

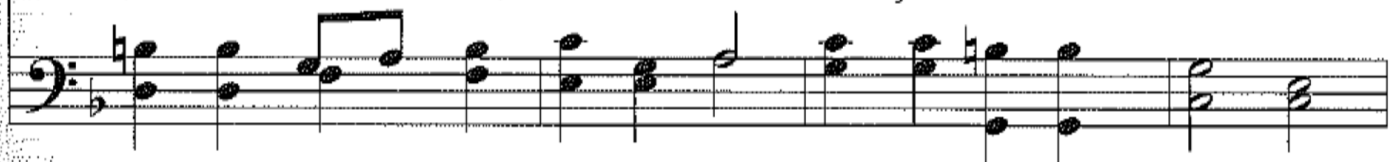
# Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain 234



1 Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!  
2 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst his pris - on,  
3 Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of splen - dor,  
4 Nei - ther could the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



God has brought forth Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness,  
and from three days' sleep in death as a sun has ris - en.  
with the roy - al feast of feasts comes its joy to ren - der;  
nor the watch - ers, nor the seal hold you as a mor - 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 - mong your own, you ap - pear, be - stow - ing



led them with un - moist - ened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.  
from the Light, to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.  
wel - comes in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion!  
your deep peace, which ev - er - more pass - es hu - man know - ing.

