

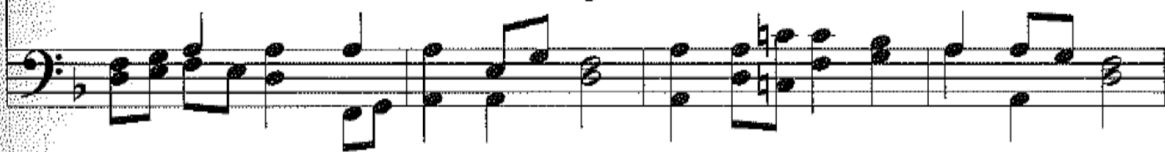
# Watchman, Tell Us of the Night 97



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-eler, what a won-drous sight: see that glo-ry-beam-ing star.  
Trav-eler, bless-ed-ness and light, peace and truth its course por-tends.  
Trav-eler, shad-ows take their flight; doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.



Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray news of joy or hope fore-tell?  
Watch-man, will its beams a-lone gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Watch-man, you may go your way; has-ten to your qui-et home.



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, we re-joice to-day, for Em-man-u-el has come!

