COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN

(♩ = ca. 168)

F C F B♭ F B♭ C

Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!

F Gm D7 Gm Gm7 C C7 F

God hath brought his Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness;

B♭ F B♭ F C7 Gm7 C7

loosed from Pharaoh's bit - - ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh - ters;

F A7 B♭ F B♭ F C C7 F

led them with un - moist - ened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.

2. 'Tis the spring of souls today:
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.

3. 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.

4. Neither might the gates of death,
nor the tomb's dark portal,
nor the watchers, nor the seal,
hold thee as a mortal:
but today amidst the twelve
thou didst stand, bestowing
that thy peace, which evermore
passeth human knowing.

Words: John of Damascus. Translation: John Mason Neale. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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