Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

1. Wake, a-wake, for night is flying, The watchmen on the heights are crying; A-wake, Jerusalem, at last!

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 glorious;

3. Now let all the heavens adore Thee, And men and angels sing before Thee, With harp and cymbal’s clearest tone; Of one pearl each shining portal, Where we are with ing cry rejoices: Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!

Midnight hears the welcome voices And at the thrilling in truth victorious; Her Star is ris’n, her Light is come, the choir immortal Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
The Bride-groom comes; awake, Your lamps with gladness
Ah come, Thou blessed One, God's own beloved
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear Hath yet attained to
take; Alleluia! And for His marriage feast prepare,
Son, Alleluia! We follow till the halls we hear What there is ours; But we rejoice, and sing to
pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.
see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.
Thee Our hymn of joy eternally.