

0430. Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

Text: John of Damascus, 8th cent.; tr. by John M. Neale, 1818-1866.
Music: Johann Horn, ca. 1495-1547.



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 pris - on,
3. Now the queen of sea- sons bright With the day of splen- dor,
4. Nei- ther 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,



1. God hath brought his Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad- ness;
2. And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath ris - en;
3. With the roy - al feast of feasts Comes its joy to ren - der;
4. Nor the watch- ers, nor the seal Hold thee as a mor - tal;
5. Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal;



1. Loosed from Pha-roah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh- ters;
2. All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark is fly - ing
3. Comes to glad Je- ru - sa - lem Who with true af - fee - tion
4. But to - day a - midst the twelve Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing
5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;



1. Led them with un - moist- ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
2. From his light, to whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
3. Wel- comes in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
4. That thy peace which ev - er - more Pass - eth hu - man know - ing.
5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain To the Spir - it rais - ing.