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)