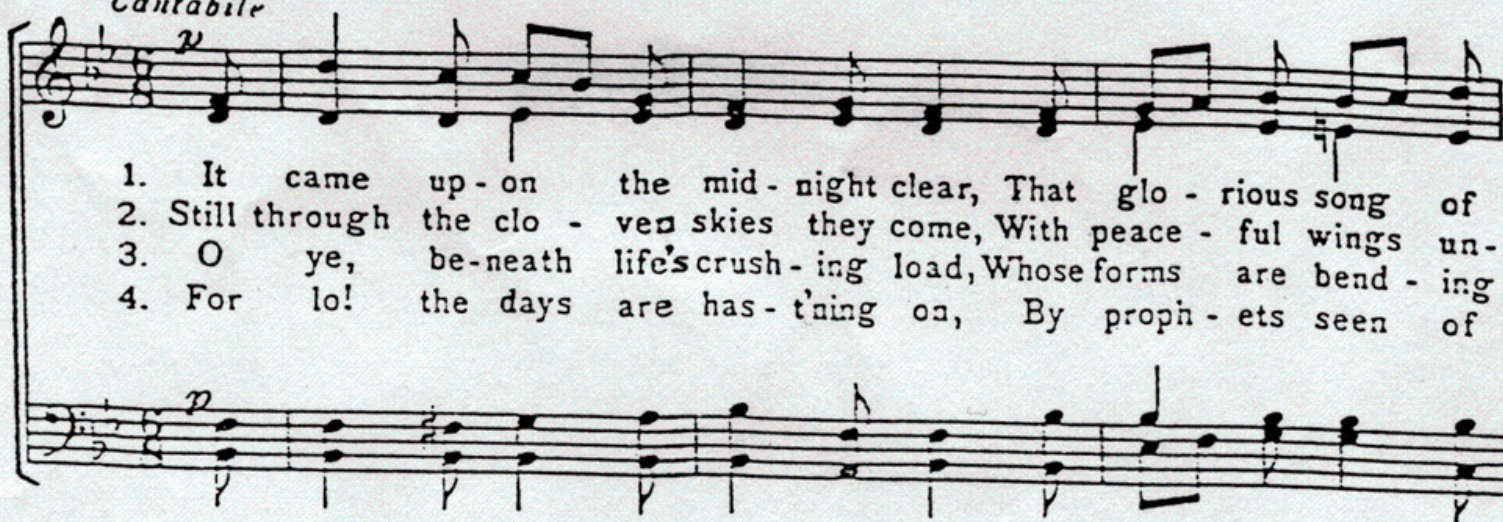
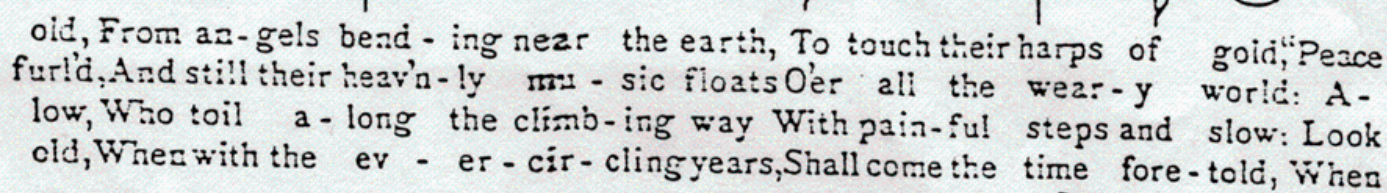
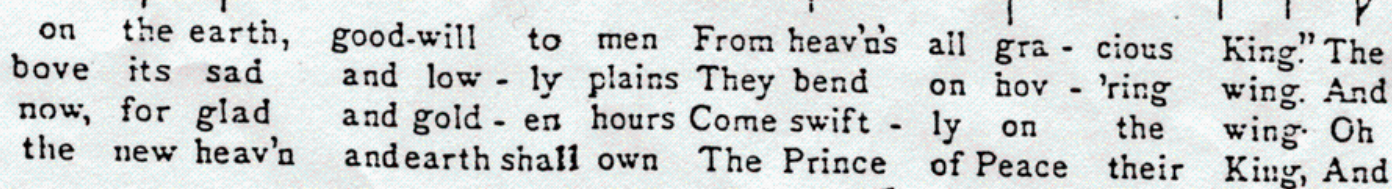


Cantabile

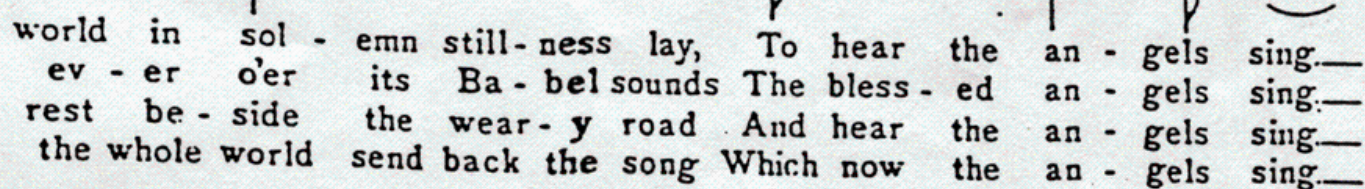
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un -
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing
4. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - ets seen of



old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold, "Peace
fur'd, And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world: A -
low, Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow: Look
old, When with the ev - er - cir - cling years, Shall come the time fore - told, When



on the earth, good - will to men From heav'n's all gra - cious King." The
bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing. And
now, for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing. Oh
the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King, And



world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. —
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing. —
rest be - side the wear - y road And hear the an - gels sing. —
the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing. —