

Holy, Holy, Is What the Angels Sing

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1894

John Robson Sweney

♩=97

1. There is sing - ing up in Hea - ven such as
2. But I hear an - o - ther an - them, blend - ing
3. Then the an - gels stand and list - en, for they
4. So, al - though I'm not an an - gel, yet I

we have ne - ver known, Where the an - gels sing the prais - es of the
voic - es clear and strong, "Un - to Him Who hath re - deemed us and hath
can - not join the song, Like the sound of ma - ny wa - ters, by that
know that o - ver there I will join a bless - ed chor - us that the

Lamb up - on the throne, Their sweet harps are ev - er tune - ful, and their
bought us," is the song; We have come through trib - u - la - tion to this
hap - py, blood washed throng, For they sing a - bout great tri - als, bat - tles
an - gels can - not share; I will sing a - bout my Sav - ior, who up -

voic - es al - ways clear, O that we might be more like them while we
land so fair and bright, In the fount - ain free - ly flow - ing He hath
fought and vic - tories won, And they praise their great Re - deem - er, who hath
- on dark Cal - va - ry Free - ly par - doned my trans - gress - ions, died to

Refrain

serve the Mas - ter here!
made our gar - ments white. Ho - ly, ho - ly, is what the an - gels sing, And
said to them, "Well done."
set a sin - ner free.

I ex - pect to help them make the courts of Hea - ven ring; But

when I sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry, they will fold their wings, For

an - gels ne - ver felt the joys that our sal - va - tion brings.