

Angels, Roll the Rock Away
Thomas Gibbons(1720-1785)
Csar Malan, 1827.

Angels, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up your mighty prey.
See, the Savior leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise.
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound,
Hear the joy inspiring sound.

Saints on earth, lift up your eyes
Now to glory see Him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
Gracious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount Thy throne,
Boundless empire is Thine own,
Boundless empire is Thine own.

Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres,
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell,
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

or

Hail! victorious Jesus, hail!
On Thy cloud of glory sail
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride:
King of glory mount Thy throne,
Thy great Father's, and Thine own,
Thy great Father's, and Thine own.

Praise Him all ye heavenly choirs,
Raptured, sweep your sounding lyres
Sons of men, in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Savior's reign,
Sing your mighty Savior's reign.

Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell!

Where is now, O death! thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king,
Where thy terrors, vanquished king!