

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, that glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold.

"Peace on the earth, good will to men from heav-en's all gra - cious King."

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay to hear the an - gels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heav'ly music floats o'er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hov'ring wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.

3. All ye beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow,  
Look now! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing.  
O rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing.

4. For lo, the days are hast'ning on, by prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever circling years comes 'round the age of gold,  
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.