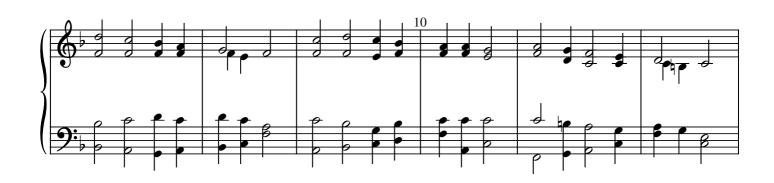
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness







Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness; God hath brought forth Israel into joy from sadness; Loosed from Pharaoh'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 has 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.

John of Damascus