



# It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears, Richard S. Willis, Boston, cr. 1850


  
 It came up on a mid night clear, That glo


  
 ri ous song of old From an gels bend ing near the earth, To touch


  
 their harps of gold. on the earth, goodwill to men From heav


  
 n's all gra cious The world in sol emn still ness lay, To


  
 hear the an gels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
 With peaceful wings unfurl'd,  
 And still their heav'nly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world:  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on hov'ring wing.  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

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

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever circling years,  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heavn' and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angles sing.