

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

**John M. Neale**

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
of triumphant gladness!  
God has brought his Israel  
into joy from sadness;  
loosed from Pharoah's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
led them with unmoistened foot  
through the Red Sea waters.
2. 'Tis the spring of souls today:  
Christ has burst his prison,  
and from three days' sleep in death  
as a sun has 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 gladden faithful hearts  
who with true affection  
welcome in unwearied strains  
Jesus' resurrection.
4. Neither could the gates of death,  
nor the tomb's dark portal,  
nor the watchers, nor the seal  
hold him as a mortal:  
but today among the twelve  
Christ appeared, bestowing  
lasting peace which evermore  
passes human knowing.
5. "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