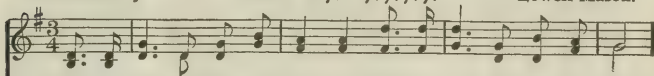


Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

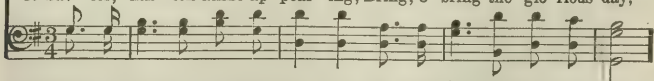
Thomas Kelly.

Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.

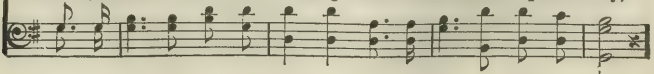
Lowell Mason.



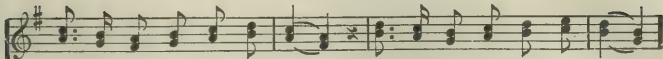
1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above!
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives it worth;
3. Sav - ior, hasten Thine appearing; Bring, O bring the glorious day,



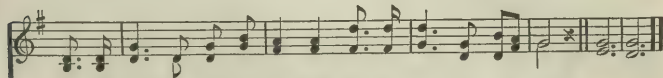
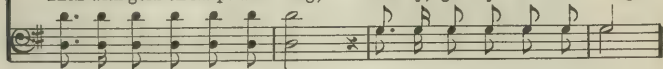
Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
 When, the awful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass away;



Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.



See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
'Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - MEN.

