

# 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,

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;  
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

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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;  
 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.