

218 Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

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 bright-est sea - son dawns with the day of splen - dor,

God has brought forth Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness;
 and from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath ris - en!
 now the roy - al feast of feasts comes its joy to ren - der;

loosed from Phar-ah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,
 All the win - ter of our sins, long and bleak, is fly - ing
 comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, who with true af - fec - tion

led them with un - moist-ened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 from His light, to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 wel-comes in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.