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Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

The night is far gone; the day is at hand. So then let us cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. Romans 12:13

Text: Philipp Nicolai, 1556-1608; trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878

Tune: Philipp Nicolai, 1556-1608



Wake a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watch-man on the heights is
Zi - on hears the watch-men sing - ing, Her heart with joy and glad - ness
Now let all the heav'ns a - dore - you, And saints and an-gels sing be -
cry - ing; A - wake Je - ru - sa - em at last! Mid - night hears the wel - come
spring - ing, She wakes, and ris - es from her gloom; Now she sees her Lord vic -
fore you, With harp and cym-bals' pur - est tone. Of one pearl each shin - ing
voic - es, And at the thrill - ing cry re - joic - es: Draw
tor - ious, With grace - ful strength, and pow - er glo - rious, Her
por - tal, Where we are with the choir im - mor - tal, Or
near, O maid - ens, night is past. The Bride-groom comes a - wake, Your
star is ris'n her light has come! Oh, come to us, dear Lord, O
an - gels round your daz - zling throne; No one has seen or heard The
lamps with glad - ness take; Hal - le - lu - jah! And for the mar - riage feast pre -
Je - sus, Son of God, Hal - le - lu - jah! We stand with joy be - fore your
joy you have pre - pared, Hal - le - lu - jah! And so we shout and sing your
pare, For you must go and meet him there. A - men.
throne Of cry - stal light and pre - cious stone.
praise, Hal - le - lu - jah! through end - less days.