

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme
Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

Catherine Winkworth

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 maidens, night is past.
The bridegroom comes, awake:
your lamps with gladness take!
Alleluia!
Now for his marriage feast prepare
for ye must go to 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 ris'n, her light is come!
Now come, thou Blessed One:
Christ Jesus, God's own Son!
Alleluia!
We follow till the halls we see
where thou hast bid us sup with thee.
3. Now let all the heav'ns adore thee,
and saints and angels sing before thee,
with harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
of one pearl each shining portal
where we join with the choirs immortal
of angels round thy dazzling throne.
No eye has seen that light,
no ear has heard the might
of thy glory;
but we rejoice, and sing to thee
our hymns of joy eternally.

Inspiration: Matthew 25: 1-13; "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme"; Phillip Nicolai, 1566-1608, in his "Frewden-Spiegel dess ewigen Lebens", 1599.
Lyrics: 898.898.664.88; Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, in her "Lyra Germanica", 1858.