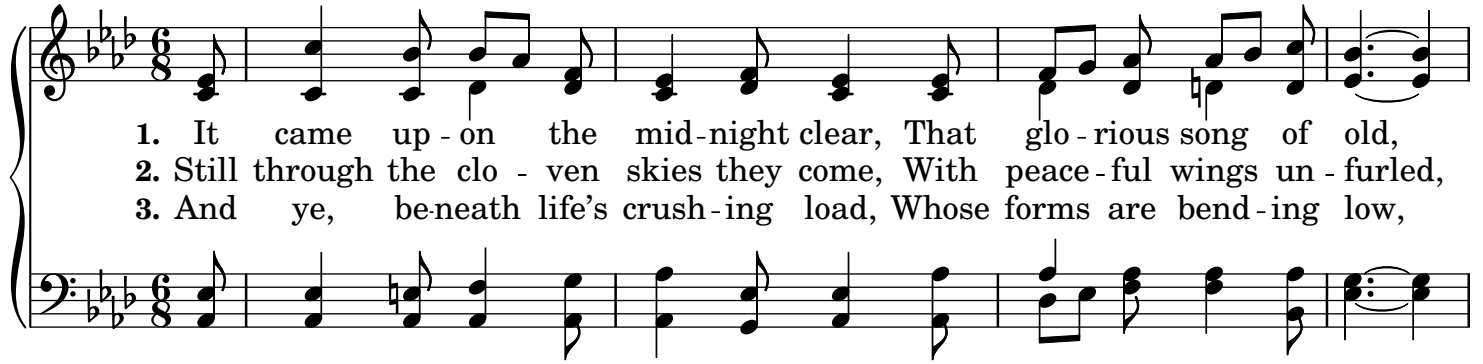


# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

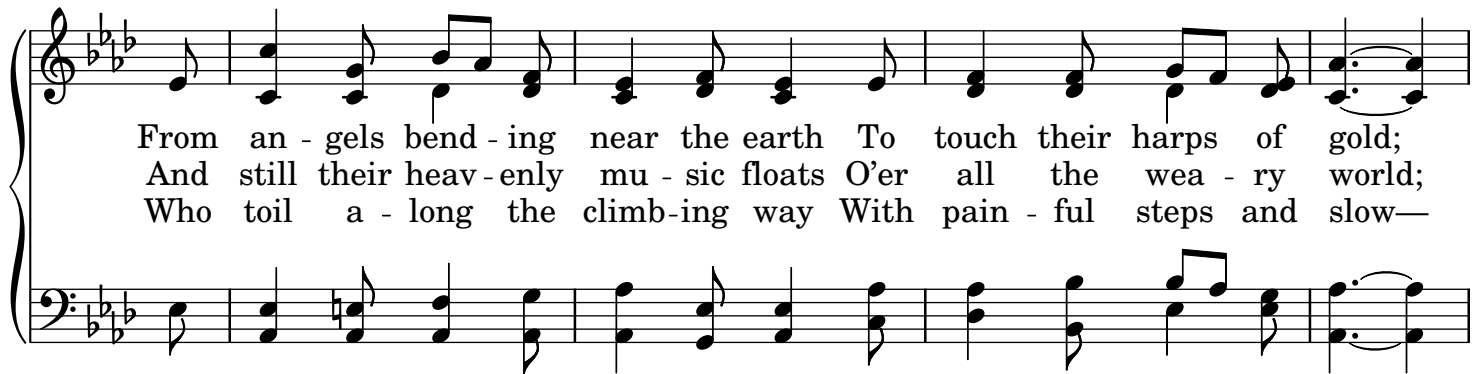
Edmund H. Sears (1849)

Piano

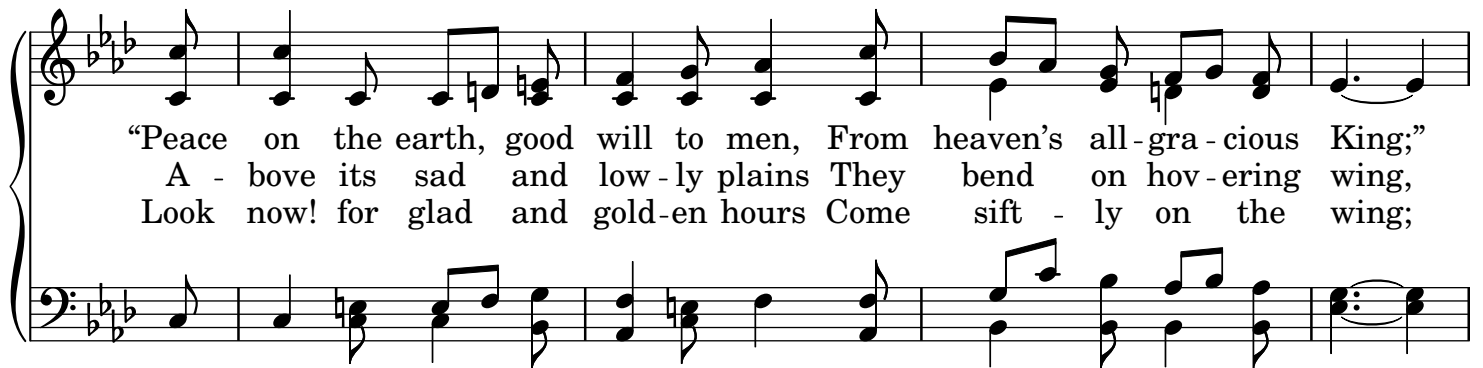
Richard S. Wallis (1850)



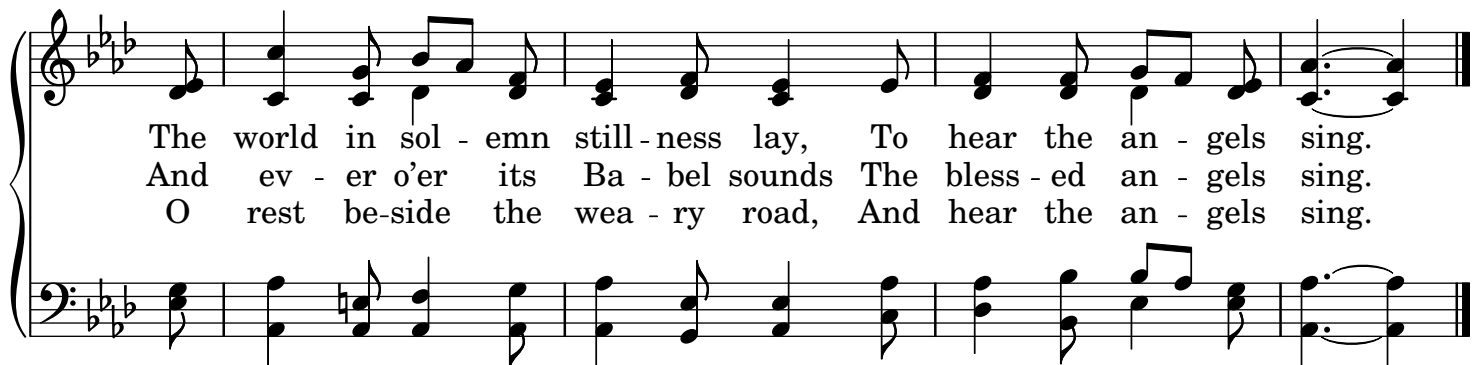
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,



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



“Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven’s all - gra - cious King;”  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,  
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come sift - ly on the wing;



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.  
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.