Angels, Roll The Rock Away

AMBOY

1. Angels, roll the rock away; Death, yield up thy mighty prey:

2. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes; See Him high in glory rise:

See, the Savior leaves the tomb, Glowing with immortal bloom.
Ranks of angels, on the road, Hail Him—the incarnate God.

Hark! the wondering angels raise Louder notes of joyful praise:
Heavn un-folds its portals wide; See the Con-q’ror thru them ride!

Let the earth’s remotest bound Echo with the blissful sound.
King of glory, mount Thy throne—Boundless empire is Thine own.

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