It Came upon the Midnight Clear

CHRISTMAS

CAROL (C.M.D.)
Richard S. Willis, 1850

Edmund H. Sears, 1850

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
   From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;

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;

3. And ye, beneath life’s crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
   Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow;

4. For lo! the days are hast’ning on, By prophets’bards foretold,
   When with the ever circling years Comes round the age of gold;

“Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heav’n’s all gracious King!”
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on ho’ring wing,
Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swift by on the wing,
When peace shall o’ver all the earth Its ancient splendors fling,

The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.
O rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing!
And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.