

Angels Rejoiced

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A house not a home was a picture Satan painted
For sweet little sister and me
Our Daddy would frown while Mother was praying
His heart was so hardened that he would not believe

In anger he'd swear, his voice cold and loud
His Sundays were spent down with the gambling crowd
I've never seen my Daddy inside the house of God
For Satan held his hand down the path of sin he trod

Not long ago our circle was broken
When God called our Mother one night
In a voice sweet and low, her last words were spoken
Asking our Daddy to raise her children right

The angels rejoiced in Heaven last night
I heard my Daddy praying, "Dear God, make it right"
He was smiling and singing with tears in his eyes
While mother with the angels rejoiced last night

While mother with the angels rejoiced last night