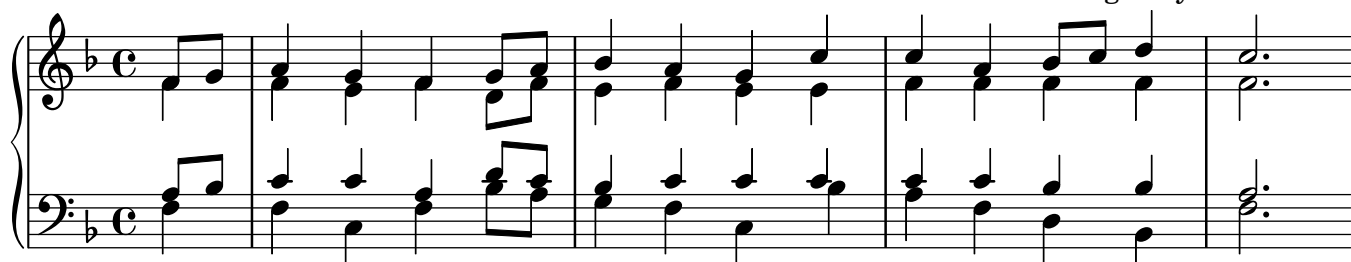


It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

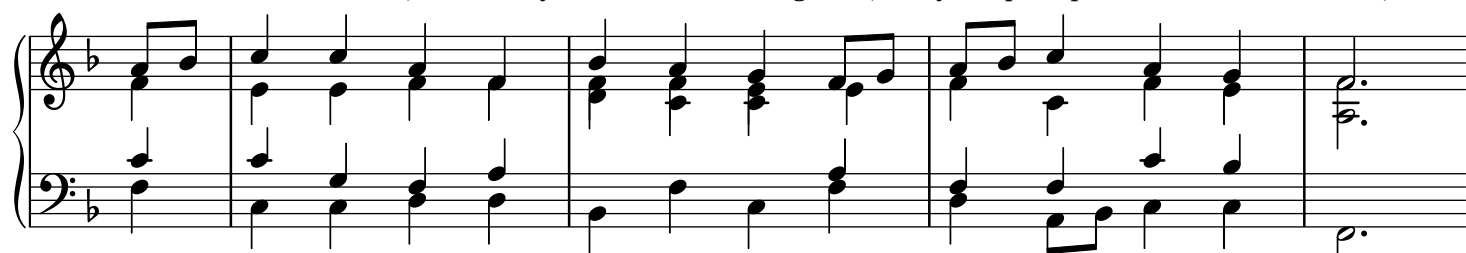
Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876)

Traditional English Melody (Noel)

Arranged by A. Sullivan



It came u- pon the mid- night clear, That glor- ious song of old,
Still through the clo- ven skies they come, With peace- ful wings un- furled,
Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf- fered long;
And ye, be- neath life's cru- shing load, Whose forms are ben- ding low,
For lo!, the days are hast'n- ing on, By pro- phet bards fore- told,



From an- gels ben- ding near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n- ly mu- sic floats O'er all the wea- ry world;
Be- neath the an- gel- strain have rolled Two thou- sand years of wrong;
Who toil a- long the cli- mbing way With pain- ful steps and slow,
When with the e- ver- cir- cling years Comes round the age of gold



Peace on the earth, good- will to men, From heav'n's all- gra- cious King.
A- bove its sad and low- ly plains, They bend on hov'r- ing wing,
And man, at war with man, hears not The love- song which they bring;
Look now! for glad and gold- en hours come swift- ly on the wing.
When peace shall o- ver all the earth Its an- cient splen- dors fling,



The world in so- lemn still- ness lay, To hear the an- gels sing.
And e- ver o'er its Ba- bel sounds The bless- ed an- gels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an- gels sing.
O rest be- side the wea- ry road, And hear the an- gels sing!
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an- gels sing.