

# With Wondering Awe

210

Brightly ♩ = 112-126

1. With won-d'ring awe the wise men saw The star in heav-en spring-ing,  
 2. By light of star they trav-eled far To seek the low-ly man-ger,  
 3. And still is found, the world a-round, The old and hal-lowed sto-ry,  
 4. The heav'n-ly star its rays a-far On ev-'ry land is throw-ing,

And with de-light, in peace-ful night, They heard the an-gels sing-ing:  
 A hum-ble bed where-in was laid The won-drous lit-tle Strang-er.  
 And still is sung in ev-'ry tongue The an-gels' song of glo-ry:  
 And shall not cease till ho-ly peace In all the earth is grow-ing.

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na to his name!