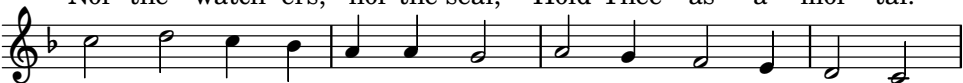




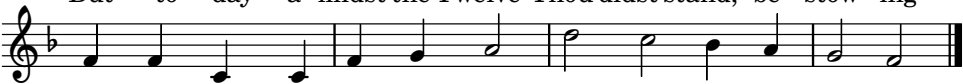
1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad-ness!
2. 'Tis the Spring, of souls to - day; Christ hath burst His pris - on;
3. Now the Queen of Seasons, bright With the day of Splendour,
4. Nei-ther might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



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:



Loosed from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daughters;
 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 - midst the Twelve Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing



Led them with un-moistened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His Light, to Whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 Welcomes, in un-wea - ried strains, Je - su's Res - ur - rec - tion.
 That Thy peace, which ev - er - more Pass - eth hu - man know - ing.