

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry,  
wake, brethren, wake:  
Jesus himself is nigh;  
wake brethren, wake.  
Sleep is for sons of night;  
ye are children of the light;  
yours is the glory bright;  
wake, brethren, wake.

Call to each wakening band,  
watch, brethren, watch;  
clear is our Lord's command,  
watch, brethren, watch.  
Be ye as men that wait  
always at their Master's gate,  
e'en though he tarry late;  
watch, brethren, watch.

Heed we the Steward's call,  
work, brethren, work:  
there's room enough for all:  
work, brethren, work.  
This vineyard of the Lord  
constant labor will afford;  
he will your work reward;  
work, brethren, work.

Hear we the Shepherd's voice,  
pray, brethren, pray:  
would ye his heart rejoice,  
pray, brethren, pray.  
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,  
weakness needs the Strong One near.  
Long as ye struggle hear,  
pray, brethren, pray.

Sound now the final chord,  
praise, brethren, praise:  
thrice holy is the Lord,  
praise, brethren, praise.  
What more befits the tongues  
soon to join the angels' songs?  
While heaven the note prolongs  
praise, brethren, praise.

Words: Anonymous, 1859

Music: Vigil, Watchman

Meter: 64 64 67 64