

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

John M. Neale / ACH WIE KURZ

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,
 4. Nei - ther could the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,

1. God hath brought his Is - ra - el in - to joy from sad - ness;
 2. and from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath ris - en.
 4. nor the watch - ers, nor the seal hold thee as a mor - tal:

1. loosed from Pha - roah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
 2. All the win - ter of our sins, long and dark, is fly - ing
 4. but to - day a - midst the twelve thou didst stand, be - stow - ing

1. led them with un - moist - ened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 2. from his Light, to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 4. that thy peace which ev - er - more pass - eth hu - man know - ing.