I lifted up mine eyes to the mountains.

From where my help shall come.

The ranks of the holy martyrs bless you, O Lord.

Singing sweet tones they sing glory to you:

Glory to you, glory to you, O God.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.
Bravely they endured the scorn of the enemies.

And joining the choirs of the bodiless angels

they sing: Glory to you,

glory to you, O God.

Now and always and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

Today the heavenly Jerusalem rejoices
in receiving these holy martyrs into the luminous mansions.

The angels likewise delight, saying:

Glory to you, glory to you, O God.