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It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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EDMUND H. SEARS, 1850

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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 crushing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
 And still their heavenly 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 swift - 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.

