

Hark! bright Angels sweetly sing

Herbert Stephen Irons (1834 - 1905)

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1. Hark! bright An - gels sweet - ly sing In the glo - rious East - er

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sky, How from death the Lord our King Rose hence - forth no

15
more to die, Rose hence - forth no more to die.

2. Vainly soldiers tried to hold
Holy Jesus in the grave,
Sealed the stone, as they were told
At the entrance to the cave.

3. For on this day, Jesus said,
He would rise in triumph high;
Rise all glorious from the dead,
Clothed with light and majesty.

4. We must die as Jesus died,
But we hope with Him to rise,—
And in bodies glorified
Reign with Him beyond the skies.

5. Alleluia! evermore
Alleluia! Angels sing
Alleluia! we adore
Thee, O Christ, our God, and King!

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)