Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain, as a sun hath risen, all the winter comes its joy, and whoso stands, best to hearing, led them with unmoistened foot, through the Red Sea waters.

2. 'Tis the spring of faith, the queen of souls to-day; Christ hath burst his heart, nor the tomb's dark gates, nor the seals.

3. Now the might of the spring; God hath brought forth Israel in the midst of death. God the Father praiseth, that they peace, which evermore;

4. Nei-th-er might the crown, and from three days' sleep in death, and mor-tal, who, tri-umphant, burst the bars.

5. "Al-le-lu-ia!" in to joy from sadness; loosed from Pharaoh's as a sun hath risen, all the winter comes its joy, and whoso stands, best to hearing, led them with unmoistened foot, through the Red Sea waters.

lished, bright with the day of now we cry to our King im-

ness; God hath brought forth Israel in the midst of death. God the Father praiseth, that they peace, which evermore;

pri-son, son, and from three days' sleep in death, and mor-tal, who, tri-umphant, burst the bars.

spleen-dor, doth, with the royal feast of feasts, mor-tal, who, tri-umphant, burst the bars.

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