Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

St. John of Damascus, 8th cent;  
Tr. J.M. Neale, 1853

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 sea-sons, bright with the day of splendour,
4. Neither might the gates of death, nor the tomb’s dark portal,

God hath brought his Israel into joy from sadness; Loosed from Pharaoh’s
And from three days’ sleep in death as a sun hath risen; All the winter
With the royal feast of feasts, Come its joy to render; Comes to glad Je-
Nor the watchers, nor the seal Hold thee as a mortal: But today a-

bit-ter yoke Jacob’s sons and daughters; Led them with unmoistened’ foot
of our sins, long and dark, is flying from his light, to whom we give
rus-salem, who with true affection welcomes in unwearied strains
midst thine own thou did stand, bestowing that thy peace which ever more

through the Red Sea—waters.
Laud and praise un-dying.
Jesus resurrection.
pas-seth human knowing.

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