

# Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears, 1810-1876, alt.

Russell Schulz-Widmar

Warmly

All men or solo *mp*

It

Solo

Solo

*mp*

④

came up - on the mid - night clear, that glo - rious song of old, from

*mp*

⑥

an - gels bend - ing near\_ the earth to touch their harps of gold: "Peace"

(16)

Women

all the wea - ry world; a - bove its sad and low - ly plains they

(18)

Men

bend on hov - ering wing, and ev - er o'er its ba - bel sounds the

(20)

bless - ed an - gels sing.

(23)

Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suf - fered long; — be -

(26)

neath the heav - en - ly hymn have rolled two thou - sand years of wrong; and and

(28)

war - ring hu - man - kind hears not the tid - ings which they bring; Oh  
war \_\_\_\_\_ hears not the tid - ings which they bring; Oh  
war - ring hu - man - kind hears not the tid - ings which they bring; Oh  
war