Hark hark my soul Angelic songs

**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
Of that new life
when sin shall be no more.**

**Angels, sing on!
your faithful watches 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.**

**Darker than night life's
shadows fall around us,
And like benighted men
we miss our mark:
God hides Himself,
and grace hath scarcely found us,
E'er death finds out
his victims in the dark.**

**Angels, sing on!
your faithful watches 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.**

**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,
Kind Shepherd,
turn their weary steps to Thee.**

**Angels, sing on!
your faithful watches 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.**

**Onward we go,
for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls,
for Jesus bids you come";
And through the dark,
its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel
leads us home.**

**Angels, sing on!
your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments
of the songs above,
till morning's joy shall end
the night of weeping.
And life's long shadows**

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break in cloudless love.

Rest comes at length:
though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn,
and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end
in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven,
the heart's true home,
will come at last.

Angels, sing on!
your faithful watches 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.

Cheer up, my soul!
faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast
of life's most troubled sea,
And it will cheer
thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs
which angels mean for thee.

Angels, sing on!
your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments
of the songs above,
till morning's joy shall end
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Meter:11 10 11 10 and refrain
Author:Frederick William Faber
1814 - 1863
Bible Refs:Ps 30:5
SSS number: 231
Music:HARK HARK MY SOUL
Meter:11 10 11 10 and refrain
Author:Ira David Sankey
Charles Crozat Converse
1834 - 1918

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