

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854

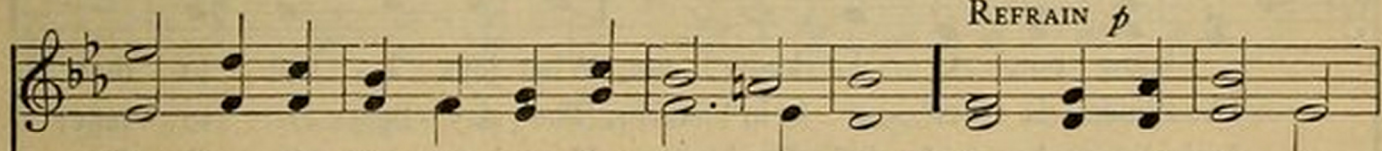
HENRY SMART, 1868



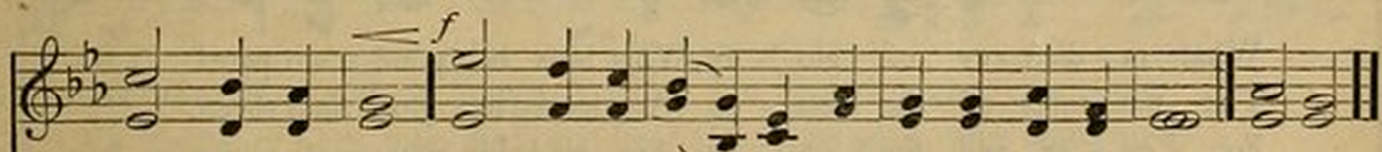
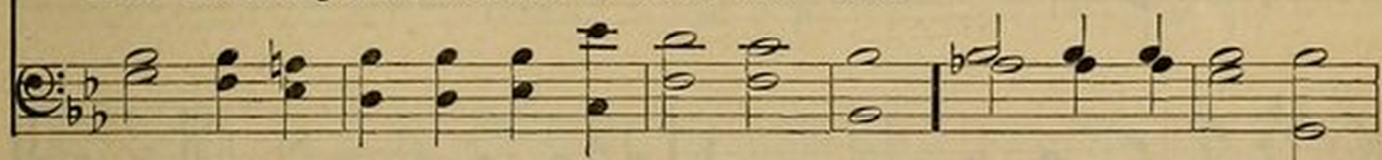
1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, 'Come, wea - ry souls, for
4. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments



o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,
Je - sus bids you come; And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

REFRAIN *p*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.



an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - MEN.

