It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

1. It came upon the mid-night 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!"

2. Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfueled;
   And still their heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world;
   a bove its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering wing.

3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suffered long;
   beneath the angel strain have rolled two thousand years of wrong;
   Look now! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing;

4. And ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
   when with the ever-circling years shall come the time foretold.
   when peace shall o ver all the earth its ancient splendors flings,

5. For lo! the days are hastening on, by prophet bards foretold,

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The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.
and ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed 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 all the world give back the song which now the angels sing.

Words: Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-76), Christian Register, December 1846
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