

MOTHER TELL ME OF THE ANGELS.

Wyatt Minshall

1. Moth - er tell me of the an - gels, Tell me of that joy - ous band: Tell me of their blest em - ploy - ment In the glo - r'ous spir - it land.

2. I am wea - ry wait - ing moth - er; Long a - go he went a - way; And he said he'd bring back broth - er O how sweet - ly we would play.

3. Moth - er, let us go, and meet him, O'er the bound - ing bil - lows foam; Yes, I know that we shall greet him In the an - gel's heav'n - ly home.

Tell me moth - er, where is fa - ther? Is he on that bliss - ful shore, Where he said he'd dwell for - ev - er, And sad part - ings come no more.

Moth - er, when I wake at morn - ing, Then I think dear fa - ther's near; But I wait till twi - light's com - ing, Still my fa - ther is not there.

Chorus: An - gels, bless - ed shin - ing an - gels, Soon will bear us to the shore, Where the wick - ed cease from trou - bling, And sad part - ings come no more.

There we'll part a - gain, O nev - er; But with joy no tongue can tell, We shall live to - geth - er ev - er, Where an - gel - ic spir - its dwell.