In terrâ pax

Christmas traditional

1. Infant of days, yes Lord of Life, Sweet Price of Peace, All

hail! Oh! we are weary of the strife,

The din with which earth’s fields are rife, And we would list the tale

That chimes its Christmas news for us:

"In
O hear Thy Church, with one accord
Her long lost Peace imploring:

Be it according to thy Word:
Thy reign of Peace bring in, dear Lord:
Heav'n's Peace to earth restoring. And Peace eternal, Jesus, grant, we pray.

“In Cælo Pax, et in Ex-" Et in Ex-

cel-sis Glo-ri-a, et in Ex-

cel-sis Glo-ri-a, et in Ex-

Glo-ri-a, in Cæ-lo Pax, et in Ex-

cel-sis, et in Ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a, in Ex-

cel-sis Glo-ri-a, in Cæ-lo Pax, et in Ex-

cel-sis, et in Ex-cel-
2. "Peace I leave with you," was again
Thy dying Gift to earth;
Sweet echo of the lingering strain
Of Christmas morn, the glad refrain
Of Anthems at Thy Birth:
When Angel choirs hymned forth to us
"In terrâ Pax hominibus!"

3. O Olive Branch! O Dove of Peace!
Brooding o'er stormy waters!
When shall the flood of woe decrease?
When shall the dreary conflict cease,
And earth's sad sons and daughters
With glad hearts hail Thy word to us,
"In terrâ Pax hominibus!"