Hark, Hark, My Soul!

Words: Frederick W. Faber, 1854. Arranged and alt. by Mike Hosken, 2014. 
copyright: public domain. All alterations to the lyrics are placed into the public domain by
the author on 20 Jan 2014. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

1. 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
   The Gospel leads us home. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
   Of that new life when sin shall be no more! Onward we go, for still
   The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea, And laden souls, by thou-
   Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above; Till morning's joy shall end
   we hear them sing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
   sands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
   the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

2. And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
   The music of true home will come at last. Angels, sing on, your faithful watch-es keeping,
   Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary, And Heav'n, the heart's
   How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
   The Gospel leads us home. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
   Of that new life when sin shall be no more! Onward we go, for still
   The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea, And laden souls, by thou-
   Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above; Till morning's joy shall end
   we hear them sing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
   sands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
   the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.