

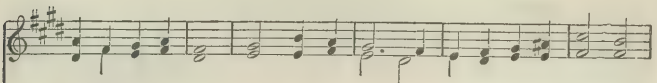
Hark! Hark! My Soul!

F. W. Faber.

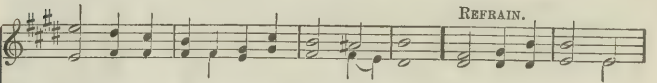
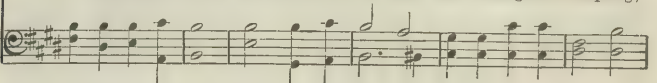
Henry Smart.



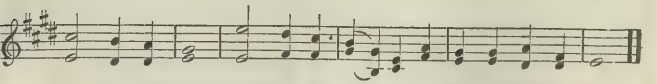
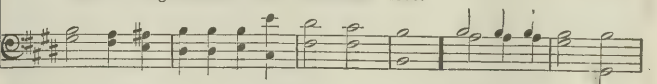
1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments



ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' 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,



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!

