

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

WORDS: Edmund H. Sears, 1849 (Lk. 2:8-14)


**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 heaven’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
heavenly music floats
o'er all the weary world;**

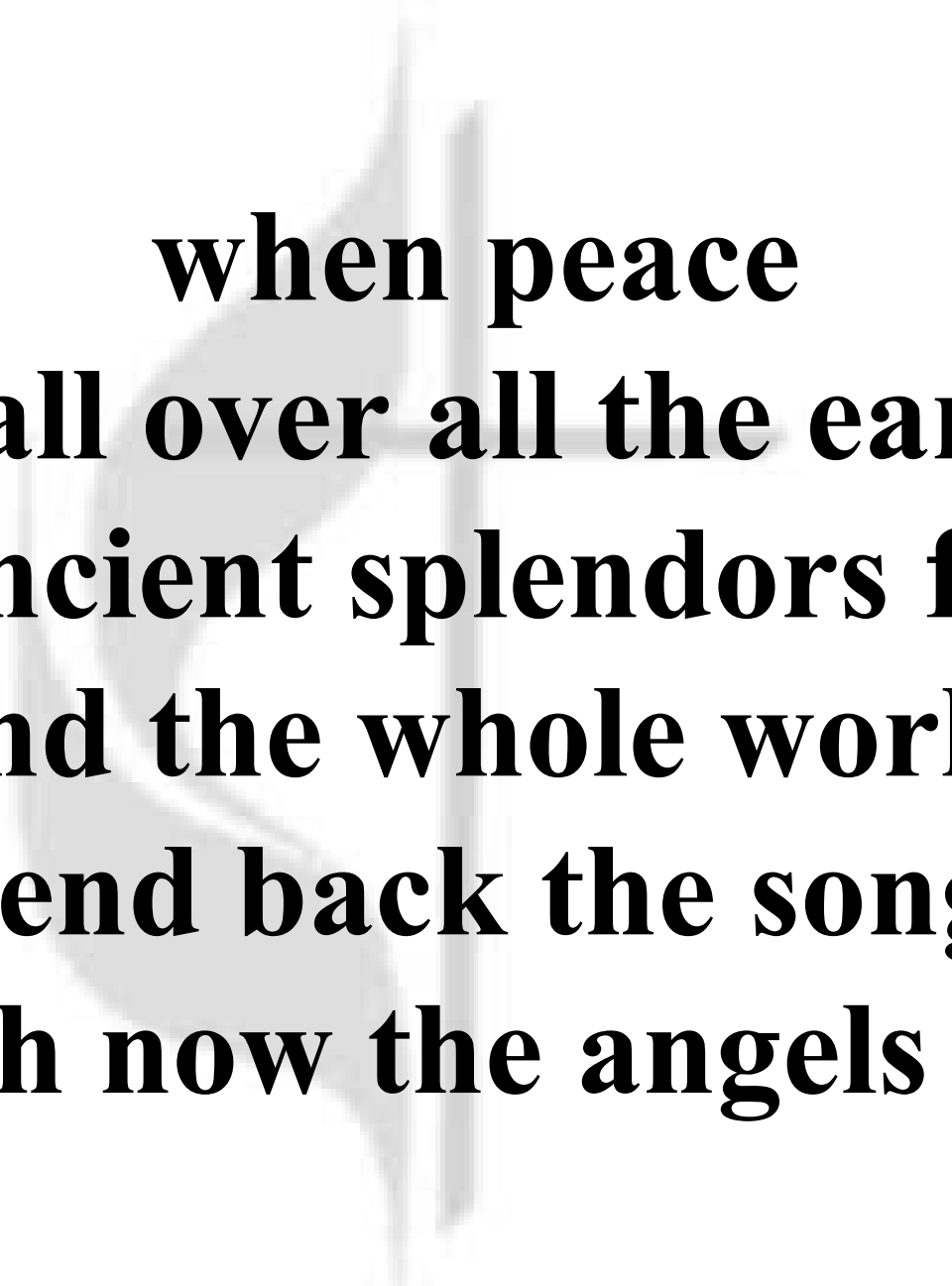
**above its sad
and lowly plains,
they bend on
hovering wing,
and ever o'er its
Babel sounds
the blessed angels sing.**

**3. And 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 hastening on,
by prophet 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.**