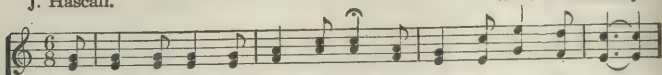


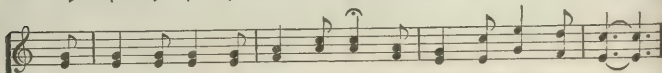
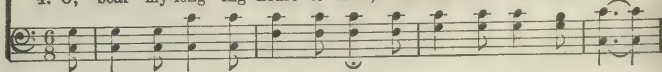
My Latest Sun is Sinking fast.

J. Hascall.

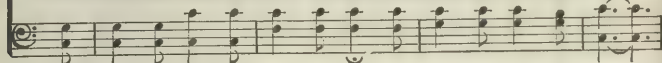
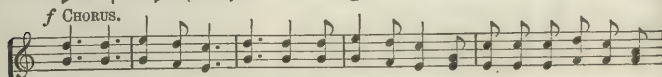
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;



My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
 Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
 Whose blood now cleans - es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

*f* CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, come and a - round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your



snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a -



way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.

