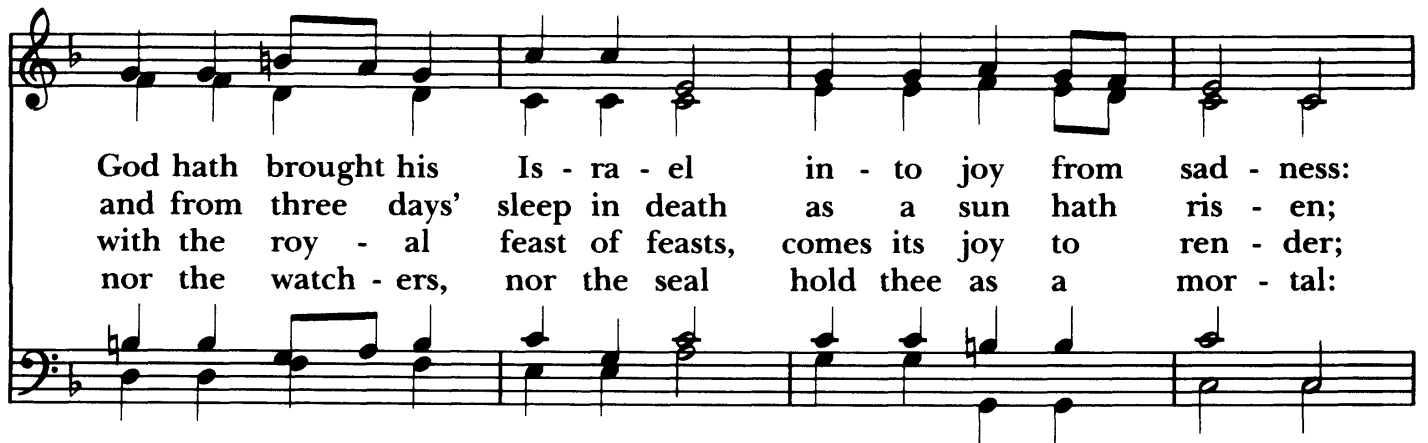
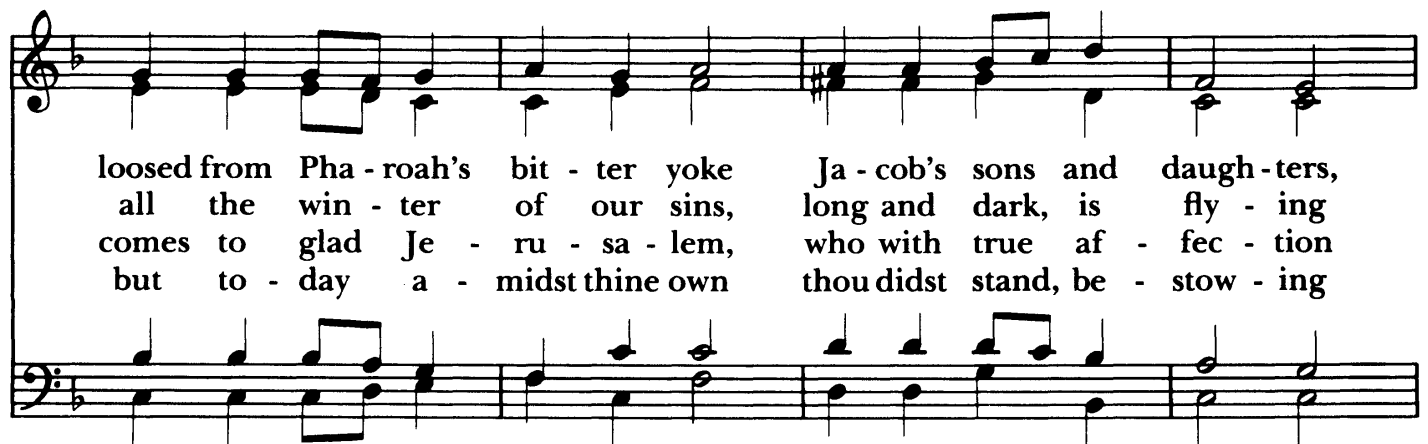


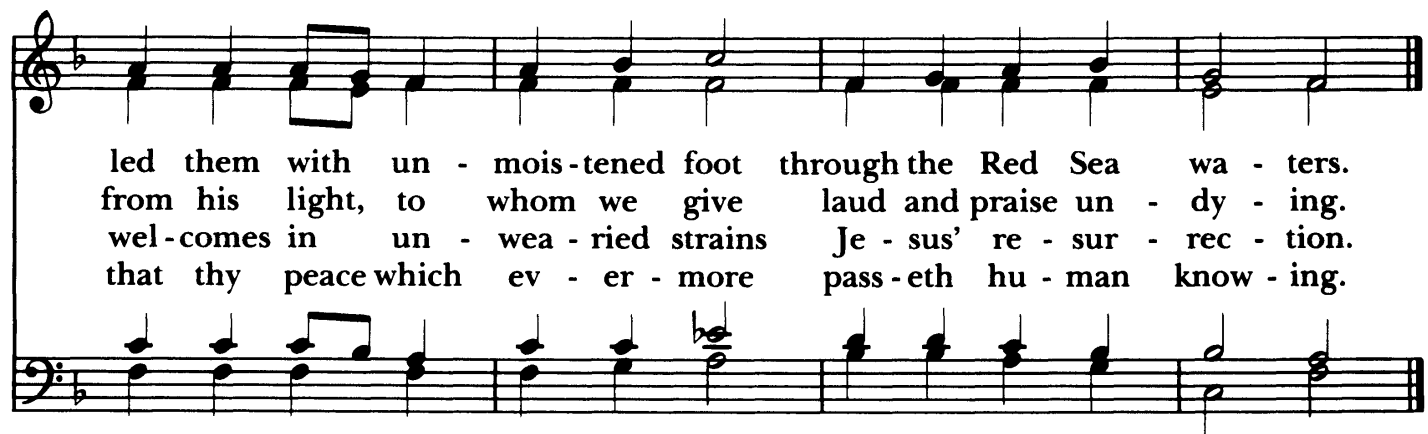
1 Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!  
 2 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ hath burst his pris - on,  
 3 Now the queen of sea - sons, bright with the day of splen - dor,  
 4 Nei - ther might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



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 Pha - roah'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 - midst thine own thou didst stand, be - stow - 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 - wea - ried strains Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.  
 that thy peace which ev - er - more pass - eth hu - man know - ing.