

# Christmas Carols, It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear  
That glorious song of old  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold  
Peace on the earth, good will to men  
From heaven's all-gracious King  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing  
Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurled  
And still their heavenly music floats  
Over all the weary world  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing  
And ever over its babel-sounds  
The blessed angels sing  
Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long  
Beneath the heavenly strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong  
And man at war with man hears not  
The tidings which they bring  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife  
And hear the angels sing  
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  
For lo, the days are hastening on  
By prophets seen of old  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing