

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

(CAROL)

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1850

RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1850

$\text{♩} = 50$

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,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav - en - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:

“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 - 'ring 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. A - men.

3. And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful step and slow,—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

4. For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

