

Αἰσωμεν, πάντες 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 could 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.