

SPRING OF SOULS. 7 6, 7 6. D. Trochaic. LUDVIG M. LINDEMAN, 1812-87

SECOND TUNE

*Triumphantly*

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-um-phant glad-ness;  
 2. Now the queen of sea-sons, bright With the day of splen-dor,

God hath brought his Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;  
 With the roy-al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren-der;

'Tis the spring of souls to-day: Christ hath burst his pris-on,  
 Comes to glad-den Chris-tian men, Who with true af-fec-tion

And from three days' sleep in death, As a sun hath ris-en.  
 Wel-come in un-wea-ried strains Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion.

3 All the winter of our sins,  
 Long and dark, is flying  
 From his light, to whom we give  
 Laud and praise undying.  
 Neither might the gates of death,  
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,  
 Hold thee as a mortal;

4 But today amidst the Twelve  
 Thou didst stand, bestowing  
 That thy peace, which evermore  
 Passeth human knowing.  
 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
 Of triumphant gladness;  
 God hath brought his Israel  
 Into joy from sadness.

*St. John of Damascus, VIII cent.  
 Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66*

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