

# It Came upon the Midnight Clear

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It came up - on — the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song — of old,  
And ye, be - neath — life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,  
For lo, the days — are has - t'ning on, By prophet seen of old,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold:  
Who toil a - long — the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,  
When, with the ev - er - cir - cling years, Shall come the time fore - told,



"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heaven's all gra - cious King":  
Look now! for glad — and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on — the wing:  
When the new heaven and earth shall own The Prince — of Peace their King,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
O rest be - side the wea - ry load, And hear the an - gels sing.  
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.