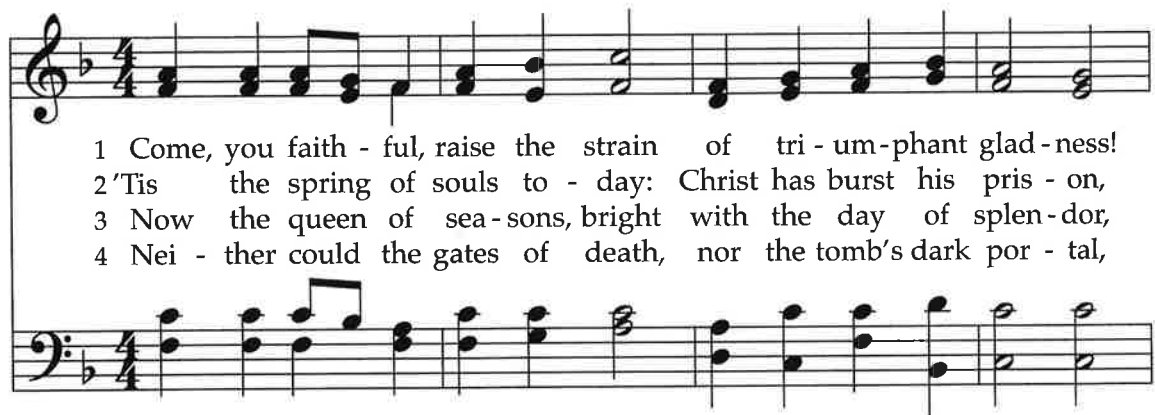
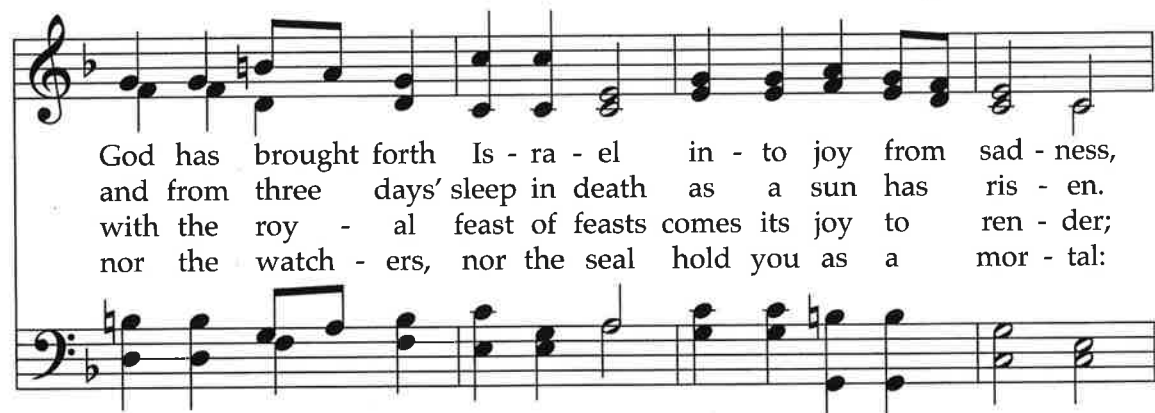


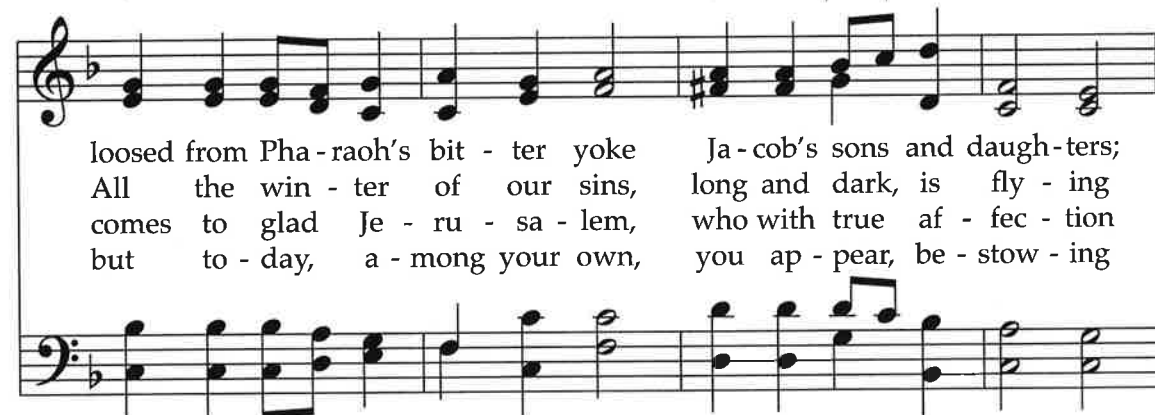
## Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain 234



