-ther could the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por-tal,



Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters.
 From his light, to whom is giv'n Laud and praise un-dy-ing.
 Wel-come in un-wea-ried strain Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion!
 Nor the watch-ers, nor the seal, Hold him as a mor-tal.

5 Alleluia! Now we cry
 To our King immortal,
 Who, triumphant, burst the bars
 Of the tomb's dark portal.

Come, you faithful, raise the strain
 Of triumphant gladness!
 God has brought his Israel
 Into joy from sadness!

Text: John of Damascus, ca. 696 - ca. 754; trans. John Mason Neale, 1818 - 1886 SPRING OF SOULS
 Tune: Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812 - 1887 7676 D