

"ANGEL MUSIC."

Andante.

FREDERIC H. PEASE.

1. When the twi - light sweeps'neath the a - zure veil, And the sweet flowrs sigh,

as the day grows pale, Then an an - gel comes on her sil - ver wings, And a

gold - en harp in her hand she brings; Soft sweet and low,

Ped *p* *Ped*

Rich num - bers flow, And I weep for joy while the an - gel

Ped ** Ped* ** Ped* ***

sings! Soft sweet and low, Rich num - bers flow, And I

p rit. *dim.*
weep for joy while the an - gel sings!

p *Ped* *colla voce.* *dim.* ***



2.

Like the soft south wind when he wooes the flowers,
 Like the glad birds notes in his love wreath'd bowers,
 Like the thrilling sigh of the winds harp strings,
 Are the rapture tones that the angel sings!

Soft sweet and low,

Rich breathings flow,

And I dream of love while the angel sings!

3.

Like the plaintive voice of the moaning pine,
 Like the wild, wild wail of the heaving brine,
 Like the groans that sweep on the night winds wings,
 Is the strange sad song that the angel sings!

Dark deep and low,

Sad moanings flow,

And I weep o'er the lost while the angel sings!

4.

Then a lofty strain on a rich harp swells,
 And the soul of bliss in its music dwells,
 And the tide of song o'er its glowing strings,
 Flows fresh and free from Eden Springs.

Soft sweet and low,

Rich breathings flow,

And I dream of Heaven while the angel sings!