

# Dark The Night

Canon Owen Jones

Dark the night lay, wild and drea-ry, Moaned the wind, by Mel-chior's tower, Sad the  
Now, Lord Je-sus, hear our call-ing, Deep the dark-ness where we stray; How shall

sage, while pon-d'ring wea-ry O'er the doom of Ju-dah's power.  
we, mid boul-ders fall-ing, Know for thine the rough-hewn way?

When be-hold, the clouds are  
Lo, a light shines down to

West-ward, lo, a light gleams far! Now his heart's true quest has start-ed, For his  
Where thy saints and an-gels are! Now we know they love be-side us; For our  
part-ed  
guide us,

eyes have seen the star.  
eyes have seen the star.