

## Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

1. Come, you faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness!  
God has brought His Israel  
Into joy from sadness,  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters,  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.
2. 'Tis the spring of souls today:  
Christ has burst His prison  
And from three days' sleep in death  
As a sun has risen;  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to whom is giv'n  
Laud and praise undying.
3. Now the queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts  
Comes its joy to render;  
Comes to gladden faithful hearts  
Which with true affection  
Welcome in unwearied strain  
Jesus' resurrection!
4. For today among His own  
Christ appeared, bestowing  
His deep peace, which evermore  
Passes human knowing.  
Neither could the gates of death  
Nor the tomb's dark portal  
Nor the watchers nor the seal  
Hold Him as a mortal.
5. Alleluia! Now we cry  
To our King immortal  
Who, triumphant, burst the bars  
Of the tomb's dark portal.  
Come, you faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness!  
God has brought His Israel  
Into joy from sadness!