

Tempo: ♩ = 158

# It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

Count-off: "One - two - three - Four - five"

Edmund H. Sears

Richard S. Willis

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. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By pro - phet bards fore - told, \_\_\_\_

5 From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: \_\_\_\_  
And still their heav - en - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world. \_\_\_\_  
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes 'round the age of gold, \_\_\_\_

9 "Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav - en's all gra - cious King." \_\_\_\_  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov' - ring wing, \_\_\_\_  
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling, \_\_\_\_

13 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. \_\_\_\_  
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing. \_\_\_\_