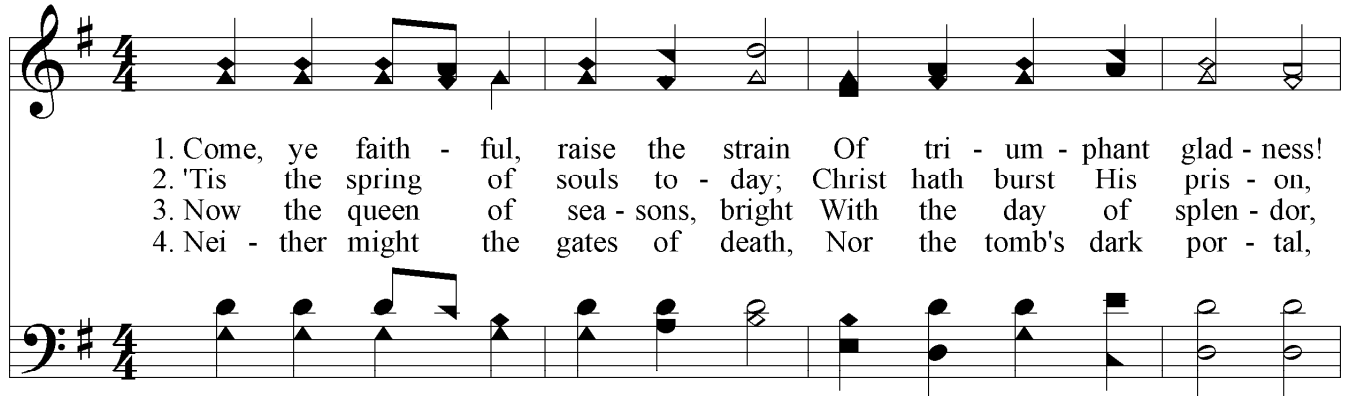
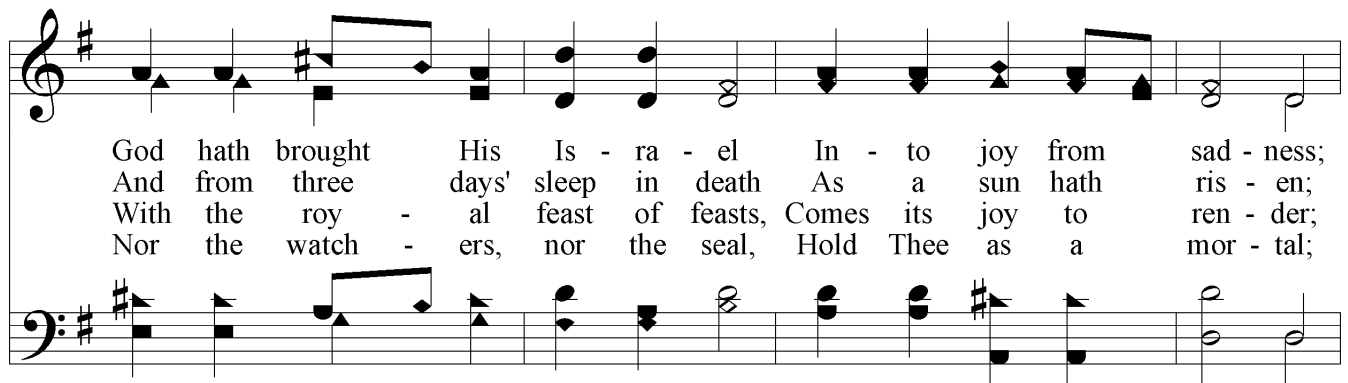


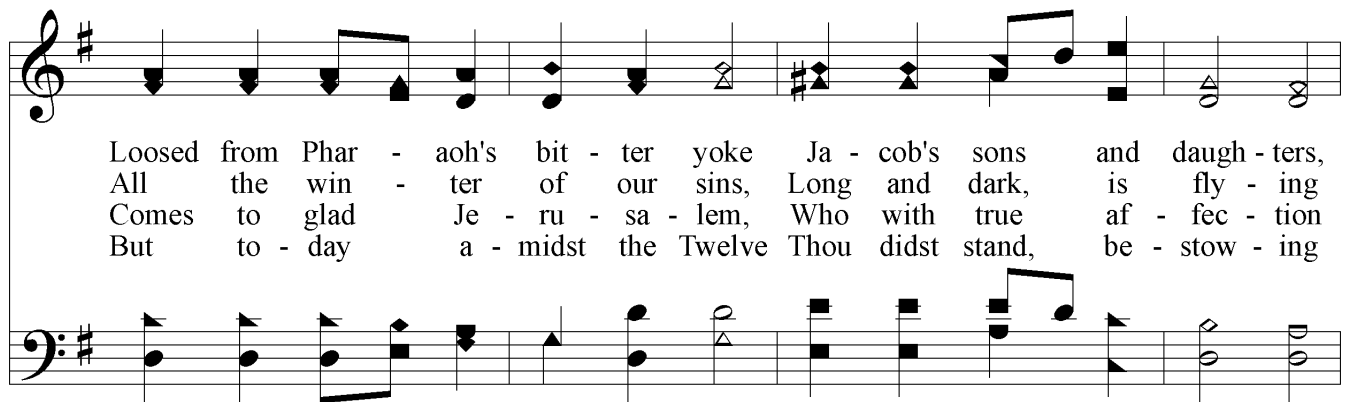
# Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain



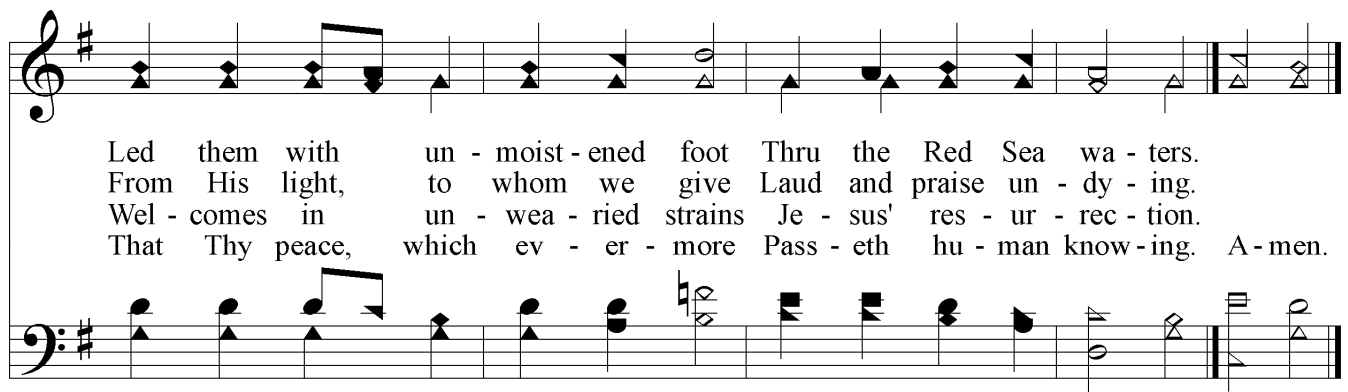
1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness!  
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst His pris - on,  
 3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,  
 4. Nei - ther might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



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;



Loosed from Phar - aoh'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 - midst the Twelve Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing



Led them with un - moist - ened foot Thru 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.  
 That Thy peace, which ev - er - more Pass - eth hu - man know - ing. A - men.