
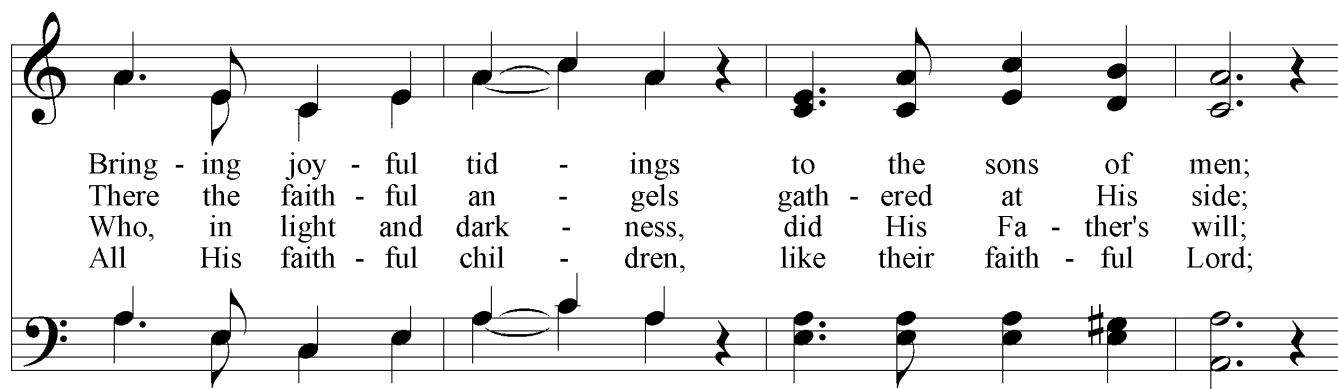


God Hath Sent His Angels

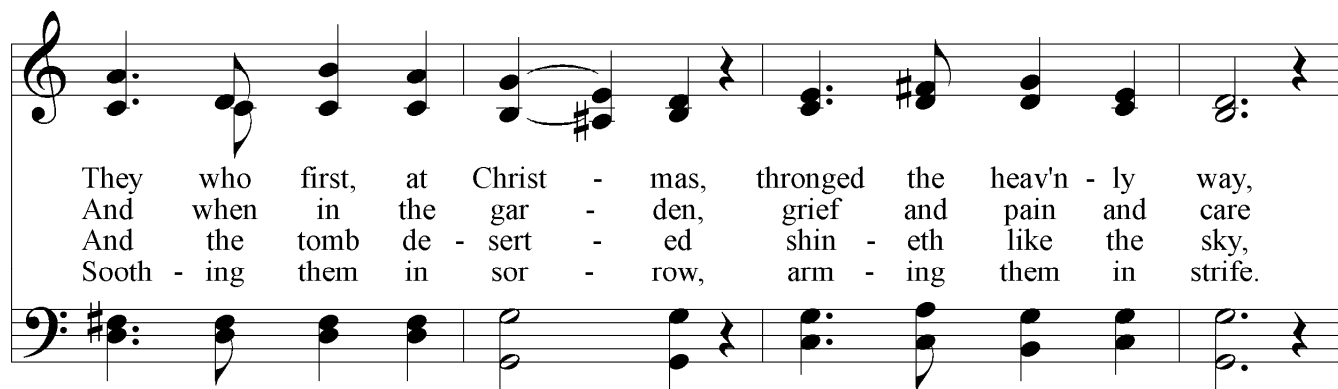
EASTER ANGELS. 11, 11, 11, 11, with CHORUS



