

CHORALE.

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 virgins, night is past !
The bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take ;
Hallelujah !
And 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 !
Ah come, Thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God ;
Hallelujah !
We follow till the halls we see,
Where thou hast bid us sup with Thee.