It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That
   all ye, be-neath life's shining load, Whose
2. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The
   days are hast'ning on, By
3. All the leaves are brown, and yellow in the sky,
   the load, on, The
4. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By

   glo-rious song of old, From an-gels bend-ing
   world has suf-fered long, Be-neath the an-gel
   forms are bend-ing low, Who toil a-long the
   pro-phet bards fore-told, When with the ev-er-
   near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
   strain have rolled Two thou-sand years of
   climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,
   cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold:

   "Peace on the earth, good will to men," From
   And man, at war with man, hears not The
   Look now! for glad and gol-den hours Come
   When peace shall o-ver all the earth Its

   heav'n's all-gra-cious King, The world in so-lemn
   love song which they bring: O hush the noise, ye
   swift-ly on the wing: O rest be-side the
   an- cient splen-dors fling, And the whole world give

   still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.
   men of strife, And hear the an-gels sing!
   wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing!
   back the song Which now the an-gels sing.

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