

# Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

F C Dm C F B $\flat$  C B $\flat$  C F  
 1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;  
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst His pris - on,  
 3. *Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,*  
 4. Neith - er might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,  
 5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry To our King im - mor - tal,  
 God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;  
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath ris - en;  
*With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren - der;*  
 Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal Hold Thee as a mor - tal:  
 Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal;  
 Loosed from Pha - raoh'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 Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion*  
 But to - day, a - mid the twelve, Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing,  
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;  
 Led them with un - mois - tened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.  
 From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.  
*Wel - comes in un - wear - ied strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.*  
 Thine own peace, which ev - er - more Pass - eth hu - man know - ing.  
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain To the Spir - it rais - ing.