

# It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

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It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old From  
Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come with peace-ful wings un - furled And  
Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suf - ferred long Be -  
For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By proph-ets seen of old \_\_\_\_\_ When

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an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold \_\_\_\_\_ "Peace on the  
still their heav'nly mus - ic floats O'er all the wea - ry world \_\_\_\_\_ A - bove its  
neath the an - gle strain have rolled Two thou-sand years of wrong \_\_\_\_\_ And men at  
with the ev - er cir - cling years comes round the age\_ of gold \_\_\_\_\_ when peace shall

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earth\_ good will to men. From heav-en's all gra - cious King." \_\_\_\_\_ The  
sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
war with men hear not the love - song which they bring. \_\_\_\_\_ O  
o - ver all the earth its an - cient splen - dors fling, \_\_\_\_\_ And

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world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
ev - er, o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bles - sed an - gels sing.  
hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!  
the whole world send back the song which now the an - gels sing.