

**Watchman, Tell Me**

Words: Sidney Brewer, 1857

Music: William Bradbury.

Watchman, tell me, does the morning  
Of fair Zion's glory dawn;  
Have the signs that mark His coming  
Yet upon my pathway shone?  
Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee,  
Light is breaking in the skies;  
Spurn the unbelief that bound thee,  
Morning dawns, arise, arise!

See the glorious light ascending  
Of the grand Sabbatic year,  
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming  
The Messiah's kingdom near;  
Watchman, yes; I see just yonder,  
Canaan's glorious heights arise;  
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.

Pilgrim, in that golden city,  
Seated in the jasper throne,  
Zion's king, arrayed in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;  
There, on verdant hills and mountains,  
Where the golden sunbeams play,  
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,  
Sparkle in th'eternal day.

Pilgrim, see, the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon thy way;  
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of thy coming day,  
When the last loud trumpet sounding,  
Shall awake from earth and sea,  
All the saints of God now sleeping,  
Clad in immortality!

Watchman, lo, the land we're nearing  
With its vernal fruits and flowers!  
On just yonder, O how cheering!  
Bloom forever Eden flowers.  
Hark, the choral strains are ringing,  
Wafted on the balmy air!  
See the millions! hear their singing!  
Soon the pilgrims will be there.