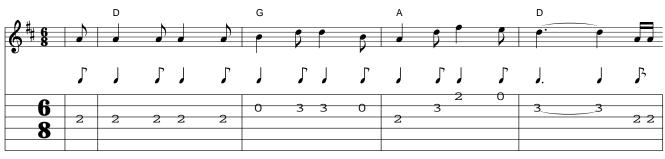
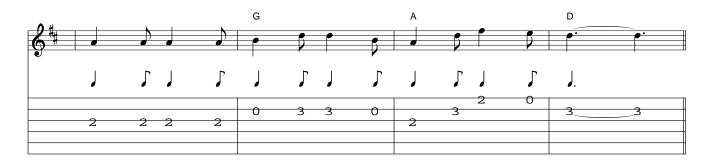
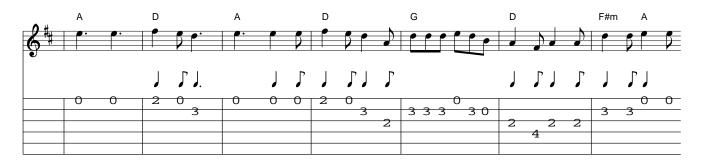
Angel Band –

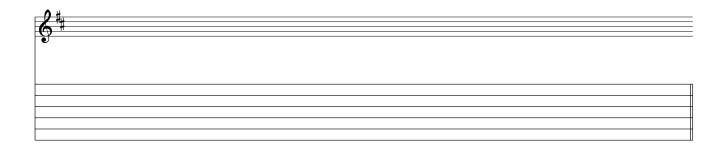
www.traditionalmusic.co.uk.











1My la-test sun is sink-ing fast. My race is near-ly run._ My

2I know I'm nearing the ho-ly ranks of friends and kin-dred dear, For I

3I've al-most gained my heaven-ly home. My spir-it loud-ly sings._ The
4Oh bear my long-ing heart to Him, who bled and died for me._ Whose_ strong-est tri-als now are past. My tri-umph is be-gun. brush the dews on Jor-dan's banks. The cross-ing must be near. ho-ly ones be-hold they come. I hear the noise of wings. blood now clean-ses from all sin, and gives me vic-to-ry. chOh come, an-gel band. Come and a-round me stand. Oh bear me a-way on your snow-y wings to my im-mor-tal home._ Oh bear me a-way on your snow-y wings to my im-mor-tal home.