

Hark! Hark, My Soul!(Allon)

Henry Allon(1818-1892)

James Walch, 1875.

Hark, hark, my soul! the Savior's voice is calling,
E'en now it breathes o'er life's dark troubled sea;
His gracious truth like heav'nly dew is falling;
Hark, hark, my soul! thy Father calls for thee!
Father of mercy, Father of love!
Thee would we follow to our blest home above.

Hark, hark, my soul! from Heav'n that voice is pleading
With thee, ere evil days draw darkly near;
Still by His Word our Father's hand is leading,
From sin and shame, from sorrow, doubt and fear.
Father of mercy, Father of love!
Thee would we follow to our blest home above.

Hark, hark, my soul! still, still that voice is sounding
Like music sweet, from some far distant shore,
While angel bands, our daily path surrounding,
Lead God's dear children on forevermore.
Father of mercy, Father of love!
Thee would we follow to our blest home above.