

Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

1. "Wake, awake, for night is flying,"
The watchmen on the heights are crying:
"Awake, Jerusalem, arise!"
Midnight hears the welcome voices
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
"Oh, where are ye, ye virgins wise?
The Bridegroom comes, awake!
Your lamps with gladness take!
Al-le-lu-ia! With bridal care
Yourselves prepare
To meet the Bridegroom, who is near."
2. Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing:
She wakes, she rises from her gloom.
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her star is ris'n, her light is come.
Now come, Thou Blessed One,
Lord Jesus, God's own Son,
Hail! Hosanna! We enter all
The wedding hall
To eat the Supper at Thy call.
3. Now let all the heav'ns adore Thee,
Let saints and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbals' clearest tone.
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where, joining with the choir immortal,
We gather round Thy radiant throne.
No eye has ever seen the light,
No ear has heard the might
Of Thy glory;
Therefore will we
E-ter-nal-ly
Sing hymns of praise and joy to Thee!