

Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

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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 Nei - ther could the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,
 5 Al - le - lu - ia! now we cry to our Lord im - mor - tal,



God has brought forth 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 comes its joy to ren - der;
 nor the watch - ers, nor the seal, hold you as a mor - tal:
 who tri - um - phant burst the bars of the tomb's dark por - tal;



loosed from Pha-raoh'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 Jer - u - sa - lem, who with true af - fec - tion
 but to - day, a - mong your own, you ap - pear, be - stow - ing
 Al - le - lu - ia! with the Son God the Fa - ther prais - ing;



led them with un - moist - ened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 from the Light to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing,
 wel - comes in un - wea - ried strain Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion!
 your deep peace, which ev - er - more pass - es hu - man know - ing.
 Al - le - lu - ia! yet a - gain to the Spir - it rais - ing.

815 I Want to Walk as a Child of the Light

1 I want to walk as a child of the light. I want to
 2 I want to see . . . the bright-ness of God. I want to
 3 I'm look - ing for . . . the com - ing of Christ. I want to

fol - low Je - sus. God set the stars to give
 look at Je - sus. Clear Sun of righ - teous-ness,
 be with Je - sus. When we have run . . . with

light to the world. The star of my life is Je - sus.
 shine on my path, and show me the way to the Fa - ther.
 pa - tience the race, we shall know the joy of Je - sus.

Refrain

In him there is no dark-ness at all. The night and the

Thine Is the Glory

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1 Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring Son; end - less is the
 2 Lo, Je - sus meets thee, ris - en from the tomb! Lov - ing - ly he
 3 No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of life; life is naught with-

vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won! An - gels in bright rai - ment
 greets thee, scat - ters fear and gloom; let his church with glad - ness
 out thee; aid us in our strife; make us more than con - qu'rors,

rolled the stone a - way, kept the fold - ed grave - clothes
 hymns of tri - umph sing, for the Lord now liv - eth;
 through thy death - less love; bring us safe through Jor - dan

Refrain

where thy bod - y lay.
 death hath lost its sting! Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring
 to thy home a - bove.

Son; end - less is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won!