

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

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