

153 Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Tune, WATCHMAN. 7s, d.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are;
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy for-tell?
 Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends!
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night.
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home!
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

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The Lord's my Shepherd.

Tune, DOWNS.

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green; he leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.
 2 My soul he doth restore again,
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for his own name's sake.
 3 Yea, though I walk through death's
 Yet will I fear no ill, [dark vale,

For thou art with me, and thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
 4 A table thou hast furnished me
 In presence of my foes;
 My head thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me,
 And in God's house forevermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.