It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
   The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing.

2. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered long,
   O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the angels sing.

3. All ye, beareth life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
   O rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing.

4. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By prophet bards foretold,
   And the whole world give back the song Which now the angels sing.

From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
Be neath the angel strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong:
Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow:
When with the everlasting years Comes round the age of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good will to men," From heav'n's all-gracious King:
And man, at war with man, hears not The love song which they bring:
Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing:
When peace shall o'er all the earth Its ancient splendors fling:

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1810-1876
Tune: Richard Storrs Willis, 1819-1900
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