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 prison,
3. Now the queen of seasons, bright With the day of splendor,
4. Neither might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark portal,

God hath brought His Israel Into joy from sadness;
And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath risen;
With the royal feast of feasts, Comes its joy to render;
Nor the watchers, nor the seal, Hold Thee as a mortal;

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 to-day amidst the Twelve Thou didst stand, bestowing

Led them with unmoistened foot Thru the Red Sea waters.
From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise undying.
Welcomes in unwearyed strains Jesus' restoration.

Words: St. John of Damascus
Music: Sir Arthur S. Sullivan