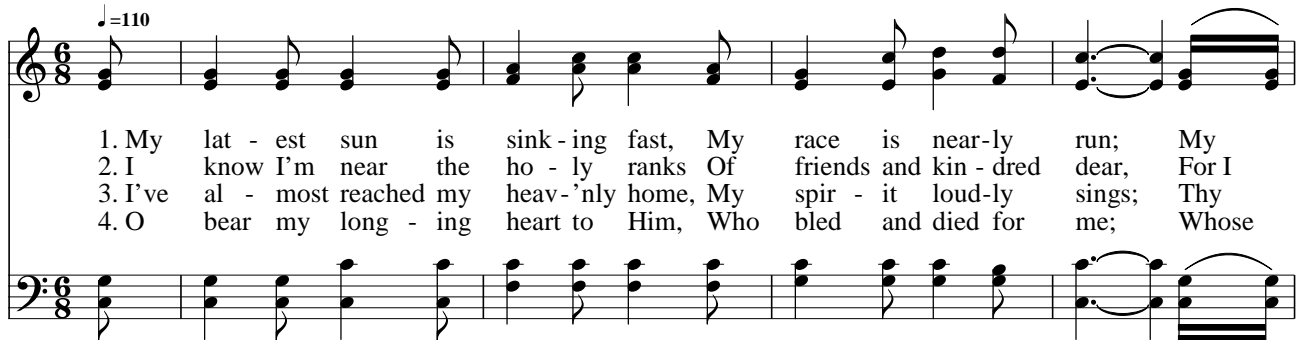


# My Latest Sun Is Sinking Fast

Jefferson Hascall, 1860

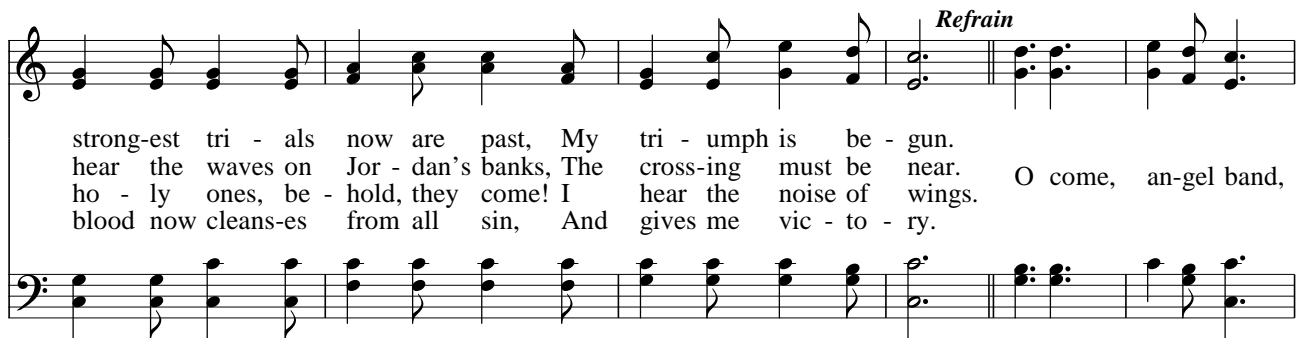
William Batchelder Bradbury, 1862

$\text{♩} = 110$

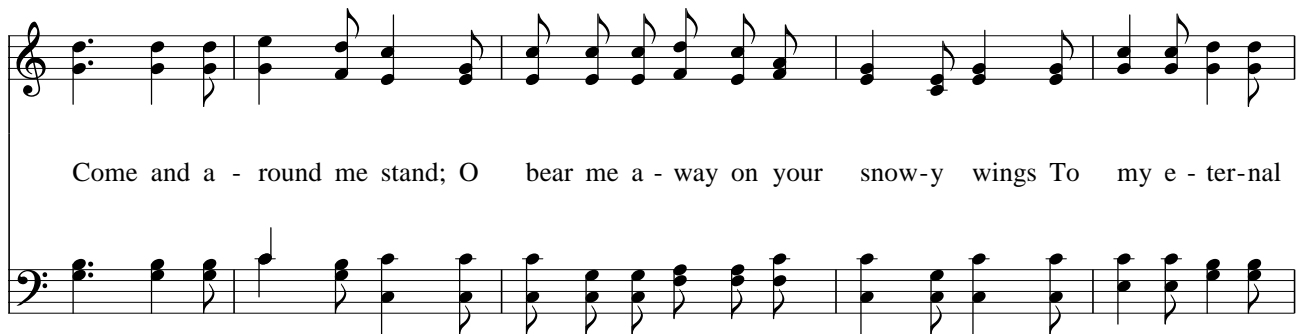


1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; My  
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear, For I  
3. I've al - most reached my heav - 'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings; Thy  
4. O bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me; Whose

*Refrain*



strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.  
hear the waves on Jor - dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near. O come, an - gel band,  
ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.  
blood now cleans - es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.



Come and a - round me stand; O bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my e - ter - nal



home; O bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my e - ter - nal home.