

HYMN

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

F C⁷ F Dm C F Gm F C
 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 "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry to our King im - mor - tal,

G⁷ C G⁷ Am
 God hath brought his peo - ple forth in - to joy from sad - ness.
 and from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath ris - en;
 who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars of the tomb's dark por - tal;

C⁷ F C F D Gm F C
 Now re - joice, Je - ru - sa - lem, and with true af - fec - tion
 all the win - ter of our sins, long and dark is fly - ing
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;

F F⁷ B^b F Gm⁷ C⁷ F
 wel - come in un - wear - ied strains Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.
 from his light, to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain to the Spir - it rais - ing.