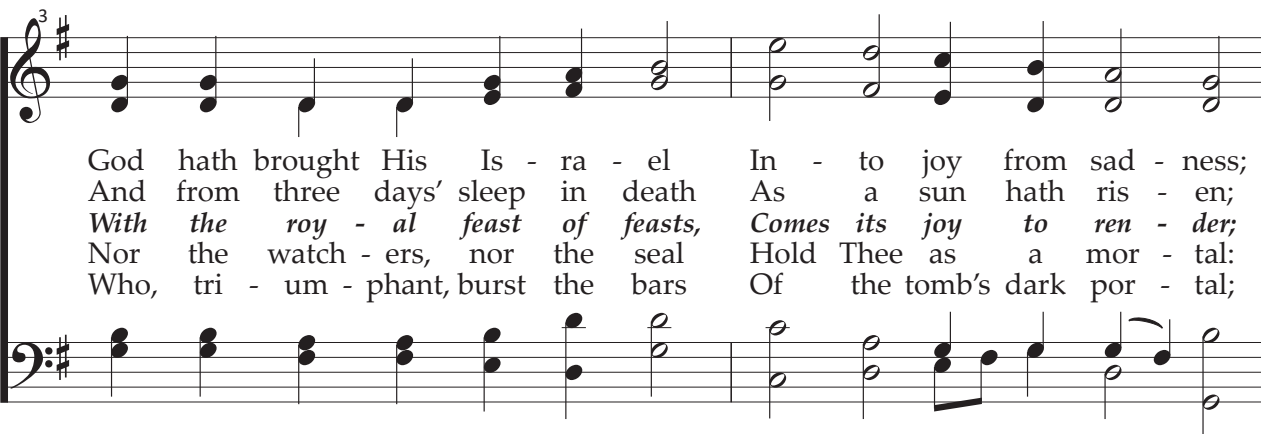
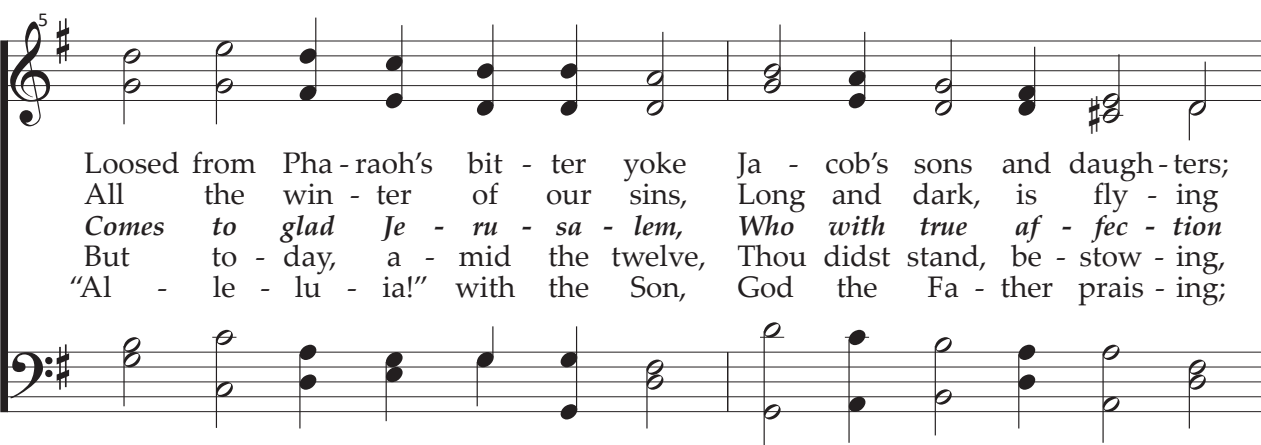


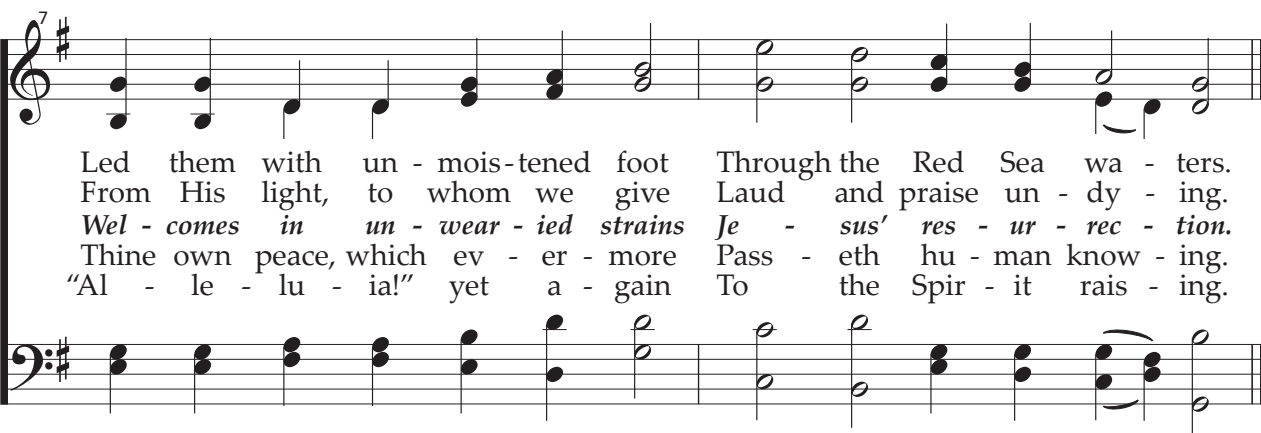
1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst His pris - on,
 3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
 4. Neith - er might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,
 5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry To our King im - mor - tal,



God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath ris - en;
 With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren - der;
 Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal Hold Thee 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 Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion
 But to - day, a - mid the twelve, Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing,
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;



Led them with un - mois - tened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 Wel - comes in un - wear - ied strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
 Thine own peace, which ev - er - more Pass - eth hu - man know - ing.
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain To the Spir - it rais - ing.