

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. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
 4. For to - day a - mong the twelve Christ ap - peared, be - stow - ing
 5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry To our King im - mor - tal,

5

God has brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun has ris - en;
 With the roy - al feast of feasts, Come its joy to ren - der;
 His deep peace, which ev - er - more Pass - es hu - man know - ing.
 Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal;

9

Loosed from Pharo-ah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
 All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
 Comes to glad - den faith - ful hearts Which with true af - fec - tion
 Nei - ther could the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,
 "Al - le - lu - ia" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;

13

Led them with un - moist - ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His light, to whom is giv'n Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 Wel - come in un - wea - ried strain Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
 Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal, Hold Him as a mor - tal.
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain To the Spir - it rais - ing.