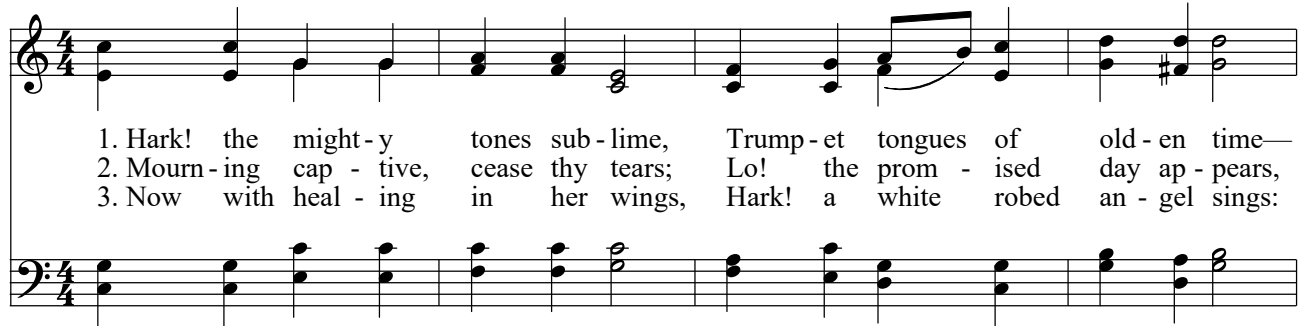


The Angel's Proclamation

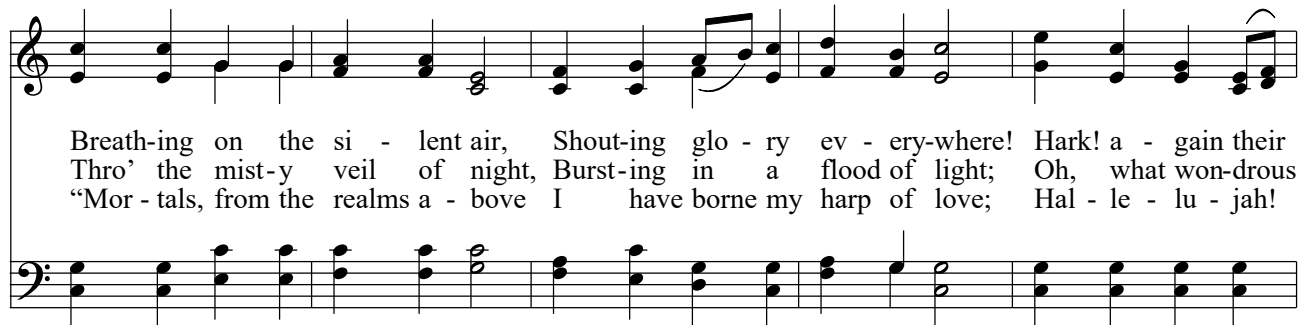
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1874

