

Peace O'er the World

Castleton

Arr. Ian Russell, <http://www.sgpublishing.co.uk/gm/vc/vcabout.html>

♩ = 120

Soprano	
	Peace o'er the world her o - live branch ex -
Alto	
	Peace o'er the world her o - live branch ex -
Tenor	
	Peace o'er the world her o - live branch ex -
Bass	
	Peace o'er the world _____ her o - live branch ex -

	tends,	And	white - - robed
	tends,	And	white - - robed
	tends,	And	white - - robed
	tends,	And	white - - robed

In - - no - - cence from heaven de - -

In - - no - - cence from heaven de - -

In - - no - - cence from heaven de - -

In - - no - - cence from eavn de - -

sends. Swift fly the years and

sends. Swift fly the years and

sends. Swift fly the years and

sends. Swift fly the years and

rise th'ex - - pec - - ted

rise th'ex - - pec - - ted

rise th'ex - - pec - - ted

years and

morn; O, spring to light! O, spring to light! Th'au-
 morn; O, spring to light! O, spring to light! Th'au-
 O, spring to light! Th'au-
 rise th'ex-pec - ted - - morn; O, spring to light! Th'au-

spi - - - cious Babe, be
 sp - - - cious Babe. be
 spi - - - cous Babe be
 spic - - - ious Babe be

born! Swift fly the years and rise th'ex-pec - ted
 born! Swift fly the years and rise th'ex-pec - ted
 born! Swift fly the years and rise th'ex-pec - ted
 born! Swift fly the years and rise th'ex-pec - ted

morn O, spring to light! Th'au-spi - cious Babe be
 morn O, spring to light! Th'au-spi - cious Babe be
 morn, O, spring to light! Th'au-spi - cious Babe be
 morn; O, spring to light! Th'au-spi - cious Babe be

born!
 born!
 born!
 born!

born!

Peace o'er the world, her olive branch extends,
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descends,
 Swift fly the years and rise th' expected morn;
 O, spring to light! O spring to light! Th' auspicious Babe be born!
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn;
 O, spring to light! Th' auspicious Babe be born!

Hark! a glad voice, the lonely desert cheers,
 Prepare the way, a God, a God appears;
 A God, a God, the vocal hills reply;
 The rocks proclaim, the rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 A God, a God, the vocal hills reply;
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

The Saviour comes, by ancient seers foretold;
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He, from thick films, shall purge the visual ray
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day.
He, from thick films, shall purge the visual ray
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day.