

# It Came upon the Midnight Clear

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long,  
3. All ye, be - neath life's cru - shing load, Whose forms are ben - ding low,  
4. For lo! the days are hast' - ning on, By pro - phet bards fore - told,

From an - gels ben - ding near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:  
Be - neath the an - gel strain have rolled Two thou - sand years of wrong;  
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,  
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.  
And man, at war with man, hears not The love song which they bring:  
Look now! for glad and gol - den hours Come swift - ly on the wing:  
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,

The world in so - lemn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!  
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!  
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1810-1876  
Tune: Richard Storrs Willis, 1819-1900



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