Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

1. Wake, awake, for night is flying; the watchmen on the heights are crying: Awake, Jerusalem, at last!

2. Zion hears the watchmen singing, and all her joy is springing; she wakes, she rises from her gloom;

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

Midnight hears the welcome voices and at the thrilling cry rejoicences; come forth, ye virgins, night is past;

for her Lord comest down all glorious, the strong in grace, in truth victorious. Her Star is risen; her Light is come,

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

Text: Philipp Nicolai, 1599;
trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1858
Tune: Philipp Nicolai, 1599;
harm. J. S. Bach, 1731

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the Bridegroom comes, awake; your lamps with gladness take:
Ah come, thou blessed One, God's own beloved Son:
nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath yet attained to hear

Al - le - lu - ia! And for his marriage
Al - le - lu - ia! We follow till the
what there is ours; but we rejoice and

feast prepare, for ye must go and meet him there.
halls we see where thou hast bid us sup with thee.
sing to thee our hymn of joy eternal ly.