

The Angels Rejoiced Last Night

[Lucy Kaplansky](#)

A house, not a home, was the picture Satan painted
For sweet little sister and me, our daddy would frown
While mother was prayin', his heart was so hardened
That he would not believe In anger he'd swear, his voice cold and loud
His Sundays were spent out with the gamblin' crowd
I've never seen my daddy inside a 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 on 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 pray, "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

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