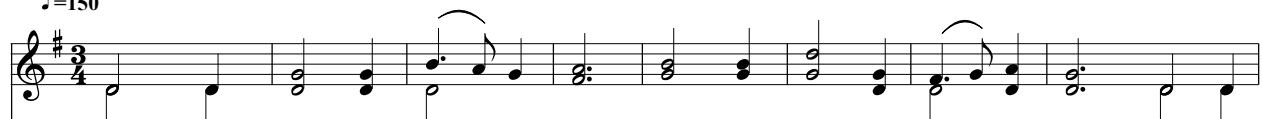


Hark! A Voice Divides the Sky

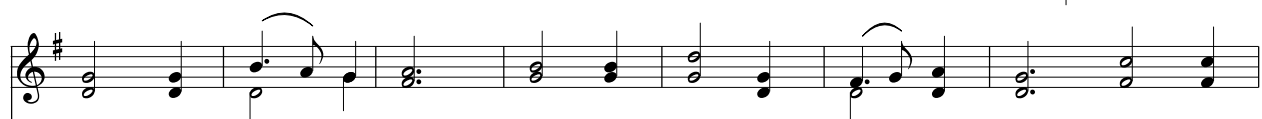
Charles Wesley, 1742

Marcus Morris Wells, 1858

♩ = 150



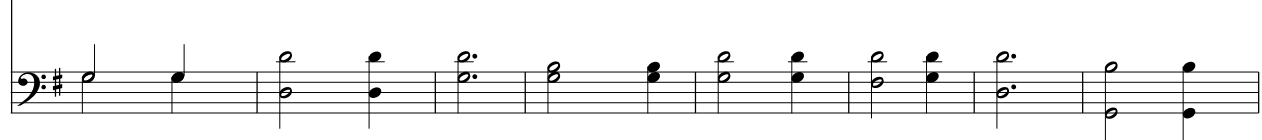
1. Hark! A voice di - vides the sky, hap - py are the faith - ful dead! In the
2. Fol - lowed by their works, they go where their Head has gone be - fore; Re - con -
3. Who can now la - ment the lot of a saint in Christ de - ceased? Let the
4. Born in - to the world a - bove, they our hap - py bro - ther greet, Bear him
5. An - gels catch th'ap - prov - ing sound, bow, and bless the just a - ward; Hail the



- Lord who sweet - ly die, they from all their toils are freed; Them the
- ciled by grace be - low, grace has o - pened mer - cy's door; Jus - ti -
world, who know us not, call us hope - less and un - blessed: When from
to the throne of love, place him at the Sav - ior's feet; Je - sus
heir with glo - ry crowned, now re - joic - ing with his Lord: Full - er



- Spir - it hath de - clared blessed, un - ut - ter - a - bly blessed; Je - sus
- fied through faith a - lone, here they knew their sins for - giv'n, Here they
flesh the spir - it freed hast - ens home - ward to re - turn, Mor - tals
smiles, and says, "Well done, good and faith - ful ser - vant thou; En - ter,
joys or - dained to know, wait - ing for the gen - eral doom, When th'arch -



is their great re - ward, Je - sus is their end - less rest.
laid their bur - den down, hal - lowed, and made fit for Heav'n.
cry, "A man is dead!" An - gels sing, "A child is born!"
and re - ceive thy crown, reign with Me tri - umph - ant now."
- an - gel's trump shall blow, "Rise, ye dead, to judg - ment come!"

