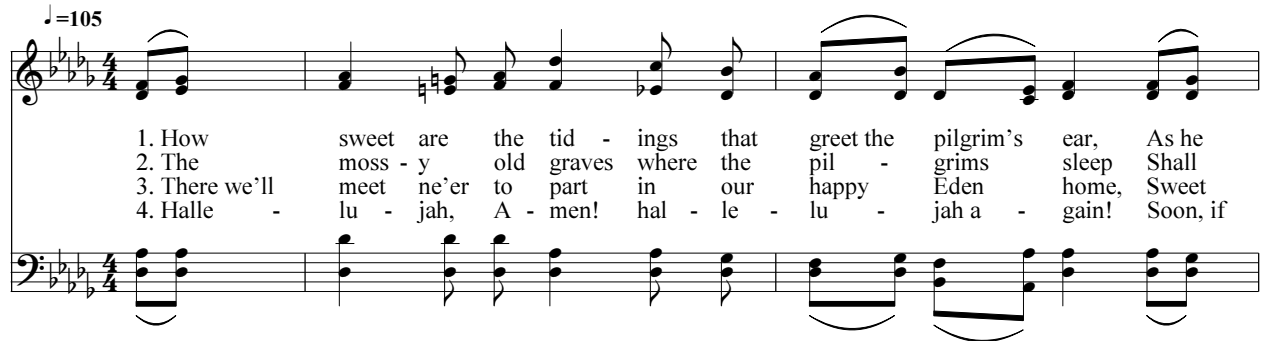


# How Sweet Are the Tidings

Anonymous

Arranged from John Rogers Thomas, 1858

$\text{♩} = 105$



1. How sweet are the tid - ings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he  
2. The moss - y old graves where the pil - grims sleep Shall  
3. There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home, Sweet  
4. Halle - lu - jah, A - men! hal - le - lu - jah a - gain! Soon, if



wan - ders in ex - ile from home! So - on, soon will the Sav - ior in  
o - pen as wide as be - fore, And the mil - lions that sleep in the  
songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south, all the  
faith - ful, we all shall be there; O, be watch - ful, be hope - ful, be

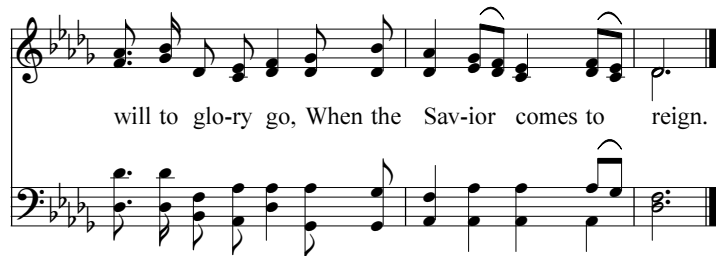
*Refrain*



glo - ry ap - pear, And soon will the king - dom come.  
might - y deep Shall live on this earth once more. He's com - ing, com - ing,  
ran - somed shall come, And wor - ship our heav'n - ly king.  
joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry we'll wear.



com - ing soon I know, Com - ing back to this earth a - gain; And the wear - y pil - grims



will to glo - ry go, When the Sav - ior comes to reign.