ANGEL BAND

William Bradbury (1816–1868)   Jefferson Hascall (1807–1887)

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I'm near - ing now the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear;
3. I've al - most gained my heav'n - ly home, My spi - rit loud - ly sings;
4. O bear my long - ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
I brush the dews on Jor - dan's banks— The cross - ing must be near.
The ho - ly ones, be - hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleans - es 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.