

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly 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.

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.