

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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1. 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.

2. 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 hath 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:  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing.

