

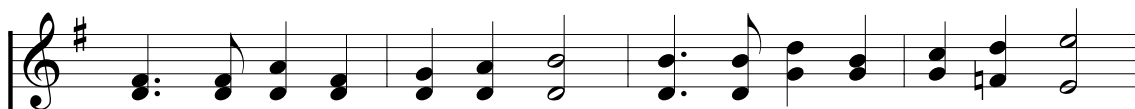
WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT



1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, what its signs of prom-ise are.
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, high-er yet that star as-cends
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, for the morn-ing seems to dawn.



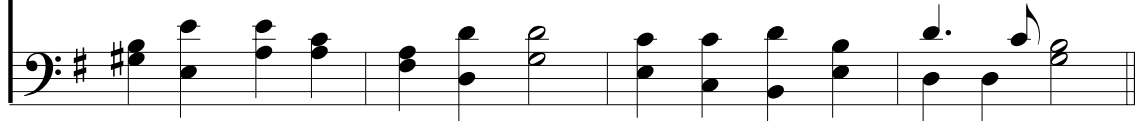
Trav-ler, o'er the moun-tain height see that glo-ry beam-ing star.
Trav-ler, bless-ed-ness and light, peace and truth its course por-tends.
Trav-ler, dark-ness takes its flight, doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.



Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray an-y hope and joy fore-tell?
Watch-man, will its beam a-lone gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watch-man, let your vig-ils cease; go now to your qui-et home.



Trav-ler, yes; it brings the day, prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.
Trav-ler, a-ges are its own; see! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav-ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Sav-ior God is come.



Words: John Bowring
Music: Joseph Parry