It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Richard Storrs Willis, 1850

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1849

1. It came upon 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 men, 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 unfurled,
   And still their heavenly music floats o’er all the weary world; Abovè its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hovering wing. O hush the noise, ye men of strife and hear the angels sing.

3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suffered long;
   Be neath the angel strain have rolled two thousand years of wrong;
   And man, at war with man, hears not the love song which they slow, Look now! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing. O hush the noise, ye men of strife and hear the angels sing.

4. And ye, beneath life’s crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
   Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow; When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors bring; O hush the noise, ye men of strife and hear the angels sing.

5. For lo! the days are hastening on, by prophet bards foretold,
   When with the ever circling years comes round the age of gold; When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors bring; O hush the noise, ye men of strife and hear the angels sing.

Public Domain

Courtesy of the Cyber Hymnal™