

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - ri - ous song of old,
Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;
O ye, ben - eath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
For lo! the days are has - tening on, By proph - ets seen of old,

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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 wea - ry world:
Who toil al - ong the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow.
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years, Shall come the time fore - told,

10 *mf*

"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King;"
A - bove it's sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing;
Look now, for glad and gold - en hours come swift - ly on the wing,
When the new heaven and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

mf

15 *pp*

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er it's 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.

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