Hark, Hark, My Soul!

1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
   onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
   far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus

2. 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,
   sound o'er land and sea; A laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,

3. Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
   The music of the gospel leads us home. Angels of Jesus,
   Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

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

Words: Frederick W. Faber
Music: Henry Smart