

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
 4. For lo, the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,

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;
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,

"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 - 'ring wing,
 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 sol - emn 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 rest be - side the wea - ry road And hear the an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.