It Came Upon the Midnight Clear 286

1. It came upon the midnight clear,  
   that glorious song of old,  
   from angels bending near the earth  
   to touch their harps of gold:  
   "Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
   from heav'n's all-gracious King!"  
   The world in solemn stillness lay,  
   to hear the angels sing.
2. Still through the cloven skies they come,  
   with peaceful wings unfurled,  
   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.
3. 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.  
   O rest beside the weary road,  
   and hear the angels sing.
4. For lo, the days are hast'ning on,  
   by prophet bards foretold,  
   when with the ever-circling years  
   comes round the age of gold,  
   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 angels sing.

TEXT: Edmund Hamilton Sears (1850), alt.

TUNE: Richard Storrs Willis (1850)