It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1. It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old;

2. Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurled;

3. And ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low;

4. For lo! the days are hastening on, by prophet seen of old;

from angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
and still their heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world;
when with the ever-circling years shall come the time foretold

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all gracious King."
above its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hovering wing.
look now! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing.
when peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling.

The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.
and ever o'er its Babel sounds, the blessed angels sing.
O rest beside the weary road, and hear the angels sing!
and the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1849
Tune: Richard Storrs Willis, 1850

CMD
CAROL
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