

# 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