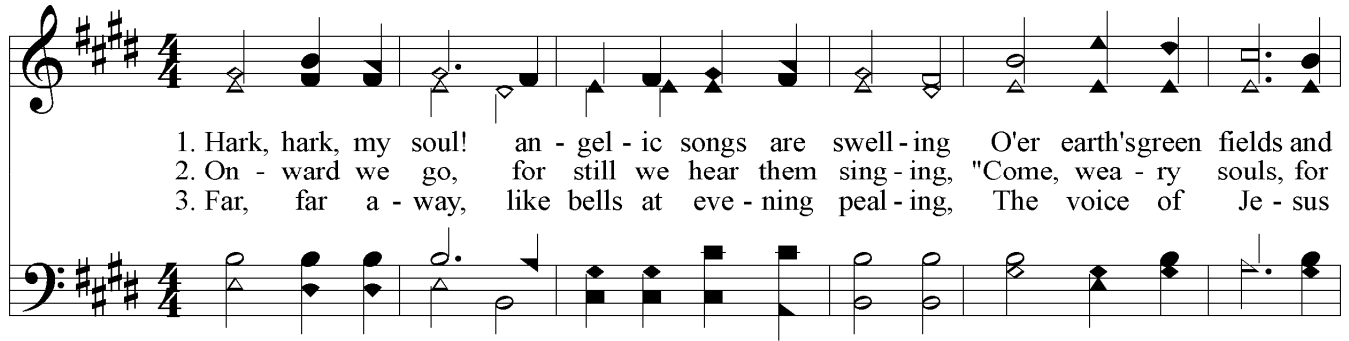
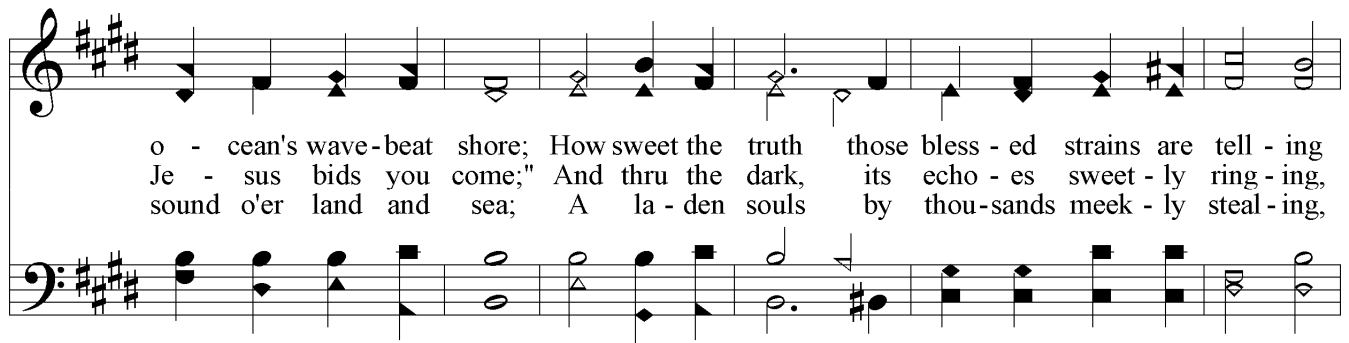


# HARK, HARK, MY SOUL!




1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and  
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for  
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus



o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
Je - sus bids you come;" And thru the dark, its echo - es sweet - ly ring - ing,  
sound o'er land and sea; A la - den souls by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,



Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,  
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.  
Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.