It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1. It came upon the midnight clear, that Heaven's ancient splendors
   Glo-rious song of old, from angels bending
   Peace ful wings un-furled, and still their heav-en-ly forms are bend-ing low,
   Prophet seen of old, when with the ev-er-

2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come with peace to touch their harps of gold.
   "Peace music floats o'er all the wea-ry world; a-
   Climbing way with pain-ful steps and slow, look cir-pling years shall come the time fore-told when on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all gra-cious
   Bove its sad and low-ly plains, they bend on ho-ver-ing
   Now! for glad and gol-den hours come swift-ly on the peace shall o-ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors

3. And ye, be-neth life's crush-ing load, whose King." The world in so-lemn
   Wing, and e- ver o'er its wing.
   O rest be-side the fling, and the whole world send still-ness lay, to hear the an-gels sing.
   Babel sounds, the bles-sed an-gels sing.

4. For lo! the days are hastening on, by their side men, from heaven's all gra-cious
   That peace now! for glad and gol-den hours come swift-ly on the peace shall o-ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors
   Stil-ness lay, to hear the an-gels sing.
   Babel sounds, the bles-sed an-gels sing.
   Wea-ry road, and hear the an-gels sing!
   Back the song which now the an-gels sing.