

# Angel Gabriel

lyrics -Frank Dumont published in 1905  
in the Jolly Miller Songster

D A D  
Capo 1

Translated from dialect S.S.

Em Bm Em Bm Em

Oh my soul, my soul I'm bound for to rest In the arms of the an - gel Gab - ri - el And I'll

0	2	3	3	2	2	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	2						
0		0		0		0	3	0	0		0	3	0						
0	2	3	3	2	2	0	2	0	0	2	3	3	3	2	0	2	0	0	2

Bm Em Bm Em

climb up the hill and look to the west and I'm cross ing ov - er Jor - dan to the land. And I'll

0		2		0		0		2		0		0		3	3	0		3	3
0		0		0		0	3	0	0		0	0	3	0		3	3	0	
3	3	3	2	2	0	2	0	0	2	3	2	0	3	2	0	2	0	0	

G D Em

sit me down in my old arm chair Peo - ple I will not be tired and tho

3	3	3		2	2	2	0	0		0		0		3		3	2	0	0	0	2
3	3	3		3	3	3	0			0		0		3							
5	5	5	4	3	4	4	4	3	0					3	2	0	0	0	2		

Bm Em Bm Em

Satan may sneeze I will take my ease as I warm my self by the ho - ly fire. I'll

0		2		0		0		2		0		0		3		0		0		3	
0		0		0		0	3	0	0		0	0	3	0		0		0		3	
3	3	2		0	2	0	0	2	3	2	0	2	0	2	0	0	2	0			

## Chorus

shout. I'll dance. I'll rise up ear - ly in the mor - ning.

3		2		0		0					
3		3		0		0	3				
5	3	4	2	3	0	3	2	0	0	3	0

I will rise and rub my sleep- y eyes when old Ga - bri - el comes blow - in' on his horn.

0	2	0		0		0	2	0		0			
0	0	0	3	0		0	0	3		0			
3	3	2	2	0	2	0	0	2	3	2	0	2	0

Oh my soul, my soul, I'm bound for to rest  
 Goin' to rest just as sure as I am born  
 And I'll look like a blackbird sitting in its nest  
 When old Gabriel comes blowing on his horn  
 And I'll leave my shoes safe on the shore  
 New garments I will have to wear  
 And I'll have new shoes and never get the blues  
 The angels they will come and curl my hair

Chorus

I won't weep when it's time for me to leave  
 I'll pack up my bandbox and go  
 Goodbye old friends, there isn't time to grieve  
 For I'm going up to glory very slow  
 And I'll eat my meals three times a day  
 You bet your life, I will not be late  
 And I'll have lots of fun when all you people come  
 'Cause I'm gonna take the tickets at the gate

Chorus