

The Angel of the Lord

Annie Hawks, 1875.

Robert Lowry.

Be still, my doubting soul, no longer fear;  
The angel of the Lord encampeth near;  
Trust now the living God; His promise take;  
He this assurance gives for Jesus' sake.

Refrain

Sing praise, sing praise,  
For the angel of the Lord  
Encampeth round about us,  
And guards us with his sword;  
Sing praise, sing praise,  
For the angel of the Lord  
Encampeth round about us,  
And guards us with his sword.

His angel evermore encampeth near  
To those who keep His word with holy fear;  
My eyes do not behold his wings of light,  
But in my restful soul I feel his might;

Refrain

I thank Thee, O my God, that while I live,  
Thou dost in times of need deliv'rance give;  
So, when death's hour draws nigh, I need not fear;  
The angel of Thy love will still be near.

Refrain