

# Angel Gabriel

End Song (1875)

8  
Oh! my soul, my soul is a goin' for to rest In the arms of the an - gel Ga - bri - am  
Oh! my soul, my soul is a goin' for to rest, Goin' to rest just as sure as I am  
Oh! - I shan't weep when I'm goin' for to leave, So I'll pack up my band - box and I'll

Oh! my soul is goin' to  
Oh! my soul is goin' to  
I shan't weep, I'll pack and

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el, born, go, And I look like a mag - pie a - sittin' on a nest When old Gabri - el is blow - in' on the  
And my breth - ren, oh! har - ken and don't e - ver grieve For I'm goin' up to glo - ry ve - ry

rest. Ta - ta - da - wah. Climb a hill, cross o - ver Jor - dan to the  
rest. Ta - ta - da - wah. Like a mag - pie sit - tin' on the  
go. Ta - ta - da - wah. Breth - ren, har - ken, don't you

8  
Lamb; And I'll sit me down in the old arm - chair, Oh! bro - thers, I will ne - ver  
horn; And I'll leave my clothes safe u - pon the shore, For I'll have new gar - ments for to  
slow; And I'll eat my meals, yes, three times a day, Oh! you bet your life I won't be

to the Lamb; Sit me down in the old arm - chair, Oh! bro - thers I will  
on a nest; Leave my clothes safe u - pon the shore, For I'll have new gar - ments  
e - ver grieve. Eat my meals, yes, three times a day, Oh! you bet your life I

8  
tire, And old Sa - tan will sneeze but I will take my ease, And I'll  
wear; And I'll have brand new shoes, and ne - ver get the blues, And the  
late, And I'll have lots of fun when you, my breth - ren come For I'm

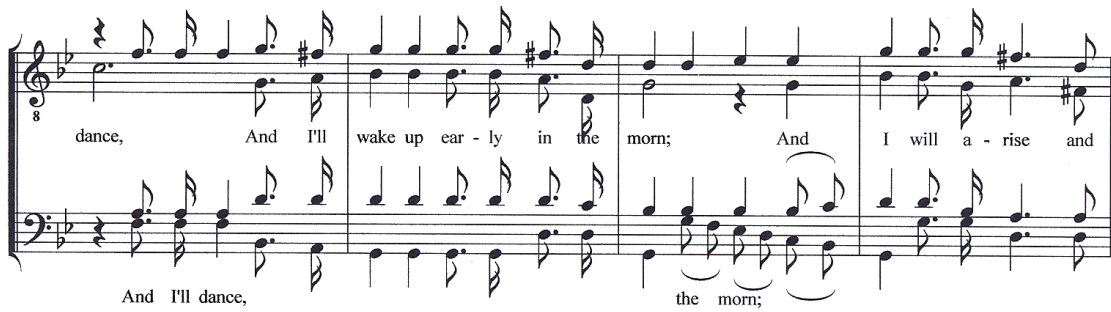
ne - ver tire, Sa - tan will sneeze; I will take my ease, And I'll  
for to wear; Have brand new shoes; Ne - ver get the blues, And the  
won't be late, Have lots of fun when my bre - thren come For I'm

Words by Frank Dumont/Music by James E. Stewart/Arranged by Tom Meier



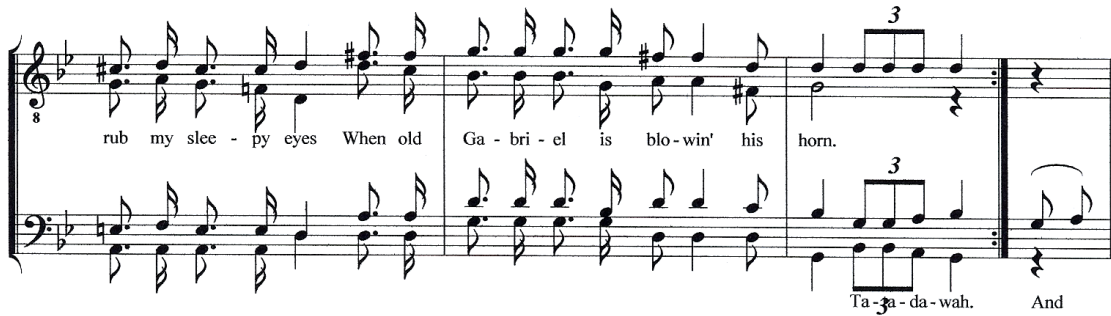
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warm my - self at the ho - ly fire. I will shout, And I'll  
 an - gels they will come and comb my hair. Ta - ta - da - wah.  
 goin' to take the tick - ets at the gate. Ta - ta - da - wah. I will shout,  
 Ta - ta - da - wah.



8

dance, And I'll wake up ear - ly in the morn; And I will a - rise and  
 And I'll dance, the morn;



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rub my slee - py eyes When old Ga - bri - el is blo - win' his horn.  
 Ta - ta - da - wah. And



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*ritard.*

I will a - rise and rub my slee - py eyes When old Ga - bri - el is blo - win' on his horn. Tawah!