

## "WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

"Watchman! watchman! what of the night?"  
"Shadows and darkness encircle me quite;  
Earth is enshrouded in midnight gloom,  
Black as the pall that envelopes the tomb;  
Watchers are few, and mockers are bold –  
The heavens are starless – the night-air is cold.  
I am weary; O would that this night were gone."  
I will watch for the day till the morning dawn."

"Watchman! watchman! what of the night?"  
"In the east appeareth a glimmering light;  
Faint it gleams – but 'tis rising now,  
And streaming afar – 'tis the morning's brow.  
Shadows are passing – the Day Star is out,  
The glory is flashing and leaping about,  
And the golden tints that are poured o'er the earth  
Foretell of the bursting morning's birth."

"Watchman! watchman! what of the night?"  
"Day rushes onward all cloudless and bright.  
And warmth, and light, and beauty are driven  
To the farthest bond of the far-off heaven.  
Flashing flames from the throne of God  
Are bathing the world in a golden flood.  
Seraph and cherub are crowding it on,  
And the pure in their rapture are skyward gone."

"Watchman! watchman! what of the night?"  
"Bursts on my vision a ravishing sight:  
The Lord is in sight with his shining ones,  
And the splendors of twice ten thousand suns."

He has come! Lo, the night-watch of sorrow is o'er,  
And the mantle of midnight shall shroud me no more.  
Pilgrim and stranger, haste to thy home,  
For the morning, the beautiful morning, has come!"

*– D. T. Taylor.*

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