

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;
For lo!, the days are hast'n- ing on, By pro- phet bards fore- told,

8

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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;
When with the e- ver- cir- cling years Comes round the age of gold

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Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious 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;
 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.
 And the whole world give back the song Which now the an-gels sing.