

In the lonely midnight

Alonzo Potter Howard (1838 - 1902)

1. In the lone-ly mid - night, On the win - try hill, Shep-herds heard the an - gels

7
Sing - ing, "Peace, good - will." Lis - ten, O ye wea - ry, To the an - gels'

12
song, Un - to you the ti - dings Of great joy be - long.

2. Though in Da-vid's ci-ty
Angels sing no more,
Love makes angel music
On earth's darkest shore;
Though no heavenly glory
Meet your wondering eyes,
Love can make your dwelling
Bright as Paradise.

3. Though the child of Mary
Sent from heaven on high
In His manger cradle
May no longer lie,
Love is King for ever,
Though the proud world scorn;
If ye truly seek Him
Christ your King is born.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)