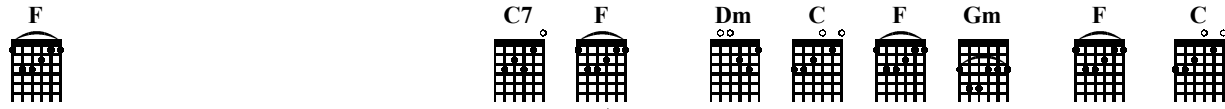
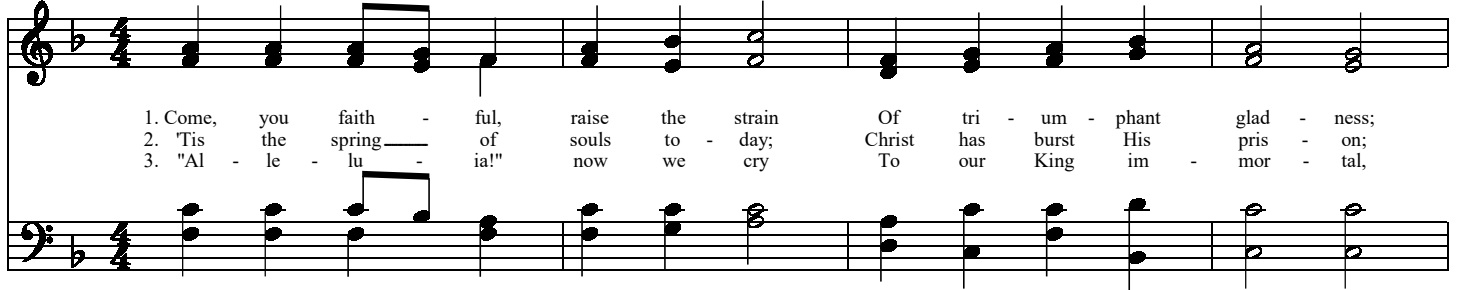


Come, You Faithful

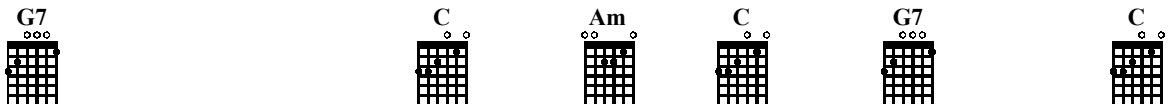
John of Damascus

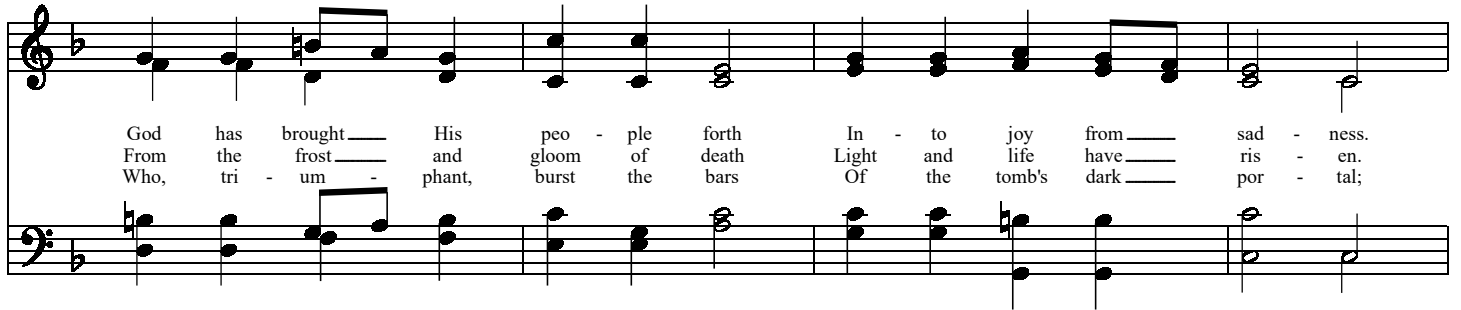
Arthur S. Sullivan



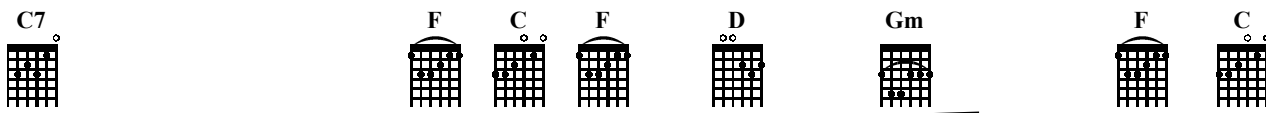


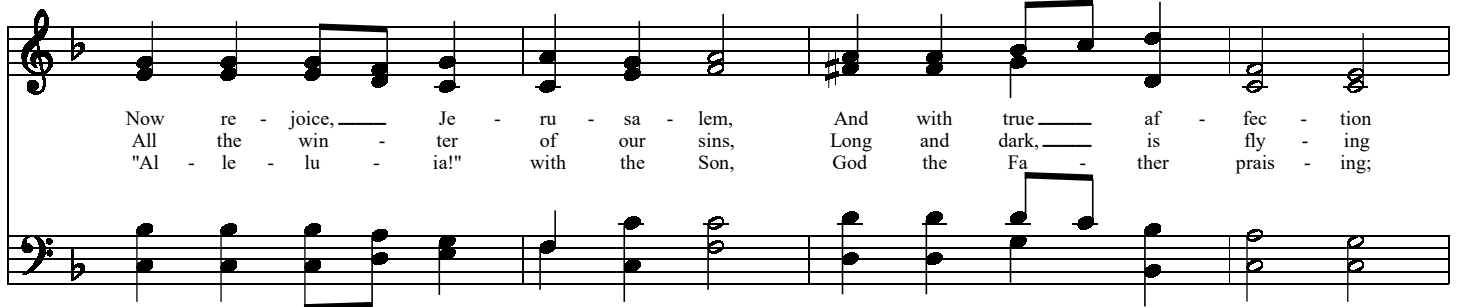
1. Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ has burst His pris - on;
 3. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry To our King im - mor - tal,





God has brought His peo - ple forth In - to joy from sad - ness.
 From the frost and gloom of the death bars Light and life have ris - en.
 Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal;





Now re - joice, Je - ru - sa - lem, And with true af - fec - tion
 All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;

F **Bb** **Gm7** **F** **Gm7** **C7** **F**

Wel - come in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
 From His light, to whom we give Thanks and praise un - dy - ing.
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain To the Spir - it rais - ing.