

Αἰσωμεν, πάντεζ λαοί (*Aisomen pantes laoi*)  
**Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain**

John M. Neale / ACH WIE KURZ



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,  
 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.  
 4. nor the watch - ers, nor the seal hold thee as a mor - tal:



1. loosed from Pha-roah'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  
 4. but to - day a - midst the twelve thou didst stand, be - stow - ing



1. led them with un - moist-ened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters.  
 2. from his Light, to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.  
 4. that thy peace which ev - er - more pass - eth hu - man know - ing.

Inspiration: the first ode of the "Golden Canon", "Αἰσωμεν, πάντεζ λαοί" or "Aisomen pantes laoi", Greek, by John of Damascus, ca. 675 - ca. 754.  
 Lyrics: 76.76 D trochaic; John Mason Neale, 1818-1866, in "Christian Remembrancer", April, 1859.  
 Music: ACH WIE KURZ; J.H. Reiman, fl. 1747.