Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

1 Come, you faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness;
   'Tis the spring of life today Christ has burst his prison,
   "Alleluia!" now we cry to our King immortal,

   God has brought his people forth into joy from sadness,
   and from three days' sleep in death like the sun has risen,
   who, triumphant burst the bars of the tomb's dark portal;

   Now rejoice, Jerusalem, and with true affection
   All the winter of our sins, long and dark, is flying;
   "Alleluia!" with the Son, God the Father praising;

   welcome in unwearied strains Jesus' resurrection.
   welcome now the light of Christ, give him praise undoing.
   "Alleluia!" yet again to the Spirit raising.