Hark! Hark, My Soul!

1. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
   O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
   Blessed strains are telling of that new life when sin shall be no more.
   Angels, sing on! Your faithful watches keeping;

2. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
   The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea, and laden souls, by "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;" And thru the dark, He
   Thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
   Sing us sweet

3. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
   How sweet the truth those echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Words: F. W. Faber
Music: C. C. Converse, Arr. by I. D. S.

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fragments of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall

end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.