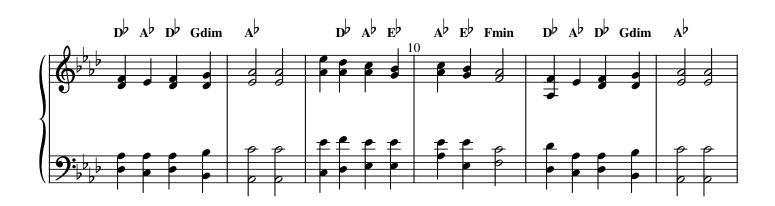
Let us now our voices raise







Let us now our voices raise, Wake the day with gladness; God Himself to joy and praise Turns our human sadness; Joy that martyrs won their crown, Opened heav'ns bright portal, When they laid the mortal down For the life immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame, From the torment never; Vain the tyrant's sharpest aim, Vain each fierce endeavor: For by faith they saw the land Decked in all its glory, Where triumphant now they stand With the victor's story.

Up and follow, Christian men! Press through toil and sorrow; Spurn the night of fear, and then, O the glorious morrow! Who will venture on the strife; Who will first begin it? Who will grasp the land of life? Warriors, up and win it!

Joseph the Hymnographer