

# Trans-Siberian Orchestra, The Prince Of Peace

In the middle of a forest  
There's a clearing by a stream  
Where a mother holds her newborn  
And the child begins to dream

And he dreams of hopes unspoken  
When the tears of man will cease  
And his mother holds him closer  
For he is the Prince of peace

Let the bells ring out these tidings  
Let it echo across the land  
That a king is born in Bethlehem  
And his kingdom is at hand

Let the world rejoice together  
As it looks upon the stars  
Knowing every man's our brother  
And that every child is ours

Hark, the herald angels sing  
Glory to the newborn king  
Peace on earth and mercy mild  
God and sinners reconciled  
Glory all ye nations rise  
Join the triumph of the skies

With the heavenly host proclaim  
Christ is born in Bethlehem  
Hark, the herald angels sing  
Glory to the newborn king

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