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Slumberers, Wake, The Bridegroom Cometh!
Translator: The Rev. J. H. Hopkins (1820-1891)

1. Slumberers, wake, the Bridegroom cometh!
Awake, behold the Bridegroom cometh!
Ye Virgins, wake, to sleep no more.
Midnight hears the shouting voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
Your lamps now trim, so bright of yore.
Th' advancing train draws nigh;
Lights flash, and bridemen cry:
Alleluia:
Sing ye also,
Alleluia;
And forth to meet the Bridegroom go!

2. Zion hears the exultant singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Spouse comes down all-glorious,
The Strong in Grace, in Truth Victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Haste then, ye Virgins fair,
His marriage-feast to share,
Alleluia:
Ye too shall sing
Alleluia,
As we go forth to meet your King.

3. Lamb of God! The heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbals' clearest tone.
Of one pearl each open portal,
Where we are with the choirs immortal,
That stand around the great white Throne.
Ten thousand thousand tongues
There pour triumphal songs
Alleluia:
Chanting their hymn,
Alleluia,
With Cherubim and Seraphim.

4. Lo! the Bride, fair as the morning,
The royal crown her brow adorning,
With fine wrought gold her bright robes shine.
On her breast are jewels gleaming;
In sevenfold light her beauty beaming
Bids welcome to her Spouse divine.
Round Him, in raiment white,
Sing all the saints in light,
Alleluia:
On that blest shore
Alleluia
Rolls evermore and evermore. Amen.

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