Angels, Sing On

Words: Rev. F. W. Farber
Music: P. P. Bilhorn

1. Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling,
   O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those
   bless-ed strains are telling, Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
   Angels, sing on and tell the blessed story,

2. O'ward we go, for still we hear them singing,
   Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come; And thru the dark its
   echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the gospel leads us home.
   Chorus

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
   The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea; And laden souls by
   thousands meekly stealing, King Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4. Angels, sing on, your faithful watch(es) keeping,
   Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above; Till morning's joy shall
   end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

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Tell of His birth, and of good-will to men; Sing of His love and how He came from Glory, Of that new life and peace, good-will. Amen.