

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain



1. Come ye faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst his
3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of
4. Nei - ther might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark
5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry to our King im -



glad - ness; God hath brought forth Is - ra - el
pri - son, and from three_ days' sleep in death
splen - dor, with the roy - al feast of feasts,
por - tal, nor the wat - chers, nor the seal
mor - tal, who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars



in - to joy from_ sad - ness; loosed from Pha - raoh's
as a sun hath_ ri - sen; all the win - ter
comes its joy to__ ren - der; comes to glad_ Je -
hold thee as a___ mor - tal; but to - day__ a -
of the tomb's dark_ por - tal; "Al - le - lu - ia!"



bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons_ and daugh - ters,
of our sins, long and dark,_ is fly - ing
ru - sa - lem, who with true__ af - fec - tion
midst the twelve thou didst stand, bes - to - wing
with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing,



led them with__ un - mois - tened foot
from his light,__ to whom we give
wel - comes in__ un - wea - ried strains
that thy peace__ which e - ver - more
"Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain



through the Red Sea wa - ters.
laud and praise un - dy - ing.
Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.
pas - seth hu - man kno - wing.
to the Spi - rit rais - ing.