It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1 It came upon the midnight clear, that glo-rious song, of old, from an-gels ben-ding
peace-ful wings un-tuned, and still their heav-en-ly
pro-phets seen, of old, when, with the ev-er-

near the earth to touch their harps, of gold: "Peace
mu-sic floats o'er all the wea-ry world; a-
cir-cling years, shall come the time fore-told, when

on the earth, good will to all, from heaven's all gra-cious
peace shall o-ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors

King": the world in so-lemn
wing, and e-ter o'er, its
fling, and all the world give

still-ness lay to hear the an-gels sing.
Ba-bel sounds the bles-sed an-gels sing.
back the song which now the an-gels sing.