It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears (1849)

Alto

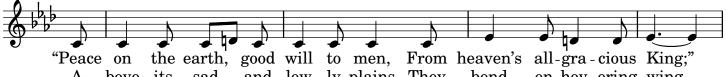
Richard S. Wallis (1850)



- up on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old. It came
- 2. Still through the clo ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un furled,
- be neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low, **3.** And



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold; And still their heav-enly mu - sic floats O'er wea - ry all the world: a - long the climb-ing way With pain - ful steps and slow-



and low - ly plains They A - bove its sad bend on hov-ering wing, Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come sift - ly on



Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing. And ev - er o'er itsbe-side 0 the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels