

THAT SONG OF OLD

(Carol. C. M. D.)

E. H. Sears

R. S. Willis



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the op - en skies they come, With peace - ful wing un - furled;
 3. But with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long;

From an - gels bend - ing 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;

"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."
 A - bove its sad and love - ly plains They bend on hov'r - ing wing,
 And man, at war with man, hears not The love - song which they bring;

The world in so - lemn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 O cease, ye mor - tals, cease your strife, And hear the an - gels sing!