

# Christmas Carol

E. H. Sears.

R. S. Willis

*p*

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;  
3. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;  
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the - wear - y world:  
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,

*mf*

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all - gra - cious King;"  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,  
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

*pp*

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.  
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.