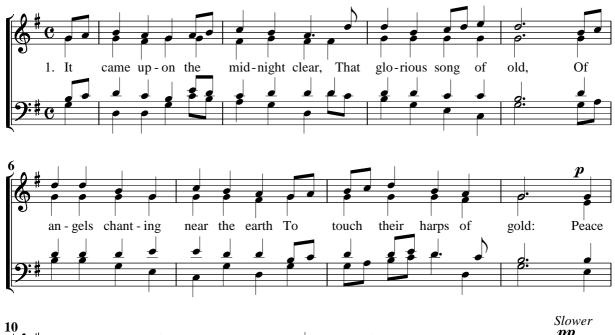
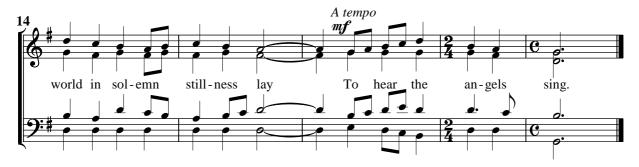
It came upon the midnight clear

Edmund H. Sears Christmas traditional







- 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.