

347 – Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness.
Loosed from Pharoah's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2. 'Tis the spring of souls today:
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3. Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4. Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But today amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

349 – How Rich, at Eastertide

1. How rich, at Eastertide,
The harvest we are reaping,
For Christ, the Crucified,
Gives comfort to the weeping.
Saved by His bitter death,
With all our sins forgiven,
We learn to live by faith,
For now is Christ arisen, arisen, arisen;
For now is Christ arisen.

2. As first-gifts hallow all
If offered in thanksgiving,
So Christ has died for all,
The First of all the living.
Wherefore, the blessed dead,
Who else had vainly striven,
Are one with Him, their Head,
For now is Christ arisen, arisen, arisen;
For now is Christ arisen.

3. The Lord, who taught the way
Of dying and forsaking,
Shall bring us to that day
Of our complete awaking.
Then let no ill destroy
The hope we have of heaven;
Come, serve our God with joy,
For now is Christ arisen, arisen, arisen;
For now is Christ arisen.

377 – Why Should Cross and Trial Grieve Me

1. Why should cross and trial grieve me?
Christ is near
With His cheer;
Never will He leave me.
Who can rob me of the heaven
That God's Son
For my own
To my faith hath given?

2. Though a heavy cross I'm bearing
And my heart
Feels the smart,
Shall I be despairing?
God, my Helper, who doth send it,
Well doth know
All my woe
And how best to end it.

3. God oft gives me days of gladness;
Shall I grieve
If He give
Seasons, too, of sadness?
God is good and tempers ever
All my ill,
And He will
Wholly leave me never.

4. Hopeful, cheerful, and undaunted
Ev'rywhere
They appear
Who in Christ are planted.
Death itself cannot appal them,
They rejoice
When the voice
Of their Lord doth call them.

5. Death cannot destroy forever;
From our fears,
Cares, and tears
It will us deliver.
It will close life's mournful story,
Make a way
That we may
Enter heav'nly glory.

6. What is all this life possesses?

But a hand

Full of sand

That the heart distresses.

Noble gifts that pall me never

Christ, our Lord,

Will accord

To His saints forever.

7. Lord, my Shepherd, take me to Thee.

Thou art mine;

I was Thine,

Even e'er I knew Thee.

I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me;

Lost I stood,

But Thy blood

Free salvation brought me.

8. Thou art mine; I love and own Thee.

Light of Joy,

Ne'er shall I

From my heart dethrone Thee.

Savior, let me soon behold Thee

Face to face;

May Thy grace

Evermore enfold me!