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## BARITONE SOLO.

1. Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic song are swelling O'er earth's green  
 2. Far, far a - way like bells at even-ing peal-ing, The voice of  
 3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary  
 4. An - gels, sing on, your faithful watches keep - ing; Sing us sweet

fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And laden souls by thousands meekly  
 souls, for Jesus bids you come," And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly  
 frag-ments of the songs a-bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of

tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.  
 ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home,  
 weep - ing, And life's long shad-ows break in cloud-less love.

## REFRAIN. (1st Tenor prominent, other parts pp.)

An-gels of Je - sus, An-gels of light Singing to welcome the  
 An - gels, An - gels of Je - sus,

*Molto rit.* pilgrims of the night. . . .  
*Ad lib.* An - gels of light, of light; *Lento.* the pilgrims of the night.

Singing to welcome