## Αϊσωμεν, πάντεζ λαοί (Aisomen pantes laoi)

## Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

John M. Neale / SAINT KEVIN



- 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,
- 5. "Al le lu ia!" now we cry to our King im mor 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:
- 5. who, tri um phant, burst the bars of the tomb's dark por 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
- 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
- 5. "Al le lu ia!" with the Son, God the Fa ther prais 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.
- 3. wel-comes in un wea ried strains Je sus' res ur rec tion.
- 4. that thy peace which ev er more pass eth hu man know-ing.
- 5. "Al le lu ia!" yet a gain to the Spir it rais ing.