Angel of Peace

AMERICAN HYMN 10, 10, 10, 10, D

1. Angel of peace, Thou hast wandered too long; Spread Thy white wings to the sunshine of love! Come while our voices are blended in song.

2. Brothers we meet on this altar of Thine; Mingling the gifts we have gathered for Thee; Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine, Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove;—

3. Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain; Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky! Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main, Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove; Speed o'er the meadow and mountain and forest and sea; Sweet is the loud let the tempest of voices reply; Roll its long

Words: Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1869
Music: Matthias Keller, 1869