188 It Came upon the Midnight Clear

"Peace I leave with you. My peace I give to you." John 14:27

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered long,
3. All ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophet bards foretold,

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
Beneath the angel strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong;
Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow,
When with the ever-circling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men. From heav'n's all-gracious King."
And man, at war with man, hears not The love song which they bring:
Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing;
When peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendors fling.

The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing,
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the angels sing!
O rest beside the weary road And hear the angels sing!
And the whole world give back the song Which now the angels sing.

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