

# Holy, Holy, Is What the Angels Sing

Johnson Oatman, Jr. 1897

John R. Sweney  
Arranged by Wayne Hooper

*p* From far away *mf* Brightly, in unison

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly. 1. There is sing - ing up in heav - en such as  
Ho - ly, 2. So, al - though I'm not an an - gel, yet I

*Harmony*

we have nev - er known, Where the an - gels sing the prais - es of the  
know that o - ver there I will join a bless - ed cho - rus that the

Lamb up - on the throne; Their sweet harps are ev - er tune - ful and their  
an - gels can - not share, I will sing a - bout my Sav - iour, who up -

voic - es al - ways clear, O that we might be more like them while we  
on dark Cal - va - ry Free - ly par - doned my trans - gress - ions, died to

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Chorus

*p* *Slowly* *A tempo*

serve the Mas - ter here! Ho - ly, ho - ly, is what the an - gels  
 set a sin - ner free. Ho - ly,

*f* *With joy* *Crescendo* *Ritard*

sing! And I ex - pect to help them make the courts of heav - en

*ff* *mf* *Slower* *Ritard*

(heav - en ring) ring! But when I sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry,

*p* *mf* *Crescendo* *Ritard* *ff*

they will fold their wings, — For an - gels nev - er felt the joys —

Coda (D. S. \*)

*p* *pp*

that our sal - va - tion brings. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly.