

# *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*

*Text by Edmund Sears*

*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, goodwill to men,  
From heaven’s all gracious King.”  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.*

*Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O’er all the weary world;  
Above its sad and lowly plains,  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever over its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.*

*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.  
Oh rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.*

*For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years,  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.*