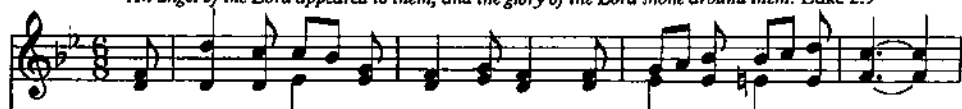


128 It Came upon the Midnight Clear

An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them. Luke 2:9

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still thru 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 hast'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 the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,



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.

