


The Song the Herald Angels Sang

Jennie Wayne, 1891, alt.

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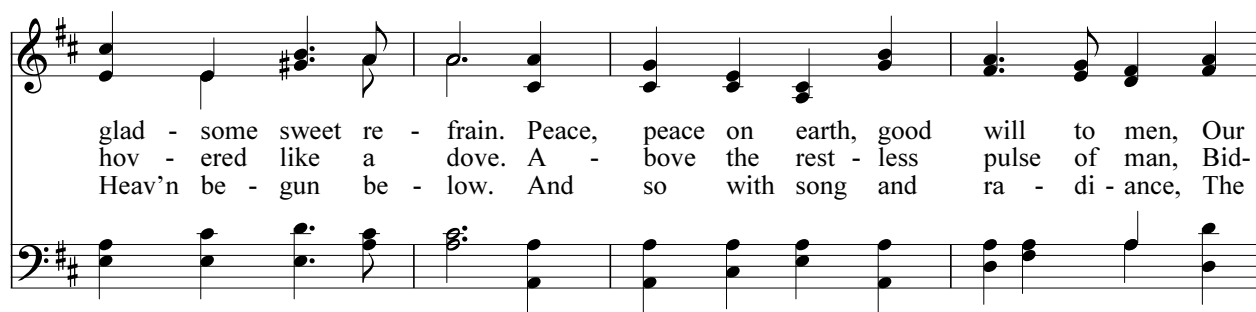
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1. The song the her - ald an - gels sang, O'er Beth-lehem's star - lit plain, Still
2. Thro' all these long mil - len - ni - a, This song of peace and love, Has
3. Thro' all the ag - es yet to come, 'Twill whis - per sweet and low, If



ech - oes in the heart of man, A glad - some sweet re - frain, A
breathed its balm of bless - ing, And hov - ered like a dove, And
man but love his brother man, 'Tis Heav'n be - gun be - low, 'Tis



glad - some sweet re - frain. Peace, peace on earth, good will to men, Our
hov - ered like a dove. A - bove the rest - less pulse of man, Bid -
Heav'n be - gun be - low. And so with song and ra - di - ance, The



Fa - ther reigns su - preme, And love fills all the uni - verse,
- ding his pas - sions cease, Till war and strife are end - ed,
way will grow more bright, Till the star that shines o'er Bethle - hem,



E - vil is but a dream.
And na - tions dwell in peace.
Fills all the world with light.