

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Edward H. Sears, 1849

Presentation V1 C1 V2 C2 V3 C3

Verse 1

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

Chorus 1

"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heav'n's all gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Verse 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;

Chorus 2

Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever, o'er its 'Babel sounds,'
The blessed angels sing.

Verse 3

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

Chorus 3

Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

Verse 4

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,

Chorus 4

When the whole 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.

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