

Let our choir new anthems raise

Let our choir new anthems raise,
wake the morn with gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
turns the martyrs' sadness:
bright the day that won their crown,
opened heaven's bright portal,
as they laid the mortal down
and put on the immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
from the torture never;
vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best 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?
Blessed who first begin it!
Who grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

Words: Joseph the Hymnographer, ninth century;