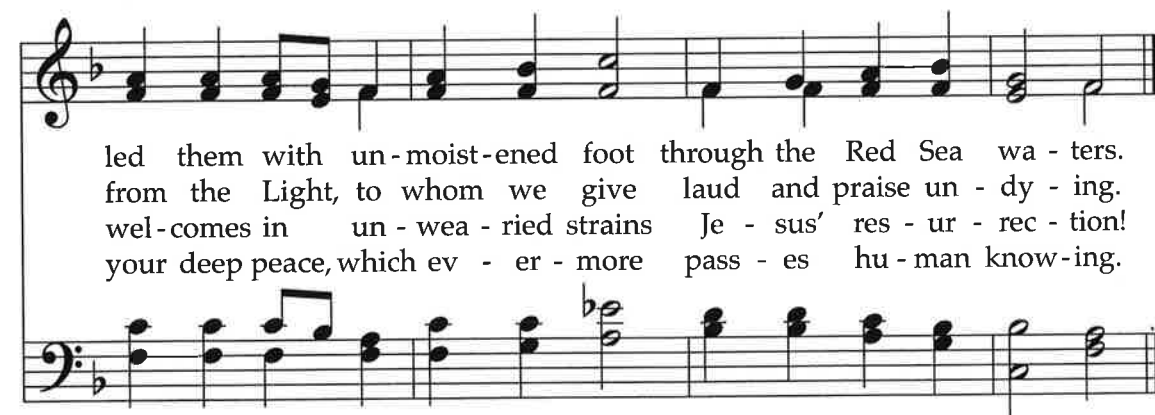
1 Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um-phant glad - ness!  
 2 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst his pris - on,  
 3 Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of splen - dor,  
 4 Nei - ther could the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



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:



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 Je - ru - sa - lem, who with true af - fec - tion  
 but to - day, a - mong your own, you ap - pear, be - stow - 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 strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion!  
 your deep peace, which ev - er - more pass - es hu - man know - ing.

One of the many ancient hymns translated into English in the 19th century, this 8th-century Eastertide hymn was originally part of a longer Greek liturgical text. This tune was created for this text by a church organist who later rose to fame as a composer of operettas.

## 418 Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling

1 Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for  
 2 Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, plead - ing for  
 3 O for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised, prom - ised for

you and for me. See, on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing,  
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies,  
 you and for me! Though we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don,

*Refrain*  
 watch - ing for you and for me.  
 mer - cies for you and for me? "Come home, come home!  
 par - don for you and for me. "Come home, come home!

You who are wea - ry, come home." Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly,

Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing, "O sin - ner, come home!"

This 19th-century gospel hymn has often been used as a hymn of invitation at evangelistic services. Its imagery is primarily based on Jesus' parable in Luke 15:11-32, commonly called "The Prodigal Son." Each singer thus becomes a wandering child who is urged to return home.

