

Ten Thousand Angels

Loretta Lynn

He could have caught ten thousand angels.

They bound the hands of Jesus in the garden where he pray
They led him through the street in shame
They spat upon the Saviour so pure and free from sin
They said crusify him he's to blame.

He could have called ten thousand angels
To destroy the world and set him free
He could have called ten thousand angels
But he died alone for you and me.

Upon his precious head they placed a crown of thorns
They laughed and said behold the king
They struck him and they cursed him and mocked his holy name
And all alone he suffered everything.

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