

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Choir

- 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 all, from heav'n'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 heav'nly music floats o'er all the weary world.
- 3 And you, 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!

Assembly



4 For lo! The days are has - t'ning on, by
proph - ets seen of old, when with the ev - er -
cir - cling years shall come the time fore - told, when
peace shall o - ver all the earth its an - cient
splen - dors fling, and the whole world give
back the song which now the an - gels sing.

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1810–1876
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