

Tell how the an - gels in cho - rus Sang as they wel-comed His bit in.

Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore, ten - der, Clear-er than ev - er I see:

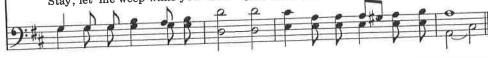




"Glo-ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."

He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, re-ject - ed and poor.

Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.



TEXT: Fanny J. Crosby

STORY OF JESUS 8.7.8.7.D. with Refrain