IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

I came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old;

Still thro' the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;

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 heavenly 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 Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

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

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