

# It came upon the midnight clear

Julia R. Higinbotham

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furl'd,

7  
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;  
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats, O'er all the wea - ry world;

13  
Peace on the earth, good will to men, From Heav'n's all - gra - cious King,  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains, They bend on hov - 'ring wing,

19  
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.  
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

3. O 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;  
O rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing.

4. For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own,  
The Prince of Peace, their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

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