



## **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, goodwill 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  
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

For lo, the days are hastening on  
By prophet bards foretold  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling  
And the whole world gives back the song  
Which now the angels sing