

Come, Ye Faithful Raise the Strain

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1842-1900

St. Kevin
76.76.D

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought forth Israel into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls today; Christ has 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.

"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.

John of Damascus