Hark, hark, my soul!

1. Hark, hark my soul! an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
   o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are
   tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
   an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!

2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing Come, wea-ry souls, for
   Je-sus bids you come', And through the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly
   ring-ing, The mu-sic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
   wea-ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
   an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!

3. Far, far a-way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je-sus
   sounds o'er land and sea, And la-den souls, by thou-sands meek-ly
   steal-ing, Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee. An-gels of Je-sus,
   wea-ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
   an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!

4. Rest comes at length; though life be long and drea-ry, The day must dawn, and
   dark-some night be past; Faith's jour-ney ends in wel-comes to the
   dark- some night be past; Faith's jour-ney ends in wel-comes to the
   night of

5. An-gels, sing on, your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing, Sing us sweet frag-ments
   of the songs a-bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of
   of the songs a-bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of
   night of