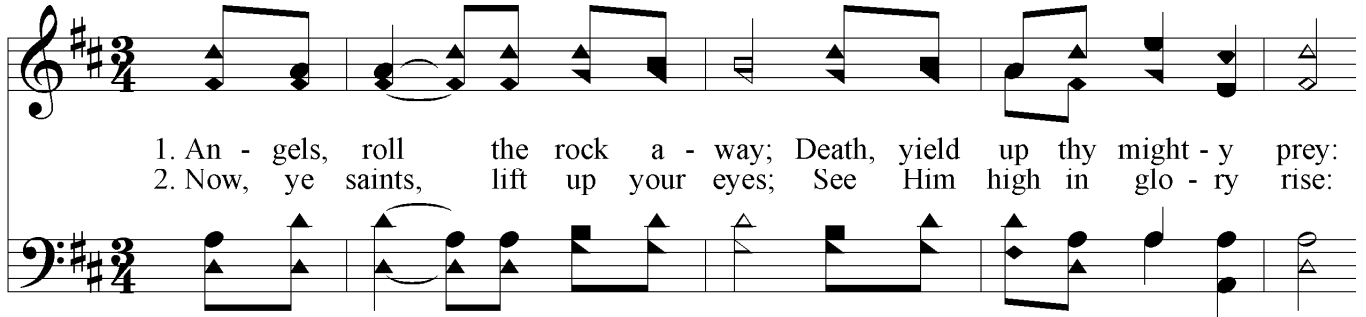
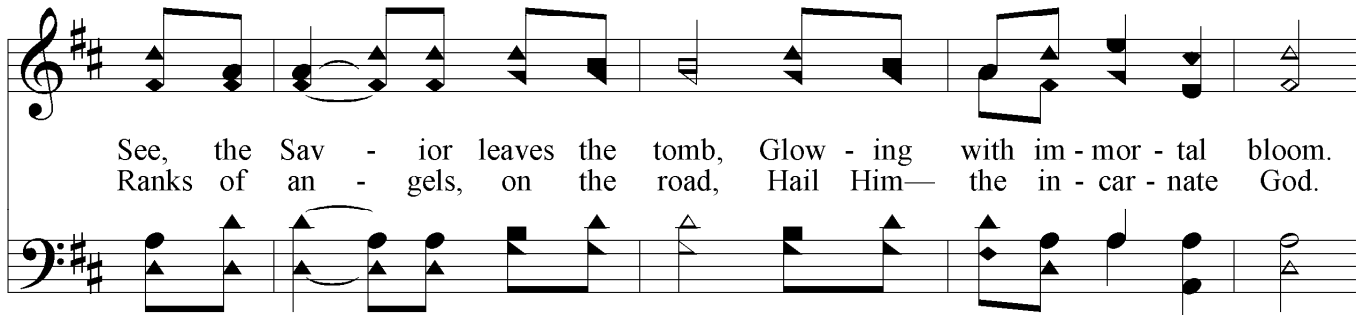


Angels, Roll The Rock Away

AMBOY



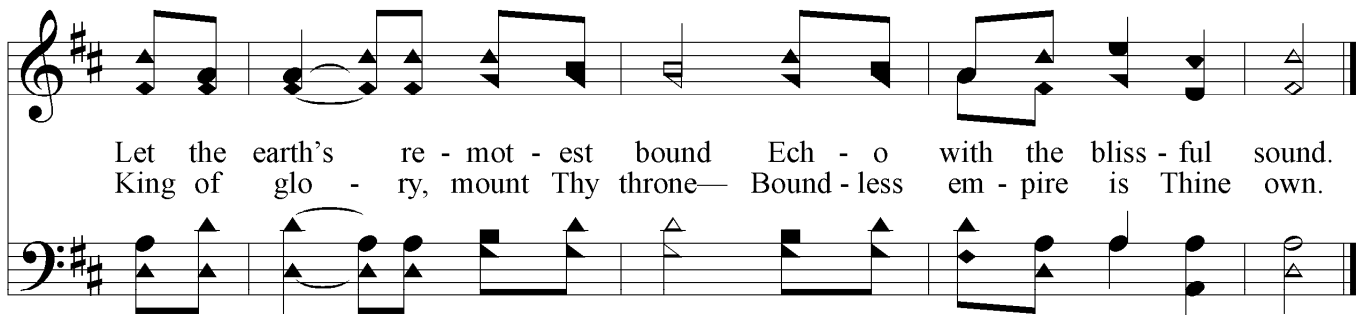
1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy might - y prey:
2. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes; See Him high in glo - ry rise:



See, the Sav - ior leaves the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.
Ranks of an - gels, on the road, Hail Him— the in - car - nate God.



Hark! the won - d'ring an - gels raise Loud - er notes of joy - ful praise:
Heav'n un - folds its por - tals wide: See the Con - q'ror thru them ride!



Let the earth's re - mot - est bound Ech - o with the bliss - ful sound.
King of glo - ry, mount Thy throne— Bound - less em - pire is Thine own.