1. Watchman, tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night, higher yet that star ascends.
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, for the morn ing seems to dawn.

Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height see that glory beam ing star!
Traveller, bless ed ness and light, peace and truth, its course portends.
Traveller, dark ness takes its flight; doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, does its beau tiful ray any joy or hope foretell?
Watchman, will its beams alone gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let your wander ing cease; has ten to your quiet home!

Traveller, yes; it brings the day, promised day of Is ra el.
Traveller, ages are its own; see, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace, lo, the Son of God is come!
Trav-eler, yes; it brings the day, prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.
Trav-eler, a-ges are its own; see, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Trav-eler, lo, the Prince of Peace, lo, the Son of God is come!

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