It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1. It came upon the midnight clear, that
2. Still through the heaven's harpstrings there rang;
3. And ye, be near the life's crucible: 
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, by

Glorious song of old, from angels bending
Peaceful wings unfurled, and still their heavenly
Prophet seen of old, when with the ever-

Near the earth to touch their harps of gold: "Peace
Music floats o'er all the weary world; a
Circling years shall come the time foretold when

On the earth good will to men, from heaven's all
Bove its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hooring
Peace shall o'er all the earth its ancient splendor:

King." The world in solemn wing and ever o'er its
Wing O rest beside the whole world send

Stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.
Bel sounds, the blessed angels sing.
Weary road, and hear the angels sing!
back the song which now the angels sing.

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