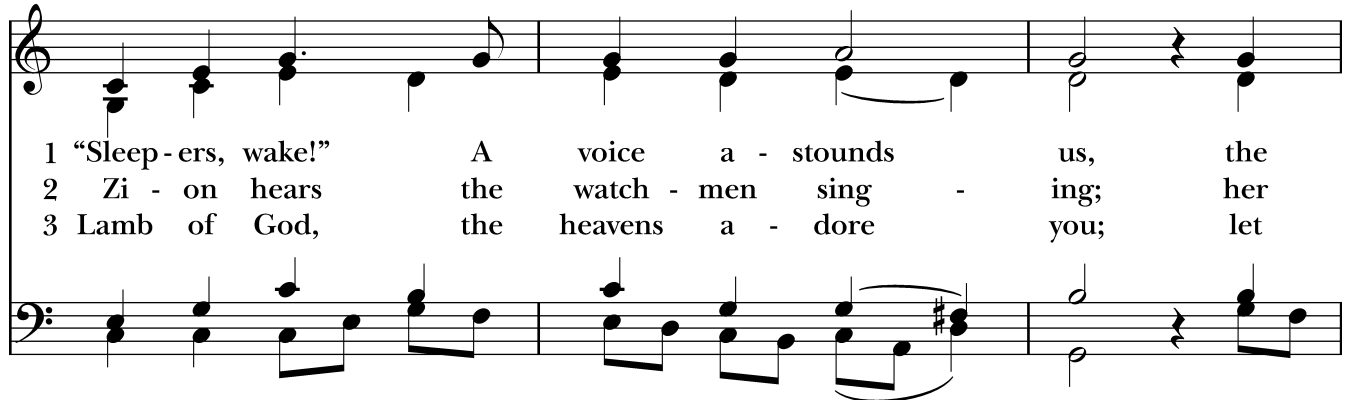


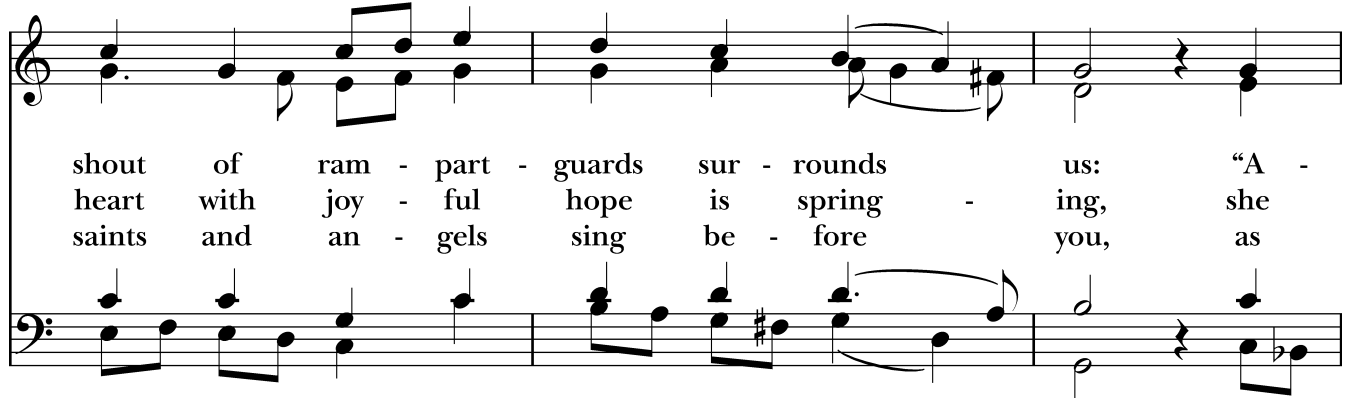
PROCESSIONAL HYMN 61

*Sleepers Wake! A voice is sounding*


WACHET AUF



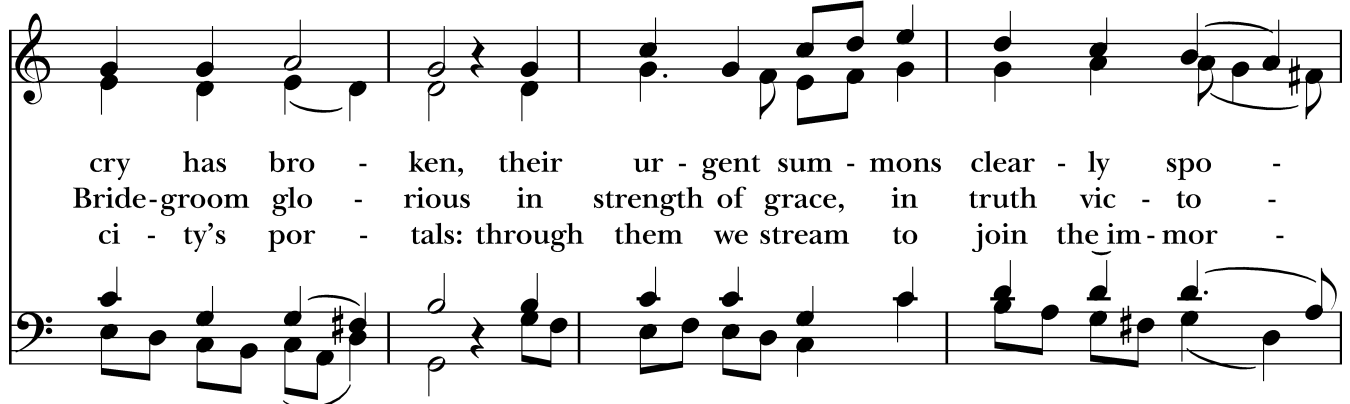
1 "Sleep - ers, wake!"      A      voice      a - stounds      us,      the  
 2 Zi - on hears      the      watch - men      sing - ing;      her  
 3 Lamb of God,      the      heavens      a - dore      you;      let



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.

Words: Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608); tr. Carl P. Daw, Jr. (b. 1944). Copyright © 1982, by Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission. Music: *Wachet auf*, melody Hans Sachs (1494-1576); adapt. Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608); arr. and harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

1 Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen - dor, Lord of lords and  
 2 Still the wea - ry folk are pin - ing for the hour that  
 3 Crown, O God, thine own en - deav - or; cleave our dark - ness

King of kings, with thy liv - ing fire of judg - ment  
 brings re - lease, and the ci - ty's crowd - ed clang - or  
 with thy sword; feed all those who do not know thee

purge this land of bit - ter things; sol - ace all its  
