

543 – Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

1. Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising
And soon is drawing night.
Up, pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

2. The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go forth as He approaches
With alleluias clear.
The marriage feast is waiting;
The gates wide open stand.
Arise, O heirs of glory;
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3. The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and suff'ring bore,
Shall live and reign forever
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb they shall behold;
In triumph cast before Him
Their diadems of gold.

4. Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus now appear;
Arise, O Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That sets Your people free!

544 – Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

1. "Wake, awake, for night is flying,"
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
"Awake, Jerusalem, arise!"
It is midnight, we are weary,
With voices strong they call us clearly:
"Where are you now, O virgins wise?
The Bridegroom comes, awake!
Arise! Your lamps now take!
Alleluia!
With bridal care
Yourselves prepare
To feast with Him, your Groom most fair."

2. Zion hears the watchword sounding,
With bridal joy her heart is bounding,
She wakes, and breaks the spell of sleep.
For her Lord comes forth in splendor,
All rich in grace, truth's strong Defender!
Her Star grows bright mid darkness deep.
Now come, O precious Crown,
Lord Jesus, God's own Son.
Hail, Hosanna!
We enter all,
The marriage hall,
To eat the Supper at Your call.

3. All the Church in Christ rejoices
With human and angelic voices,
With harp and cymbal's merry tone.
All twelve gates of that blest city
Gleam forth with pearls of heav'nly beauty;
We worship there around the throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught
Such great glory.
Blessed, will we,
Sweet jubilee,
Sing "Gloria" eternally.

328 – Soul, Adorn Thyself with Gladness

1. Soul, adorn thyself with gladness,
Leave behind all gloom and sadness.
Come into the daylight's splendor;
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous Supper founded.
High o'er all the heav'ns He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2. Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving rev'rence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal.
Haste to ope the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou dost adore Him:
Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I nevermore will leave Thee.

3. He who craves a precious treasure
Neither cost nor pain will measure,
But the priceless gifts of heaven
God to us hath freely given.
Though the wealth of earth were proffered,
Naught would buy the gifts here offered:
Christ's true body, for thee riven,
And His blood, for thee once given.

6. Human reason, though it ponder,
Cannot fathom this great wonder,
That Christ's body e'er remaineth
Though it countless souls sustaineth,
And that He His blood is giving
With the wine we are receiving.
These great mysteries unsounded
Are by God alone expounded.

7. Jesus, Sun of Life, my Splendor,
Jesus, Thou my Friend most tender,
Jesus, Joy of my desiring,
Fount of life, my soul inspiring—
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker:
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven
For our good, Thy glory, given.

8. Lord, by love and mercy driven,
Thou hast left Thy throne in heaven
On the cross for me to languish
And to die in bitter anguish,
To forego all joy and gladness
And to shed Thy blood in sadness.
By this blood redeemed and living,
Lord, I praise Thee with thanksgiving.

9. Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee.
By Thy love I am invited;
Be Thy love with love requited.
From this Supper let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure.
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
As Thy guest in heav'n receive me.

534, Jerusalem the Golden

7. Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blessed,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

10. For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast
And medicine in sickness
And love and life and rest.

14. O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

