

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 hath 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 glad Jerusalem,
who with true affection
welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.
4. Neither might the gates of death,
nor the tomb's dark portal,
nor the watchers, nor the seal
hold thee as a mortal:
but today amidst the twelve
thou didst stand, bestowing
that true peace which evermore
passeth 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