

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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It came up-on a mid-night clear That glo-ri-ous song of old From an-gels ben-ding

6  
near the earth to touch their harps of gold Peace on the earth, good will to men From

11  
heav'n's all gra-cious King The world in so-lemn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing

2. Still through the cloven skies they come  
with peaceful wings unfurled,  
and still their heavenly music floats  
o'er all the weary world;  
above its sad and lowly plains,  
they bend on hovering wing,  
and ever o'er its Babel sounds  
the blessed angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
whose forms are bending low,  
who toil along the climbing way  
with painful steps and slow,  
look now! for glad and golden hours  
come swiftly on the wing.  
O rest beside the weary road,  
and hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,  
by prophet seen of old,  
when with the ever-circling years  
shall come the time foretold  
when peace shall over all the earth  
its ancient splendors fling,  
and the whole world send back the song  
which now the angels sing.