

Wake, awake, for night is flying

f

C Bb/C Bb/C F/C C C Bb/C Bb/C F/C C F/D F/G C

1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, the watchmen on the heights are cry - ing, a - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last.
 2. Zi - on hears the watch - - men sin - ging, and in her heart new joy is sprin - ging. She wakes, she ri - ses from her gloom,
 3. Now let all the heav'ns a - dore You, and saints and an - gels sing be - fore You. The harps and cym - bals all u - nite.

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Mid - night hears the wel - - come voi - ces, and at the thril - ling cry re - joi - ces: "Come forth, you mai - dens! Night is past.
 for her Lord comes down all - glo - ri - ous, and strong in grace, in truth vic - to - ri - ous. Her star is ris'n, her light is come.
 Of one pearl each shi - - ning por - tal, where, dwelling with the choir im - mor - tal, we ga - ther round your dazz - ling light.

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mf *f* *mf*

C C Bb Bb Am Fm/Ab C/G G/F Am Bb C F/D F/G C

The Bride - groom comes! Awake, your lamps with gladness take!" Al - le - lu - ia! Pre-pare yourselves to meet the Lord, whose light has stirred the waiting guard.
 O, come, you Bles sed One, Lord Je - sus, God's own Son. Sing ho-san - na! We go un - til the halls we view where You have bid us dine with You.
 No eye has seen, no ear has yet been trained to hear what joy is ours! Cre-scendos rise, Your halls re-sound, ho - san-nas blend in cos-mic sound.

The Bride, your lamps. Al - le - lu - ia! Pre-pare yourselves to meet the Lord, whose light has stirred the waiting guard.
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