1. Wake, a wake, for night is flying, the watch-men are crying: a light is come, the bridegroom comes! Awake; one ear has heard, the Lord, whose grace has made us hear, what joy is ours! Cresc.

2. Zi on hearts, for joy to last, the heavens adoring you, and saints are singing, The Night is past. Lighting light, is come dazing light.

3. Now let all the harps and cymbals sound: "Come forth, you maidens!" Her star is risen, her angels round your heads, "Who has stirred the waiting guard?"

4. Wake, Je ru sa ses, from her gloom, all unite. Mid-night hears the Lord comes each A wake; your ear has heard, the Lord, whose grace has made you hear, what joy is ours! Cresc.