

F. W. Faber
(1814-63)

Hark, hark, my soul!

Henry Smart
(1813-1879)

Pilgrims (11. 10. 11 10. & refrain)

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
4. Rest comes at length; though life be long and drea - ry, The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful wat - ches keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag - ments

o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are
Je - sus bids you come', And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thou - sands meek - ly
dark - some night be past; Faith's jour - ney ends in wel - comes to the
of the songs a - bove, Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of

tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. *An - gels of Je - sus,*
wea - ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
weep - ing, And life's long sha - dows break in cloud - less love.

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!