Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

1. Come, you faithful, raise the strain of triumph's gladness;
   God has brought this people forth into joy from sadness.
   Now rejoice, Jerusalem, and with true affection
   Welcome in unwearied strains Jesus' resurrection.

2. 'Tis the spring of life today! Christmas burst his prison,
   And from three days' sleep in death like the sun has risen.
   All the winter of our sins, long and dark, is flying;
   Welcome now the light of Christ give him praise unceasing.

3. "Al-le-lu-ia!" now we cry to our King immortal,
   "Al-le-lu-ia!" with the Son, God the Father praising;
   "Al-le-lu-ia!" yet again to the Spirit raising.
   "Al-le-lu-ia!" yet again to the Spirit raising.