Hark, Hark, My Soul!

Words by Frederick W. Faber
Music by J. B. Dykes

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 blessed strains are telling,
   Jesus bids you come; And thru the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing: Come, weary souls, for
   sounds o'er land and sea; And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus
   of the songs above; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

4. Angels, sing on, your faithful watch-es keeping, Sing us sweet frag-ments
   Chorus

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Kind Shep-herd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.

Angels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night,

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Singing to welcome the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.