

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

1

"Oh, dark, dark night !
 Oh, weary night !
 Oh, night of woe !
 Would the chill grave had covered me !
 Would that pale death had beckoned me !
 And I had never seen the hour
 That laid black murder on my soul !
 Oh, Daniel ! sweet Daniel ! tried and true ;
 Oh, would that I had ne'er been born !
 Or would that I were you !"

2

Darius wept,
 While others slept
 Thro' that long night,
 Praying for return of morning,
 Watching, watching for the dawning ;
 For thro' his mourning and distress
 A strange, strong hope had clung to him :
 "Surely faithful Daniel's God at this hour
 Will come to succor and to save
 If He but has the power."

3

The happy morn,
 The rosy morn,
 Came at last.
 See the king the dew is sweeping
 With his robes, while he stands weeping
 At that great and horrible den,
 Where hungry lions roar for prey.
 All, all was silent now, calm as the tomb ;
 And bitterly the king wept o'er
 His much loved Daniel's doom.

4

List, sounds of prayer
 Waft on the air
 Forth from the den.
 O'er the mouth, the monarch listening,
 Leaning, cries, his worn eyes glistening :
 " Oh ! Daniel, is thy God, whom thou
 Hast ever served from morn till eve,
 The living God on whom thy footsteps wait,
 Is He then able to deliver thee from lions great ? "