

Let us now our voices raise

English Traditional Carol

Good King Wenceslas
(Tempus Adest Floridum)
76,76.D.

A^b Fmin E^b A^b D^b E^b D^b A^b D^b Gdim A^b Fmin E^b A^b D^b E^b

D^b A^b D^b Gdim A^b D^b A^b E^b A^b E^b Fmin D^b A^b D^b Gdim A^b

D^b Gdim Fmin E^b A^b D^b A^b E^b Fmin D^b A^b

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.

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!

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.

Joseph the Hymnographer