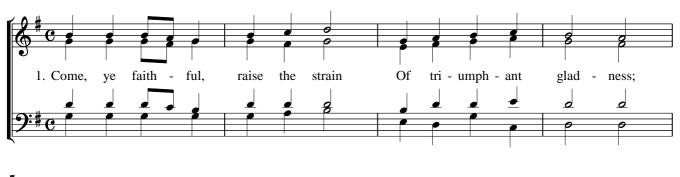
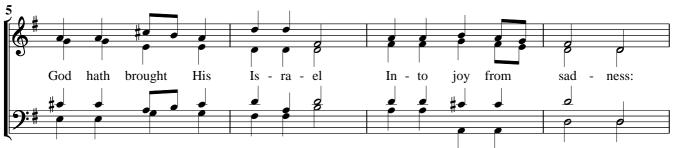
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)









- 2. 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
 Christ hath burst His prison;
 And from three days' sleep in death
 As a sun hath risen;
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His Light, to whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.
- 3. Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
 With the day of splendour,
 With the royal Feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render;
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection,
 Welcomes in unwearied strains
 Jesus' Resurrection.
- 4. Alleluia now we cry
 To our King Immortal,
 Who triumphant burst the bars
 Of the tomb's dark portal;
 Alleluia, with the Son
 God the Father praising;
 Alleluia yet again
 To the Spirit raising. AMEN.