

1. What heav - en - ly mu - sic steals o - ver the sea!
 2. On the banks of old Jor - dan, here gaz - ing I stand,
 3. Though dark are the wa - ters and rough is the wave,

6

En - tranc - ing the sens - es like sweet mel - o - dy!
 And ear - nest - ly long - ing, I stretch forth my hand;
 If Je - sus per - mit, the wild surg - es I'll brave;

11

'Tis the voice of the an - gels borne soft on the air;
 Send a con - voy of an - gels, dear Je - sus, I pray!
 For that heav - en - ly mu - sic, hath rav - ished me so,

16

For me me they are sing - ing their wel - come I hear.
 Let me join that sweet mu - sic; their come, take me a - way.
 I must join in that cho - rus! I'll go! let me go!