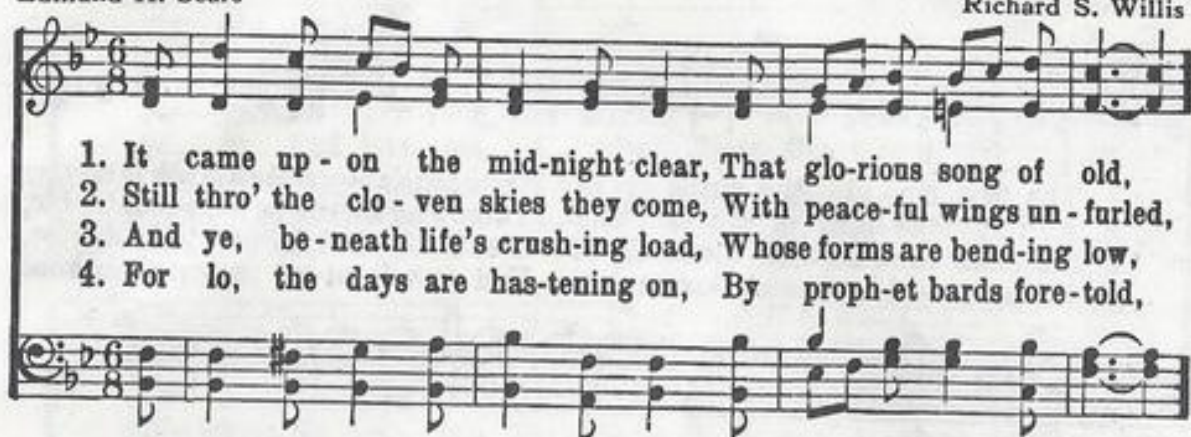


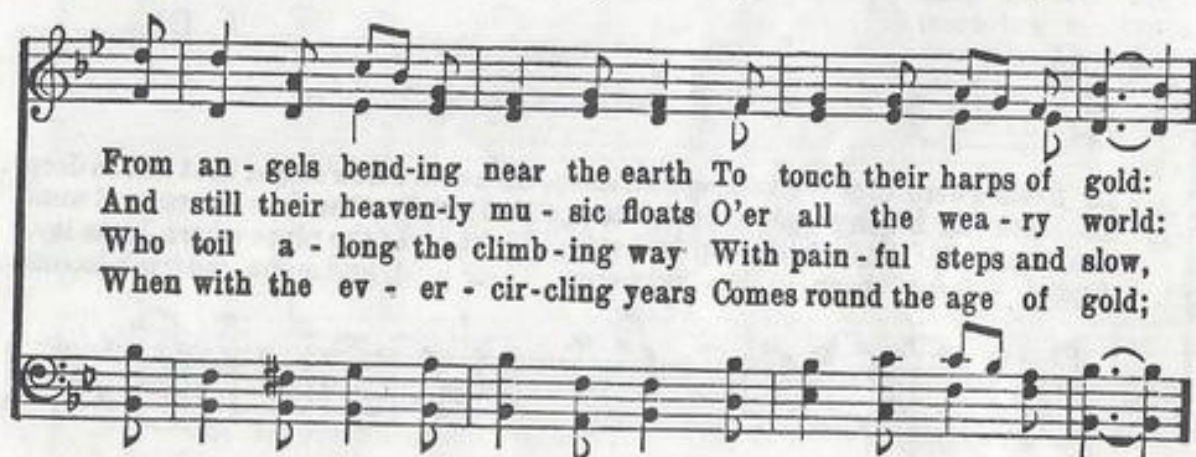
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear 315

Edmund H. Sears

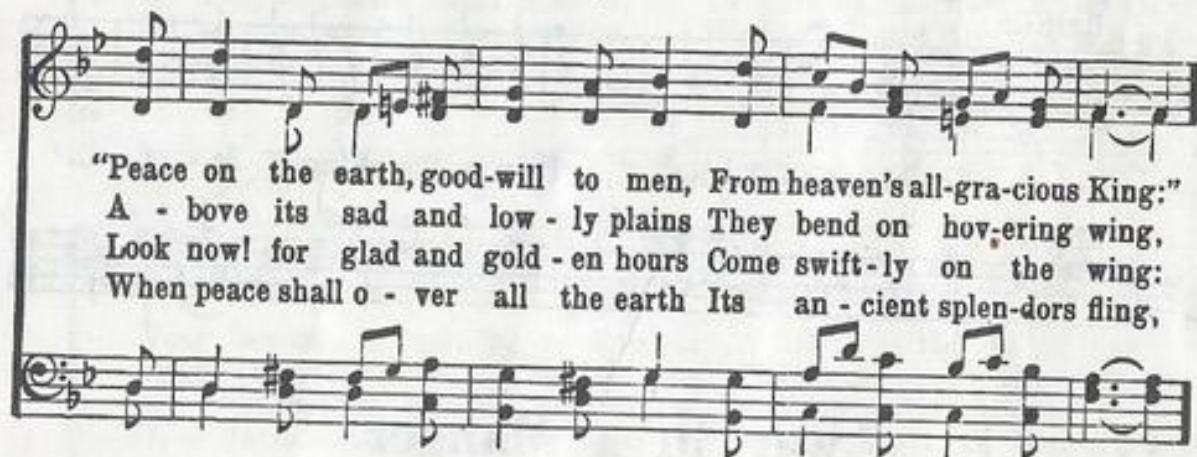
Richard S. Willis



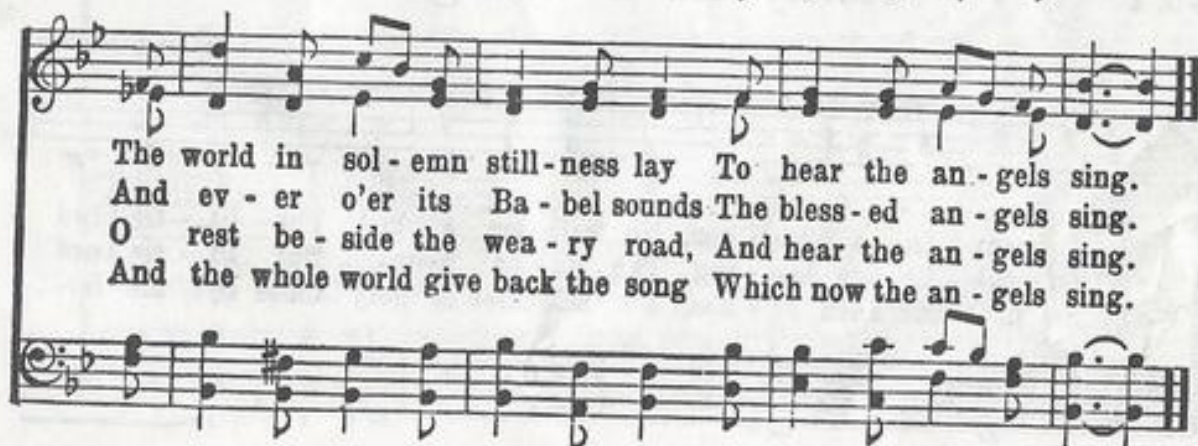
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be - neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-tening on, By proph-et bards fore-told,



From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious King:"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-ering wing,
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing:
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,



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.
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.