

# The Angel of the Lord

Annie Sherwood Hawks, 1875

Robert Lowry

$\text{♩} = 78$

1. Be still, my doubt-ing soul, no long - er fear; The an - gel of the Lord en-  
 2. His an - gel ev - er - more en - camp - eth near To those who keep His word with  
 3. I thank Thee, O my God, that while I live, Thou dost in times of need de-

- camp - eth near; Trust now the liv - ing God; His prom - ise take; He this as - sur - ance  
 ho - ly fear; My eyes do not be - hold his wings of light, But in my rest - ful  
 - liv - 'rance give; So, when death's hour draws nigh, I need not fear; The an - gel of Thy

*Refrain*

gives for Je - sus' sake. Sing praise, sing praise, For the an - gel of the  
 soul I feel his might. Sing praise, sing praise, sing praise, sing praise  
 love will still be near. Sing praise, sing praise, sing praise, sing praise

1. Lord En - camp - eth round a - bout us, And guards us with his sword; guards us with his sword.  
 2. Lord En - camp - eth round a - bout us, And guards us with his sword; guards us with his sword.