Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness; God hath brought forth Israel as a sun hath risen; all the winter comes its joy to ransom; comes to gladness, Je hold thee as a mortal; but to-day a of the tomb's dark portal; "Al-le-lu-ia!"

2. 'Tis the spring of souls today; Christ hath burst his prison, and from three days' sleep in death splendor, with the royal feast of feasts, portal, nor the watchers, nor the seal mortal, who, triumphant, burst the bars

3. Now the queen of seasons, bright with the day of "Al-le-lu-ia!" now we cry to our King in midst, with twelve, who didst stand, beseeching, with the Son, God the Father praising, bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daughters, of our sins, long and dark, is flying rising, who with true affection midst the twelve thou didst stand, beseeching, with the Son, God the Father praising,

4. Neither might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark led them with unmoistened foot from his light, to whom we give that thy peace which evermore "Al-le-lu-ia!" yet again through the Red Sea wandering. Laud and praise undying. Jesus' resurrection. Passeth humankind knowing. To the Spirit raising.

5. "Al-le-lu-ia!" now we cry to our King in midst, with twelve, who didst stand, beseeching, with the Son, God the Father praising, bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daughters, of our sins, long and dark, is flying rising, who with true affection midst the twelve thou didst stand, beseeching, with the Son, God the Father praising,