

The Stanley Brothers, Angel Band

My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run
My strongest trials now are past
My triumph is begun

O come, angel band come and around me stand
O bear me away on your snowy wings to my immortal home
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I know I'm nearing holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear
I brush the dew of Jordan's banks
The crossing must be near

I've almost gained my heav'nly home
My spirit loudly sings
The holy ones behold they come
I hear the noise of wings

O bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin
And gives me victory