It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1 It came up on the midnight 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 all, from heaven's all gracious King": the world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfulled, 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 Bel sound the blessed angels sing.

3 For lo, the days are hastening on, by prophets seen of old, when, with the ever circling years, shall come the time foretold, when peace shall o'er all the earth its ancient splendor fling, and all the world give back the song which now the angels sing.