

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness;

5 God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness:

9 Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;

13 Led them with un-moisten-ed foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - MEN.

2. 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
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
Jesus' Resurrection.

4. Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising. AMEN.