

# Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain



- 1 Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
- 2 'Tis the spring of life to - day! Christ has burst his pris - on,
- 3 "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry to our King im - mor - tal,



God has brought his peo - ple forth in - to joy from sad - ness.  
and from three days' sleep in death like the sun has ris - en.  
who, tri - um - phant burst the bars of the tomb's dark por - tal;



Now re - jice, Je - ru - sa - lem, and with true af - fec - tion  
All the win - ter of our sins, long and dark, is fly - ing;  
"Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;



wel - come in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.  
wel - come now the light of Christ, give him praise un - dy - ing.  
"Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain to the Spir - it rais - ing.