

Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

GAUDEAMUS PARITER

John of Damascus, c. 696-c. 754

Johann Horn, c. 1490-1547



1. Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!
2. *This the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst his pris - on*
3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of splen - dor,
4. *For to - day a - mong his own Christ ap - peared, be - stow - ing*
5. Al - le - lu - ia! Now we cry to our King im - mor - tal,



God has brought his Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness,
and from three days' sleep in death as a sun has ris - en;
with the roy - al feast of feasts comes its joy to ren - der;
his deep peace, which ev - er - more pass - es hu - man know - ing.
who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars of the tomb's dark por - tal.



loosed from Phar - oah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,
all the win - ter of our sins, long and dark, is fly - ing
comes to glad - den faith - ful hearts which with true af - fec - tion
Nei - ther could the gates of death nor the tomb's dark por - tal
Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!



led them with un - moist - ened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.
from his light, to whom is giv'n laud and praise un - dy - ing.
wel - come in un - wea - ried strain Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion!
nor the watch - ers nor the seal hold him as a mor - tal.
God has brought his Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness!