It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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1. It came upon the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,
   From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
   Peace on the earth good will to men, "From heav'n's all gra-cious King.
   The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.

2. Still thru the clo-ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un-furled, 
   And still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world;
   Above its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov'-ring wing, 
   And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing.

3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low, 
   Who toil a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow, 
   Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing, 
   O rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing.

4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et bards fore-told, 
   When with the ev-er cir-cling years Shall come the time fore-told, 
   When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King, 
   And the whole world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing.