

It came upon the midnight clear

Edmund H. Sears

Christmas traditional

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, Of

an - gels chant - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold: Peace

on the earth, good - will to men From heav'n's all gra - cious King: The

world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the Angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh! hush the noise ye men of strife,
And hear at the angels sing!

4. And ye, 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!

5. O Prince of Peace, on Whom we cast
Our every cross and care,
Come enter Thou our longing hearts,
And make Thy dwelling there;
And may we 'mid our daily toil
To Thee our praises bring,
Until on high we learn the song
That now the angels sing.