

Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

- 1 Wake, awake, for night is flying,
the watchmen on the heights are crying;
awake, Jerusalem, at last.
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
and at the thrilling cry rejoices:
"Come forth, you maidens! Night is past.
The bridegroom comes! Awake;
your lamps with gladness take!"
Alleluia!
Rise and prepare the feast to share;
go, meet the bridegroom, who draws near.

- 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
and all her heart with joy is springing.
She wakes, she rises from her gloom.
Her dear friend comes down, all glorious,
the strong in grace, in truth victorious:
her star is ris'n; her light is come.
Now come, O Blessed One,
Lord Jesus, God's own Son.
Sing hosanna!
Oh, hear the call! Come one, come all,
and follow to the banquet hall.

- 3 Gloria! Let heav'n adore you!
Let saints and angels sing before you,
with harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
Gates of pearl, twelve portals gleaming,
lead us to bliss beyond all dreaming,
with angel choirs around your throne.
No eye has caught the light,
no ear the thund'ring might
of such glory.
There we will go: what joy we'll know!
There sweet delight will ever flow.

Text: Philipp Nicolai, 1556-1608; tr. composite
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