

# It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Richard S. Willis, 1850

Edmund H. Sears, 1849

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of  
2. Still thro' the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-  
3. But with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf-fered  
4. For, lo! the days are has-tening on By pro-phet bards fore-

4  
old, \_\_\_\_\_ From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To  
furl'd; \_\_\_\_\_ And still their heaven-ly mu-sic floats O'er  
long; \_\_\_\_\_ Be-neath the an-gel-strain have rolled Two  
told, \_\_\_\_\_ When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Comes

7  
touch their harps of gold: \_\_\_\_\_ "Peace on the earth, good-  
all the wea-ry world. \_\_\_\_\_ A-bove its sad- and  
thou-sand years of wrong; \_\_\_\_\_ And man, at war with  
round the age of gold: \_\_\_\_\_ When peace shall o-ver

10  
will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious king." \_\_\_\_\_ The  
low-ly plains They bend on hov-ering wing; \_\_\_\_\_ And  
man, hears not The love song which they bring. \_\_\_\_\_ O  
all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling, \_\_\_\_\_ And

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world in sol - emn still-ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. —  
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing. —  
hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing. —  
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. —