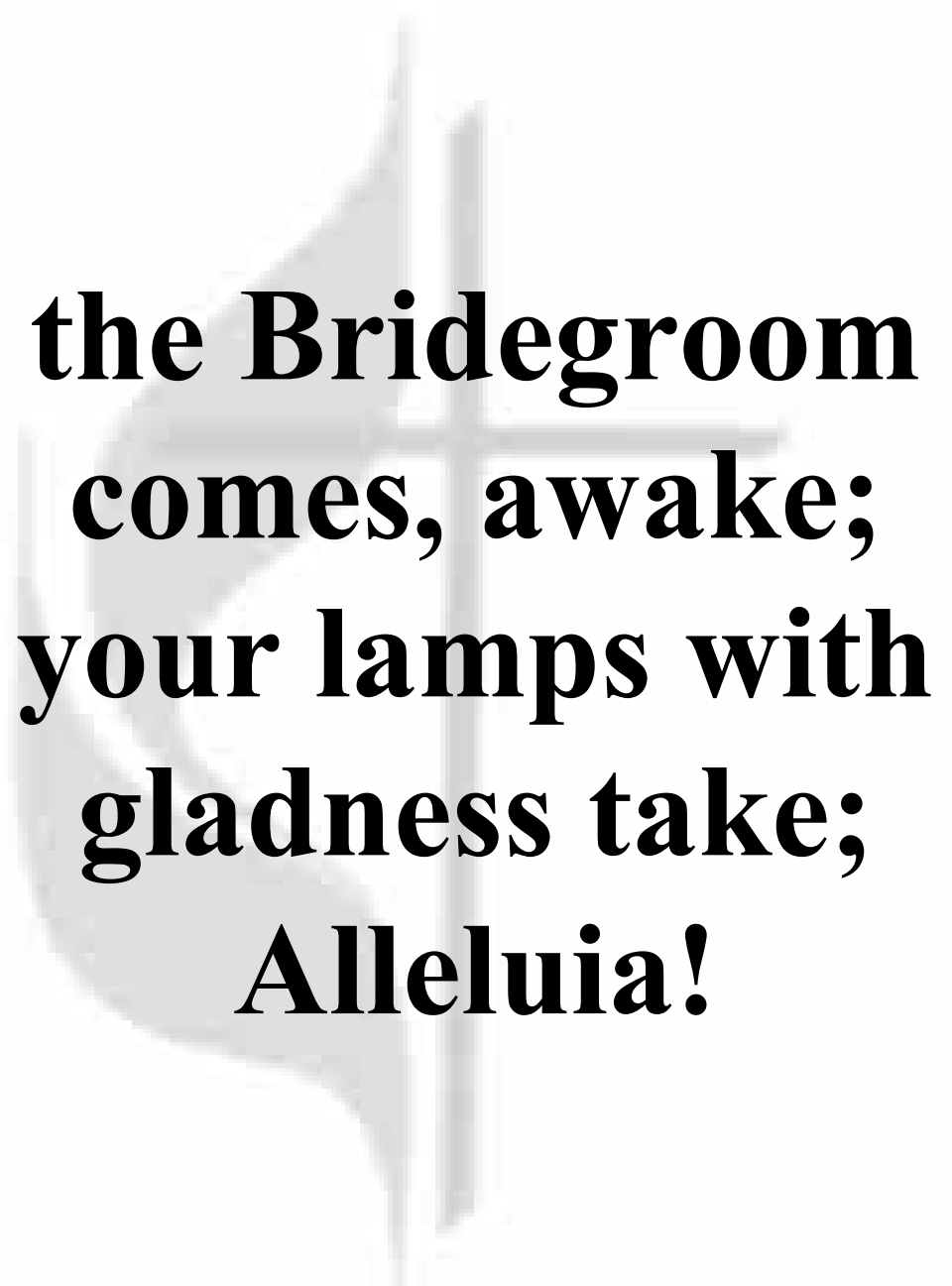


Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

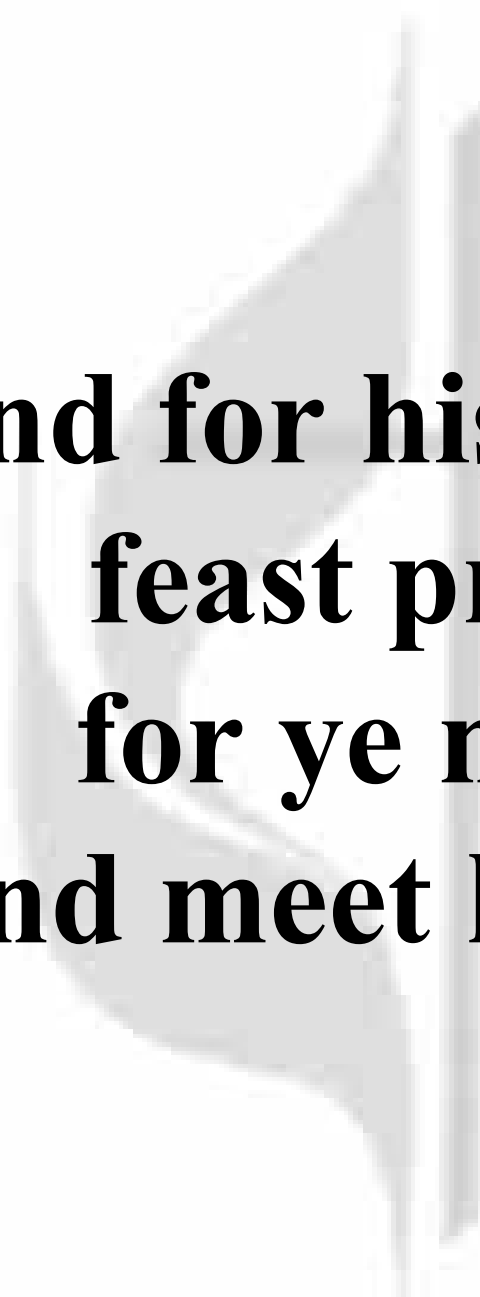
WORDS: Philipp Nicolai, 1599; trans. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858
(Rom. 13: 11-12; Mt. 25:1-13)

