

Frederick William Faber
(1814-63)

Hark! hark, my soul

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

Pilgrims (11 10. 11 10. 9 11)

Refrain

An-gels of Je-sus, an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel- come the pil-grims of the night! A-men

1 Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling And laden souls, by thousands, meekly stealing,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee. R:

R: Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 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. R:

4 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. R:

5 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. R: