

Wake, Sweetest Strain

Grant Colfax Tullar, 1903

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♩=115

1. Low in the grave they had bu-ried Christ the Sav-ior; Dark was the night round the
2. Close to the tomb were the sol-diers vi-gil keep-ing, When from a-bove came a
3. Joy to the world, let this day be filled with glad-ness— Wake sweet-est strains join this

si-lent guard-ed tomb, But with the dawn came a glow of heav'n-ly splen-dor Glo-ry
form of daz-zling light, Then He a-rose from the grave a might-y vic-tor An-gels
hap-py Eas-ter song, Peace shall a-bide for the grave has lost its ter-ror Christ is

Refrain

filled the earth dis-pel-ling gloom. Wake, sweet-est strains of mu-sic! Tel-ling out the sto-ry
wel-comed Him in robes of white. ris-en— let His praise pro-long.

How from death the Sav-ior rose To live for-ev-er - more. Wake, sweet-est strains of mu-sic!

Drive a-way all sad-ness Let your an-thems ring from shore to shore.