Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

1 Come, you faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness!
2 'Tis the spring of souls today: Christ has burst his prison,
3 Now the queen of seasons, bright with the day of splendor,
4 Neither could the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark portal,
5 Alleluia! now we cry to our Lord immortal,

God has brought forth Israel into joy from sadness,
and from three days' sleep in death as a sun has risen.
with the royal feast of feasts comes its joy to render;
nor the watchers, nor the seal, hold you as a 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, among your own, you appear, bestowing
Alleluia! with the Son God the Father praising;

led them with unmoistened foot through the Red Sea waters.
from the Light to whom we give laud and praise undying.
well comes in unwearyed strain Jesus' resurrection!
your deep peace, which evermore passes human knowing.
Alleluia! yet again to the Spirit raising.

Music: GAUDEAMUS PARITER, Johann Horn, 1490–1547