Theodore Edson Perkins

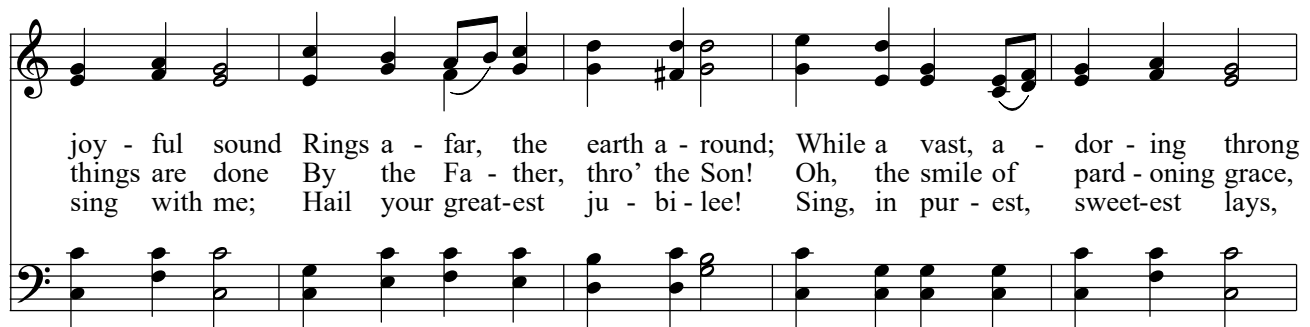
♩=115



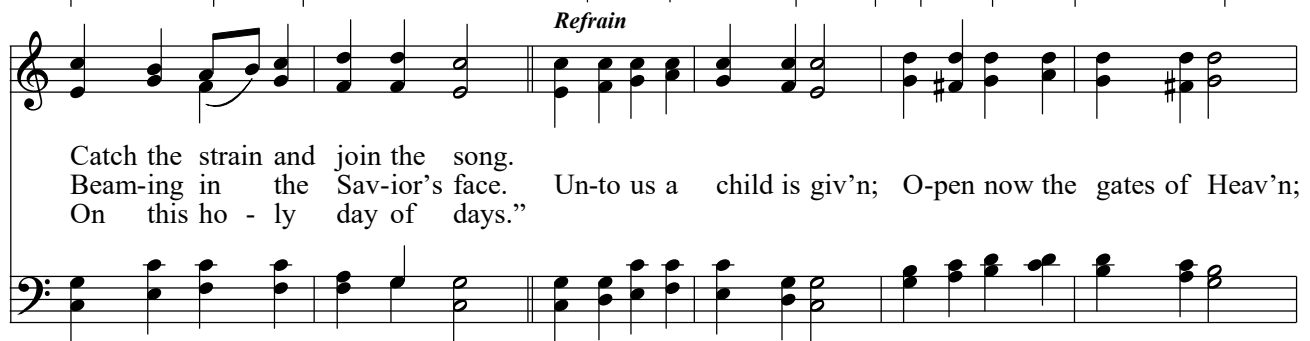
1. Hark! the might-y tones sub-lime, Trump-et tongues of old-en time—
2. Mourn-ing cap-tive, cease thy tears; Lo! the prom-ised day ap-pears,
3. Now with heal-ing in her wings, Hark! a white robed an-gel sings:



Breath-ing on the si-lent air, Shout-ing glo-ry ev-ery-where! Hark! a-gain their
Thro' the mist-y veil of night, Burst-ing in a flood of light; Oh, what won-drous
"Mor-tals, from the realms a-bove I have borne my harp of love; Hal-le-lu-jah!

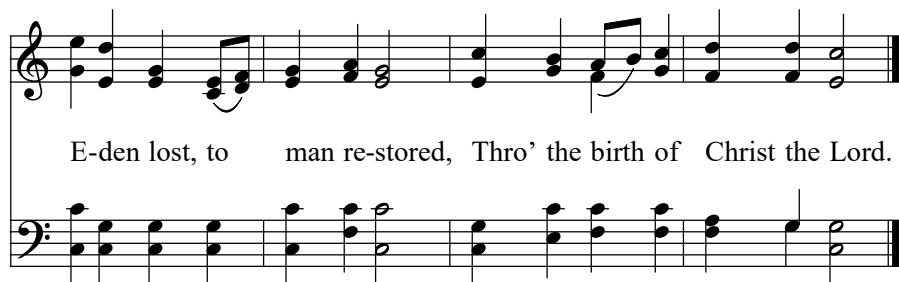


joy-ful sound Rings a-far, the earth a-round; While a vast, a-dor-ing throng
things are done By the Fa-ther, thro' the Son! Oh, the smile of pard-oning grace,
sing with me; Hail your great-est ju-bi-lee! Sing, in pur-est, sweet-est lays,



Refrain

Catch the strain and join the song.
Beam-ing in the Sav-ior's face. Un-to us a child is giv'n; O-pen now the gates of Heav'n;
On this ho-ly day of days."



E-den lost, to man re-stored, Thro' the birth of Christ the Lord.