

COME, YE FAITHFUL  
St. John of Damascus  
8<sup>th</sup> century

1 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
of triumphant gladness;  
God hath brought his 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.

2 '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.

3 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.

4 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 thine own  
thou didst stand, bestowing  
thine own peace, which evermore  
passeth human knowing.