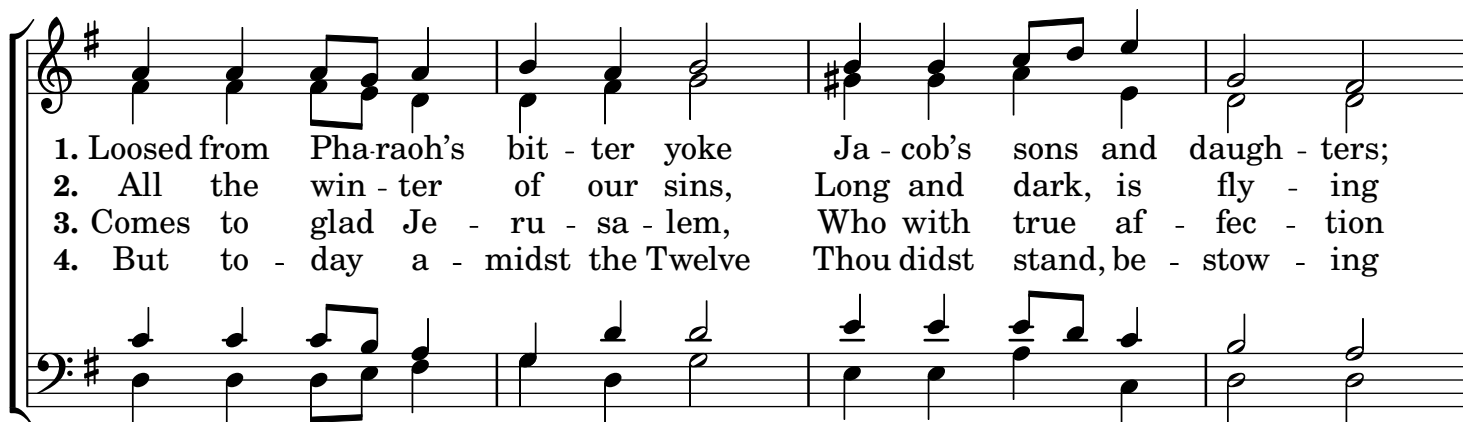


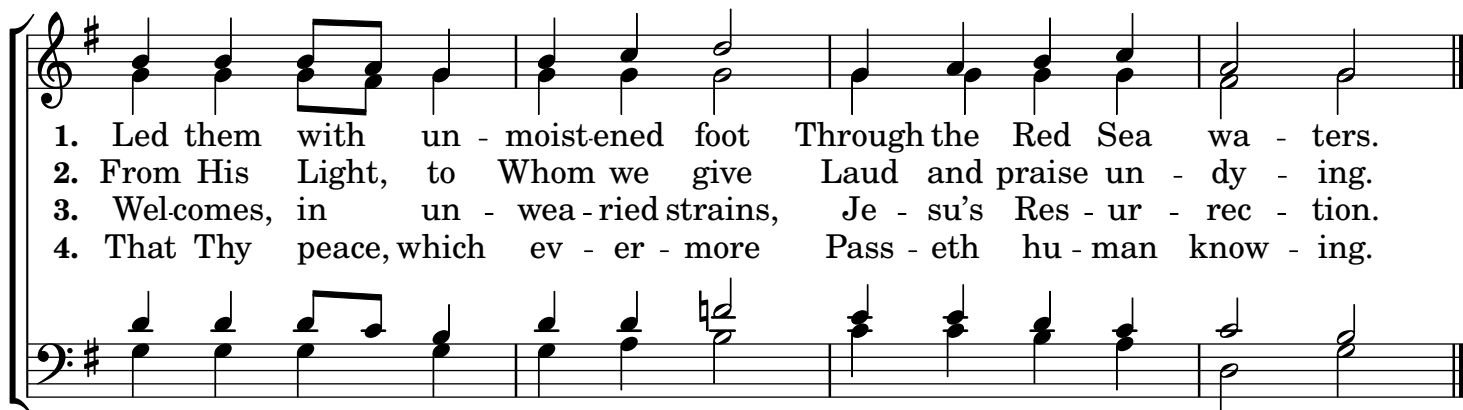
1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness!
 2. 'Tis the Spring, of souls to - day; Christ hath burst His pris - on;
 3. Now the Queen of Sea - sons, bright With the day of Splen - dour,
 4. Nei - ther might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



1. God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness
 2. And from three days' sleep in death, —As a sun, hath ris - en.
 3. With the roy - al Feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren - der;
 4. Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal, Hold Thee as a mor - tal:



1. Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
 2. All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
 3. Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion
 4. But to - day a - midst the Twelve Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing



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