It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still thro' the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurled,
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered long;

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'nly music floats O'er all the weary world;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong;

"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King;"
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing,
And men, at war with men, hear not The love-song which they bring:

The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.
And ever, o'er its Ba-bel sounds, The blessed angels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the angels sing.

Words by E. H. Sears
Music by R. S. Willie