**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, ye virgins,
night is past;**



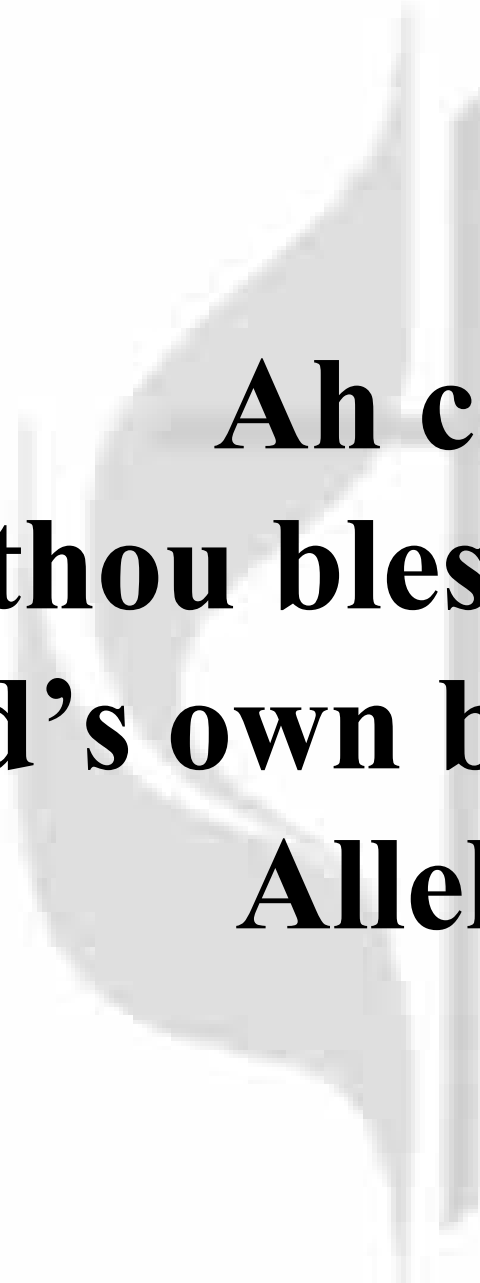
**the Bridegroom
comes, awake;
your lamps with
gladness take;
Alleluia!**




**And for his marriage
feast prepare,
for ye must go
and meet him there.**

**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 risen;
her Light is come.**



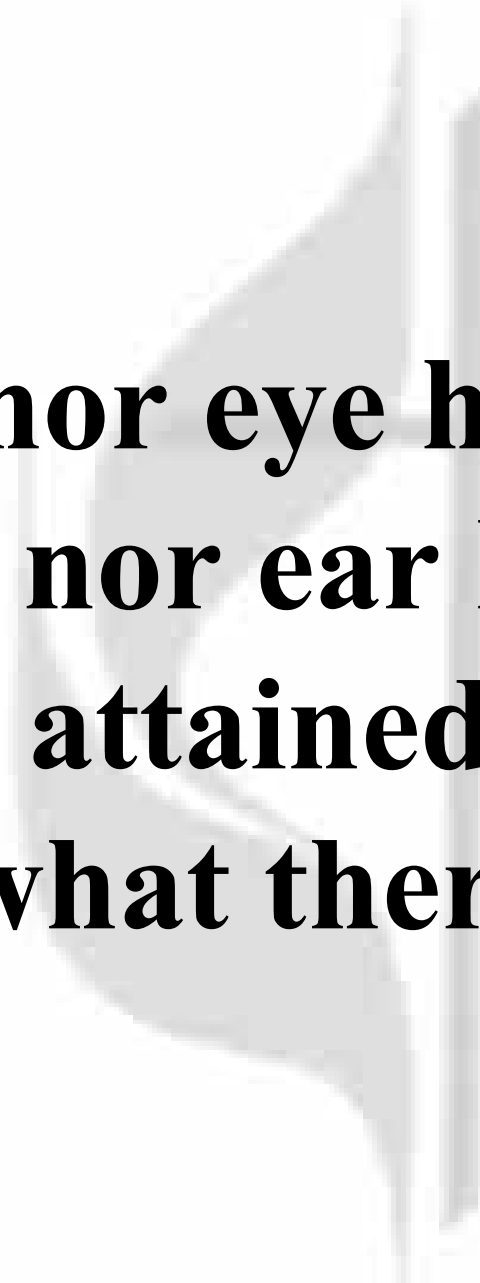
**Ah come,
thou blessed One,
God's own beloved Son:
Alleluia!**




**We follow till
the halls we see
where thou has bid us
sup with thee.**

**3. Now let all
the heavens adore thee,
and saints and angels
sing before thee,
with harp and cymbal's
clearest tone;**

**of one pearl
each shining portal,
where we are
with the choir immortal
of angels round
thy dazzling throne;**



**nor eye hath seen,
nor ear hath yet
attained to hear
what there is ours;**



**but we rejoice
and sing to thee
our hymn of joy
eternally.**