 cries a - loud for sin to cease; and the home - steads  
 with the rich - ness of thy word; cleanse the bo - dy

wide do - min - ion with the heal - ing of thy wings.  
 and the wood - lands plead in si - lence for their peace.  
 of this na - tion through the glo - ry of the Lord.

Words: Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918), alt. Music: *Komm, o komm, du Geist des Lebens*, melody from *Neu-vermehrtes und zu Übung Christl. Gottlichkeit eingerichtetes Meinigisches Gesangbuch*, 1693.

1 Thy king - dom come, O God! Thy rule, O Christ, be - gin!  
 2 Where is thy reign of peace, and pu - ri - ty, and love?  
 3 When comes the prom - ised time that war shall be no more,  
 4 We pray thee, Lord, a - rise, and come in thy great might;  
 5 Wher - ev - er near or far thick dark - ness brood - eth yet:

1 Break with thine i - ron rod the tyr - an - nies of sin!  
 2 When shall all ha - tred cease, as in the realms a - bove?  
 3 op - pres - sion, lust, and crime shall flee thy face be - fore?  
 4 re - vive our long - ing eyes, which lan - guish for thy sight.  
 5 a - rise, O Morn - ing Star, a - rise, and nev - er set!

Words: Lewis Hensley (1824-1905), alt. Music: *St. Cecelia*, Leighton George Hayne (1836-1883).