

"ANGELS ARE WATCHING."

Words and Music by HUBERT WATKYN.

Key G.

{ | m : l . t | d' . t : l . f | m . m : d . , t , l | l | l , . t , | d : l , | r : - . t , | m : l , | f : - . r | m : d . l , | d : t , | l , : - | - : . l , | d : t , . l , | r : - . d . t ,

VOICE

1. The ca - the-dral gate is o - pen'd wide, He stands in the cold, dark street, And lis - tens to hear the
 2. The ca - the-dral gate is clos'd and dark—The worshippers through the street; They see not the form in the

Andante.

mp

FINE.

ACCOMP.

{ | m : l , | f : m . r | d : t , . l , | t , : s , | d : - | - : d | d : t , | l , : d . m | r : t , | d : d . d | d : d | r : - . s , | m : - | - : m

or - gan peal, And the choir-boys who sing so sweet : 'Tis New Year's Eve, and the snow falls fast, But still he lin - gers there— A
 shadow there 'Mid the storm of snow and sleet. The choir-boys' voi - ces are hush'd and still, But the wan-d'rer hears to - night The

{ | l : s . s | f : m . f | s : f | m : m . m . a | r : t , | l , : - . s , | s , : - | - : || d : t , : - . d | r : t , : d | m : - : - | s , : - : - | m : r e : m | f : - . m : f

wea - ry waif of the ci - ty street, Whose life is fill'd with care. On - ly the an - gels are watch - ing, Gaz - ing so ten - der - ly
 song of the ransom'd that rings al - way Thro' the land of love and light. On - ly the an - gels are watch - ing, Gaz - ing so ten - der - ly

Con espress.

{ | s : - : - | - : - : s | l : l : l | s : - : l | s : - : - | f : - : m | d : t , : d | m : - : r | r : - : - | - : - : - | d : t , : - . d | r : t , : d

down..... On all who are sad and friend - less To - night in the crowd - ed town..... On - ly the an - gels are
 down..... But one who was sad and friend - less To - night wears the pil - grim's crown..... On - ly the an - gels are

mf

{ | m : - : - | s , : - : - | m : r e : m | f e : m : f e | s : - : - | - : - : s . s | s : t a : l | s : f : m | m : - : r | t : - : l | s : d : f | r : - : d | d : - : - | - : - : - ||

watch - ing— Snow glimmers white in the street; No home for the sad and wea - ry heart, No rest for the tired feet !.....
 watch - ing— Snow glimmers white in the street; But in heav'n is a home for the wea - ry heart, And rest for the tired feet !.....

rall.

D.C.