It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears (1849)　　　　　　**Tenor**　　　　　　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.