

# It Came upon the Midnight Clear

CAROL (C.M.D.)

Richard S. Willis, 1850

Edmund H. Sears, 1850

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
 2. Still through 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 - et - bards fore - told,

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 Comes round the age of gold;

"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.