Say, watchman, what of the night?

Isaiah 21:11.

Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)
Andante

Say, watchman, what of the night? - Sullivan
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright, No longer a-round me shine?

That night of sorrow thy soul May surely prepare to meet, But a-

way shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll, And the morning of joy be

Say, watchman, what of the night? - Sullivan
Say, watchman, what of the night? - Sullivan
That night is near, and the cheerless tomb shall keep thy body in store till the morrow of eternity rise on the gloom, and night shall be no more.
And night shall be no more.

Say, watchman, what of the night? - Sullivan