

## It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

*Edmund Hamilton Sears, Richard Storrs Willis, Public Domain, CCLI #31078*

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 toward men  
from heaven's all gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
to hear the 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

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

For lo! the days are hastening on  
by prophets seen of old  
When with the ever-circling years shall come the time foretold  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
the Prince of Peace, their King  
And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing