How Dear Is the Thought, That the Angels of God

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: GORDON

| d - | m - - - f - f - | m - - r d - m - |
How dear is the thought that the

| r - - - t, - t, - | d - - - - - d - |
angels of God May

| m - - - f - f - | m - - r d - m - |
bow their bright wings to the

| r - - - t, - t, - | d - - - - - m - |
world they once trod; Will

| s - - - l - s - | f - m - r - s, - |
leave the sweet songs of the

| m - s - f - r - | d - - - t, - d - |
mansions a- bove To

| m - - - f - f - | m - - r d - m - |
breathe o'er our bosoms some

| s - f - m - r - | d - - - - - |
message of love!

The other verses

2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

Tune GORDON by Adoniram Judson Gordon (1836–1895); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing.
Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.