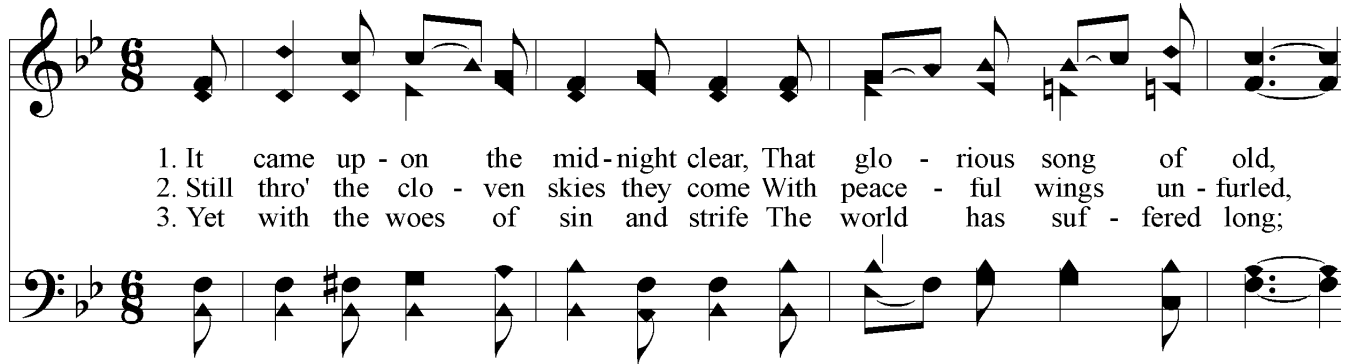
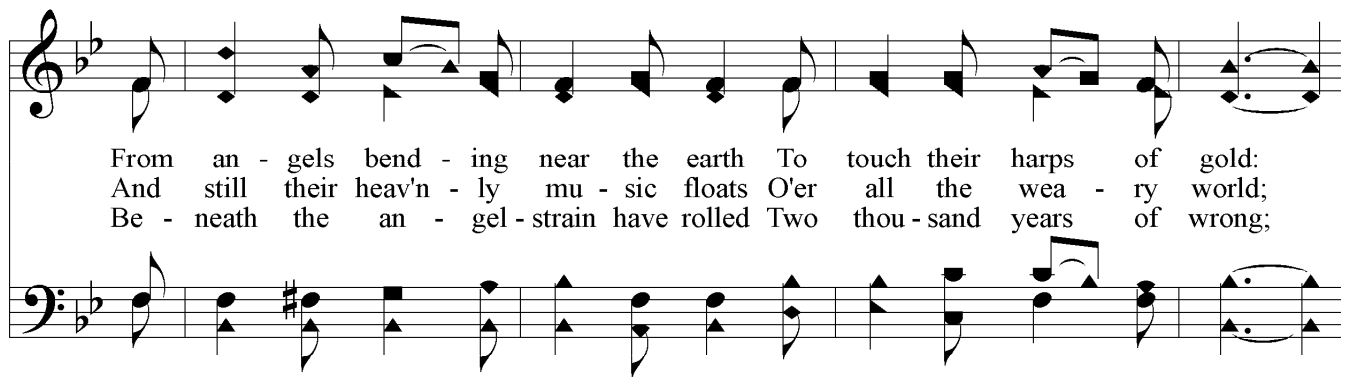


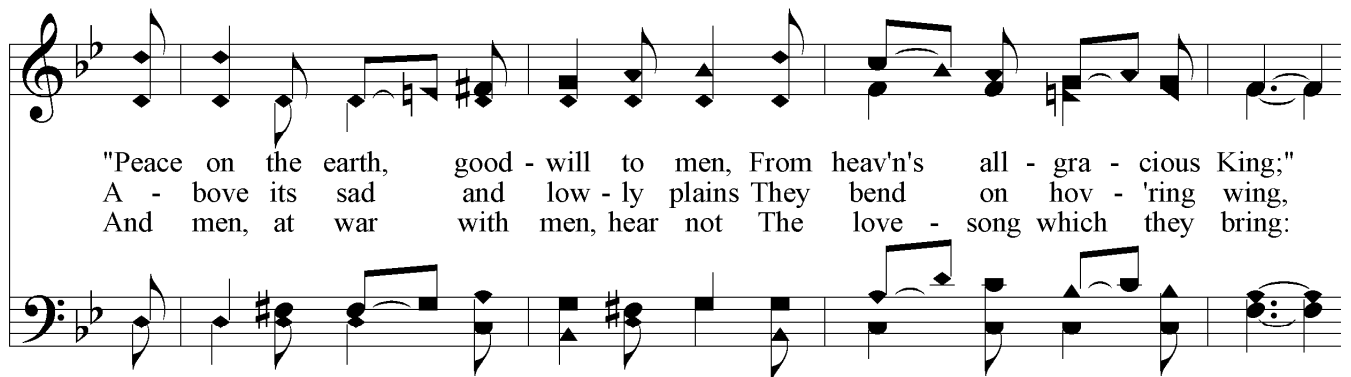
# IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR



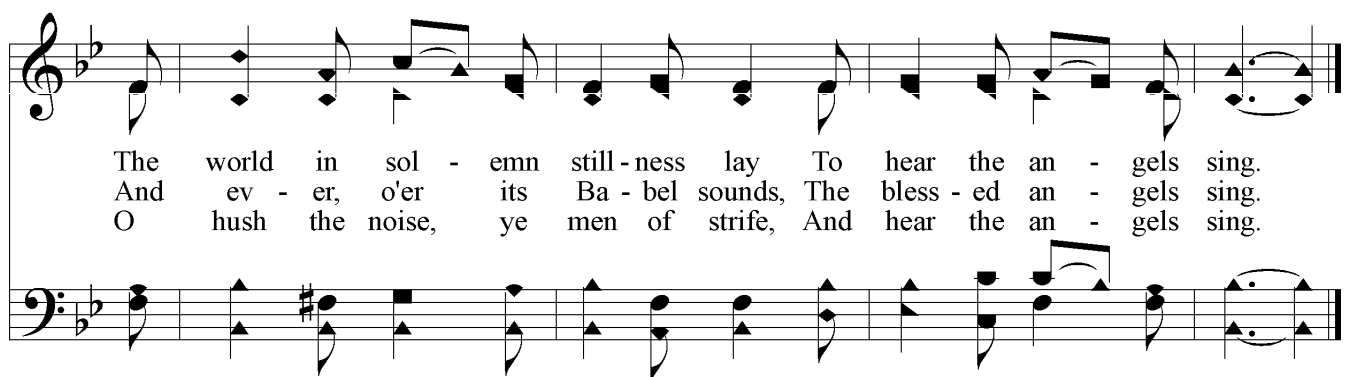
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long;



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;  
Be - neath the an - gel - strain have rolled Two thou - sand years of wrong;



"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King;"  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,  
And men, at war with men, hear not The love - song which they bring:



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
And ev - er, o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing.