

ANGEL BAND.

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1. My lat-est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run; My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
 2. I know I'm near the ho-ly ranks Of friends and kin-dred dear; I brush the dew on Jor-dan's banks, The cross-ing must be near. O come, an-gel band,

3. I've al-most gained my heav'n-ly home; My spir-it loud-ly sings; The ho - ly ones be-hold they come, I hear the noise of wings.
 4. O bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me: Whose blood now clean-ses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry. O come, an-gel band,

Come and a-round me stand; O bear me a-way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor-tal home. O bear me a-way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor-tal home.