

1. Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ has burst His pris - on;
 3. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry To our King im - mor - tal,

5

God has brought His peo - ple forth In - to joy from sad - ness.
 From the frost and gloom of death Light and life have ris - en.
 Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal;

9

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;

13

Wel - come in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
 From His light, to whom we give Thanks and praise un - dy - ing.
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain To the Spir - it rais - ing.