Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness;
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day; Christ hath burst his precious
3. Now the queen of sea-sons, bright with the day of splendor,
4. Neither might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark portal,
5. "Alleluia!" now we cry to our King immortal,

God hath brought forth Israel into joy from sadness;
and from three days' sleep in death as a sun risen;
with the royal feast of feasts, comes its joy to render;
nor the watch-ers, nor the seal hold thee as mortal;
who, triumphant, burst the bars of the tomb's dark portal;

loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daughters,
all the winter of our sins, long and dark is flying
comes to glad Jerusalem, who with true affection
but today amidst the twelve thou didst stand, beseeching
"Alleluia!" with the Son, God the Father praising,

led them with unmoistened foot through the Red Sea waters.
from his light to whom we give laud and praise undying.
welcomes in unwearying strains Jesus' resurrection.
that thy peace which ever more pas-seth human knowing.
"Alleluia!" yet again to the Spirit raising.

Tune: Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872
Trans. John Mason Neale, 1859
Text: John of Damascus;