

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

971

♩ = 54

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old,
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come, with peace-ful wings un-furled,
3. For lo, the days are hast-'ning on, by prop-het bards fore-told,

from an-gels bend-ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
and still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats o'er all the wea-ry world;
when with the ev - er-cir-cling years comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heav'n's all-gra-cious King!"
a - bove its sad and low-ly plains they bend on hov'-ring wing;
when peace shall o - ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, to hear the an-gels sing.
and ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds the bles-sed an-gels sing.
and all the world send back the song which now the an-gels sing.