# 339 Lift Every Voice and Sing

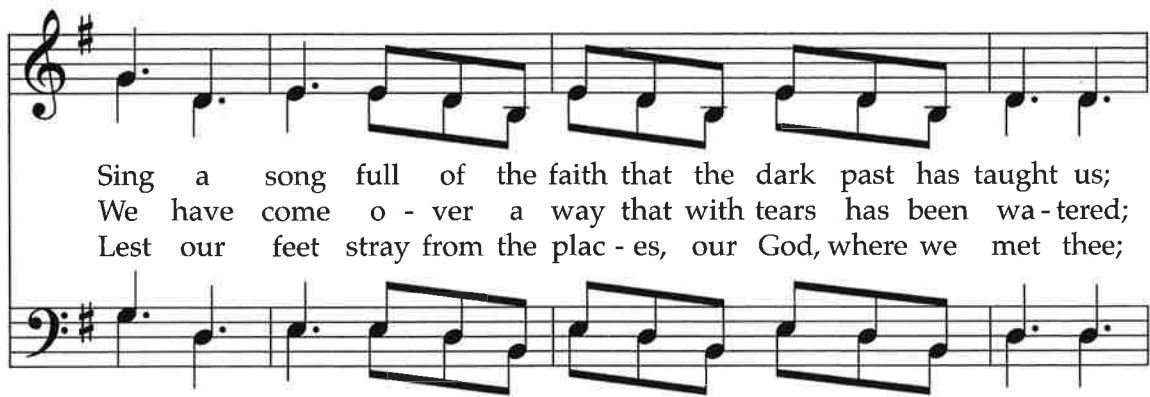
1 Lift ev - ery voice and sing till earth and heav - en  
 2 Ston - y the road we trod, bit - ter the chas - tening  
 3 God of our wea - ry years, God of our si - lent

ring, ring with the har - mo - nies of lib - er -  
 rod, felt in the days when hope un - born had  
 tears, thou who hast brought us thus far on the

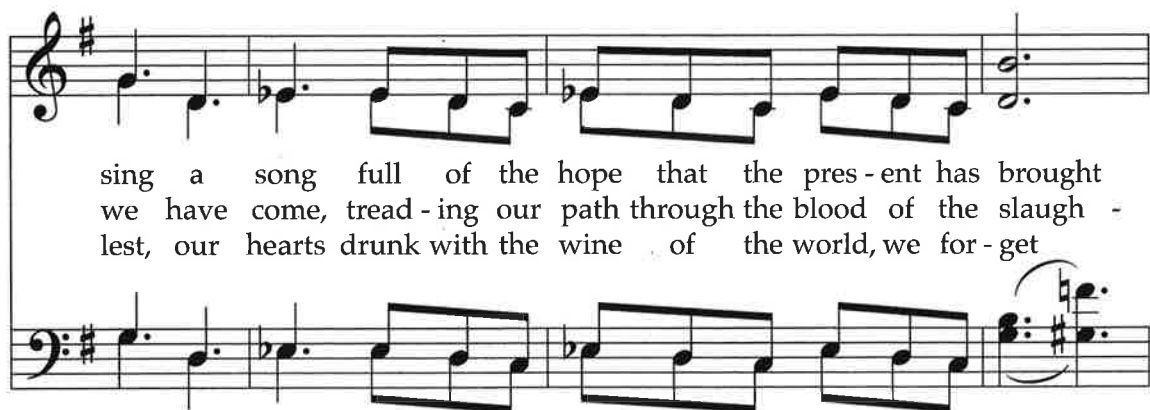
ty. Let our re - joic - ing rise high as the lis - tening  
 died. Yet, with a stead - y beat, have not our wea - ry  
 way; thou who hast by thy might led us in - to the

skies; let it re - sound loud as the roll - ing sea.  
 feet come to the place for which our par - ents sighed?  
 light, keep us for - ev - er in the path, we pray.


Initially a poem for a school assembly at which Booker T. Washington spoke on Lincoln's birthday in 1900, this text and tune have gained national recognition and devotion, not only within the African American community, but also among all who seek liberation from oppression.



Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us;  
 We have come o - ver a way that with tears has been wa - tered;  
 Lest our feet stray from the plac - es, our God, where we met thee;



sing a song full of the hope that the pres - ent has brought  
 we have come, tread - ing our path through the blood of the slaugh -  
 lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we for - get



us. Fac - ing the ris - ing sun of our new day be -  
 tered, out from the gloom - y past, till now we stand at  
 thee; shad - owed be - neath thy hand may we for - ev - er



gun, let us march on, till vic - to - ry is won.  
 last where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.  
 stand, true to our God, true to our na - tive land.