

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
of triumphant gladness!  
God hath brought his Israel  
into joy from sadness:  
loosed from Pharoah'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 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.

Now the queen of seasons, bright  
with the day of splendor,  
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.

Neither might the gates of death,  
nor the tomb's dark portal,  
nor the watchers, nor the seal  
hold thee as a mortal:  
but today amidst the twelve  
thou didst stand, bestowing  
that thy peace which evermore  
passeth human knowing.

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.  
Words: John of Damascus (ca. 675-749), 750;  
trans. John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1853  
Tune: St. Kevin (Arthur Sullivan, 1872)  
Meter: 76 76 D