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 heaven’s 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, Christians all: press through toil and sorrow; turn from fear, and heed the call to a glorious morrow! Who will venture on the strife; who will first begin it? Who will grasp the land of Life? Christians, up and win it!

Words: Joseph the Hymnographer (9th century), translated by John Mason Neale (1818-1866) Music: Melody as given by Johann Horn, 1544