

The Hymnal 1982 - #61 "Sleepers, wake!" A voice astounds us

1 "Sleep - ers, wake!" A voice a - stounds us, the
 2 Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing; her
 3 Lamb of God, the heavens a - dore you; let

shout of ram - part - guards sur - rounds us: "A -
 heart with joy - ful hope is spring - ing, she
 saints and an - gels sing be - fore you, as

wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!" Mid - night's peace their
 wakes and hur - ries through the night. Forth he comes, her
 harps and cym - bals swell the sound. Twelve great pearls, the

cry has bro - ken, their ur - gent sum - mons clear - ly spo -
 Bride-groom glo - rious in strength of grace, in truth vic - to -
 ci - ty's por - tals: through them we stream to join the im - mor -

ken: "The time has come, O maid - ens wise!
 rious: her star is risen, her light grows bright.
 tals as we with joy your throne sur - round.

Rise up, and give us light; the Bride - groom is in
 Now come, most wor - thy Lord, God's Son, In - car - nate
 No eye has known the sight, no ear heard such de -

sight. Al - le - lu - ia! Your lamps pre - pare and
 Word, Al - le - lu - ia! We fol - low all and
 light: Al - le - lu - ia! There - fore we sing to

has - ten there, that you the wed - ding feast may share."
 heed your call to come in - to the ban - quet hall.
 greet our King; for ev - er let our prais - es ring.

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 Music: *Wachet auf*; melody Hans Sachs (1494-1576); adapt. Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608); arr. and harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

1 "Sleepers, wake!" A voice astounds us,
 the shout of rampart guards surrounds us:
 "Awake, Jerusalem, arise!"

Midnight's peace their cry has broken,
their urgent summons clearly spoken:

“The time has come, O maidens wise!
Rise up, and give us light;
the Bridegroom is in sight.

Alleluia!

Your lamps prepare
and hasten there,

that you the wedding feast may share.”

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing;
her heart with joyful hope is springing,
she wakes and hurries through the night.
Forth he comes, her Bridegroom glorious
in strength of grace, in truth victorious:
her star is risen, her light grows bright.

Now come, most worthy Lord,
God's Son, Incarnate Word,

Alleluia!

We follow all
and heed your call
to come into the banquet hall.

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore you;
let saints and angels sing before you,
as harps and cymbals swell the sound.
Twelve great pearls, the city's portals:
through them we stream to join the immortals
as we with joy your throne surround.

No eye has known the sight,
no ear heard such delight:

Alleluia!

Therefore we sing
to greet our King;
for ever let our praises ring.

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