

# The Angel Cried

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The an - gel cried to the La - dy

full of grace: Re - joice, re - joice, O pure Vir - gin!

A - gain I say: Re - joice! Your Son is ri - sen

from His three days in the tomb. With Him - self

He has raised all the dead. Re - joice, re - joice, O ye

peo - ple. Shine! Shine! Shine!

O new Jer - u - sa - lem. The glo - ry of the Lord

has shone on you. Ex - ult now,

ex - ult and be glad, O Zi - on. Be

ra - di - ant, O pure The - o - to - kos,

in the re - sur - rec - tion, the re - sur - rec - tion

of your Son.