

Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

END TIMES

Words: Phillip Nicolai, 1599. Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858.
 Music: 'Wachet Auf' Phillip Nicolai, 1599. Setting: "Common Service Book" (ULCA), 1917.
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♩ = 160

1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - - ing; The watch-men on the heights are cry - ing;
 2. Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - - ing, And all her heart with joy is spring - ing;
 3. Now let all the heav'ns a - dore Thee, And saints and an - gels sing be - fore Thee,

A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! Mid - night hears the wel - come voi - - - ces
 She wakes, she ri - ses from her gloom; For her Lord comes down all glo - - - rious,
 With harp and cym-bal's clear-est tone; Of one pearl each shin - ing por - - - tal,

And at the thril - ling cry re - joi - - ces; Come forth, ye vir - gins, night is past;
 The strong in grace, in truth vic - tor - ious. Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come.
 Where we are with the choir im - mor - - tal Of an - gels round Thy daz - zling throne;

The Bride - groom comes, a - wake; Your lamps with glad - ness take; A - lle - lu - ia!
 Ah come, Thou bless - ed One, God's own be - lo - ved Son: A - lle - lu - ia!
 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath yet a - ttained to hear What there is ours,

And for His mar - riage feast pre - pare For ye must go and meet Him there.
 We fol - low till the halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee
 but we re - joi - ce and sing to Thee Our hymn of joy e - ter - nal - ly.