

Lo, the Destroying Angel Flies

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Music: Johann Crger, 1647.

Lo, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaohs stubborn land;
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

He passed the tents of Jacob oer,
Nor poured the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And blessed the peaceful sign.

Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break the Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And scapes the angels stroke.

Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as Thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

Jesus our Passover was slain,
And has at once procured
Freedom from Satans heavy chain
And Gods avenging sword.