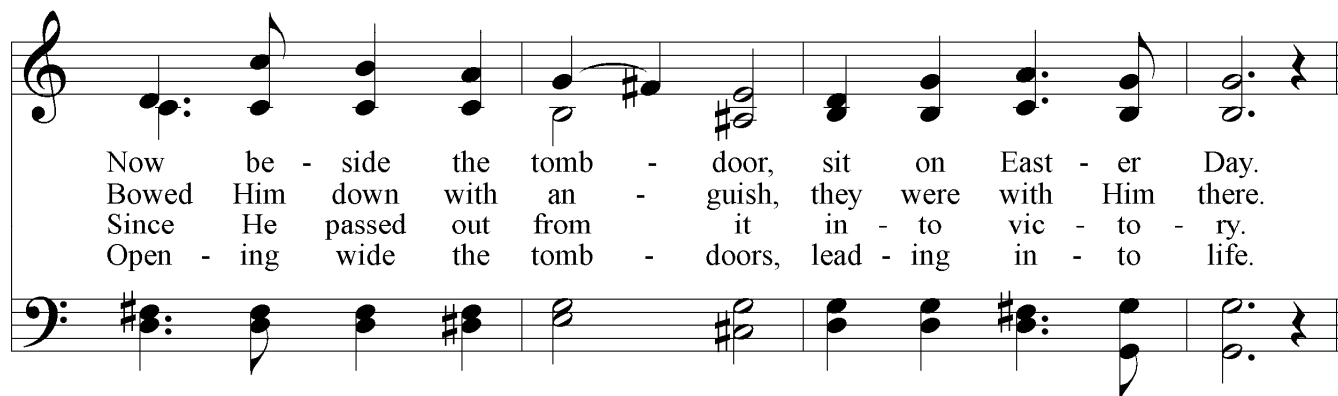
1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain,
2. In the dread - ful de - sert, where the Lord was tried,
3. Yet the Christ they hon - or is the same Christ still,
4. God has still His an - gels, help - ing, at His word.



Bring - ing joy - ful tid - ings to the sons of men;
There the faith - ful an - gels gath - ered at His side;
Who, in light and dark - ness, did His Fa - ther's will;
All His faith - ful chil - dren, like their faith - ful Lord;



They who first, at Christ - mas, thronged the heav'n - ly way,
And when in the gar - den, grief and pain and care
And the tomb de - sert - ed shin - eth like the sky,
Sooth - ing them in sor - row, arm - ing them in strife.



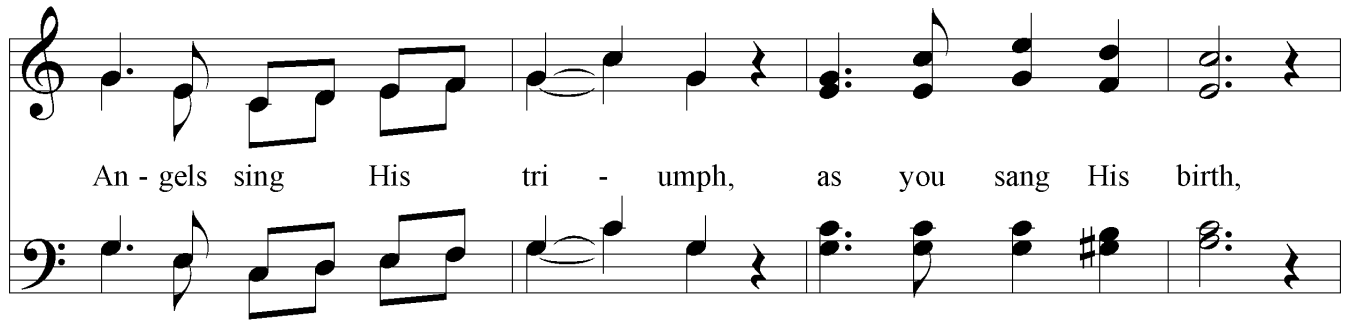
Now be - side the tomb - door, sit on East - er Day.
Bowed Him down with an - guish, they were with Him there.
Since He passed out from it in - to vic - to - ry.
Open - ing wide the tomb - doors, lead - ing in - to life.

Words: Phillips Brooks (1877)

Music: James C. D. Parker (1828-)

God Hath Sent His Angels

Chorus



An - gels sing His tri - umph, as you sang His birth,



"Christ the Lord is ris - en. Peace, good - will on earth!" A - men.