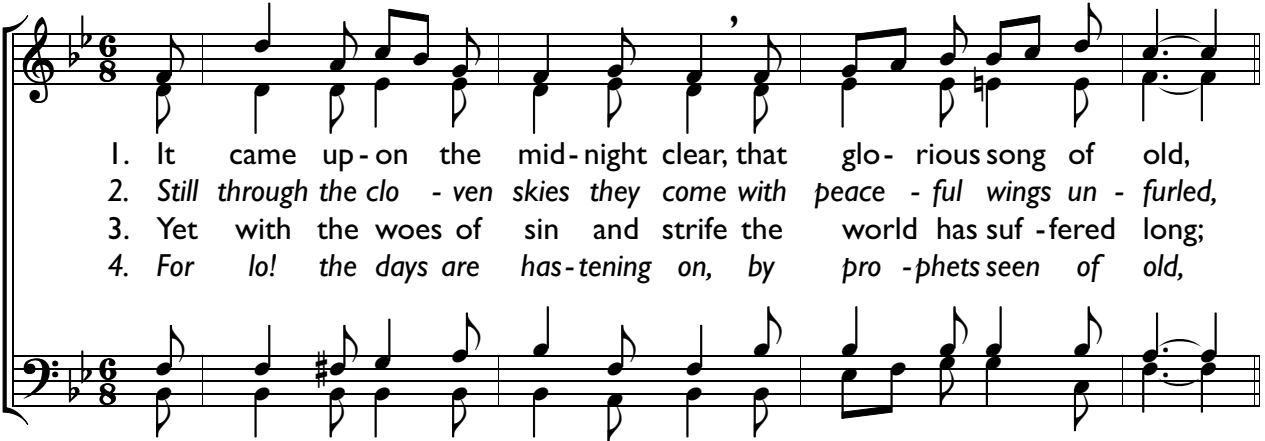


It came upon the midnight clear

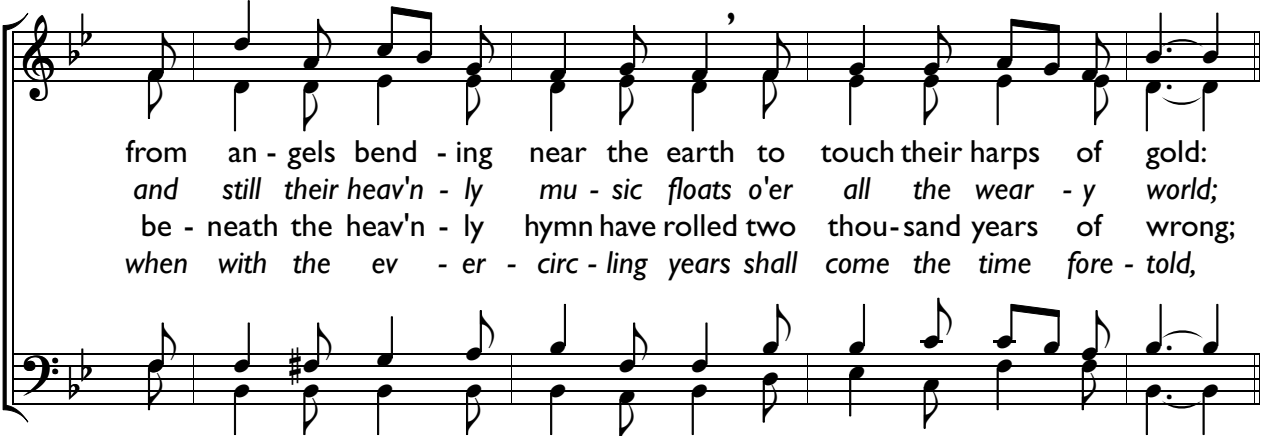
E. H. Sears
(1810-1876)

Hymnal 1982 no. 89, Melody: Carol

R. S. Willis
(1819-1900)



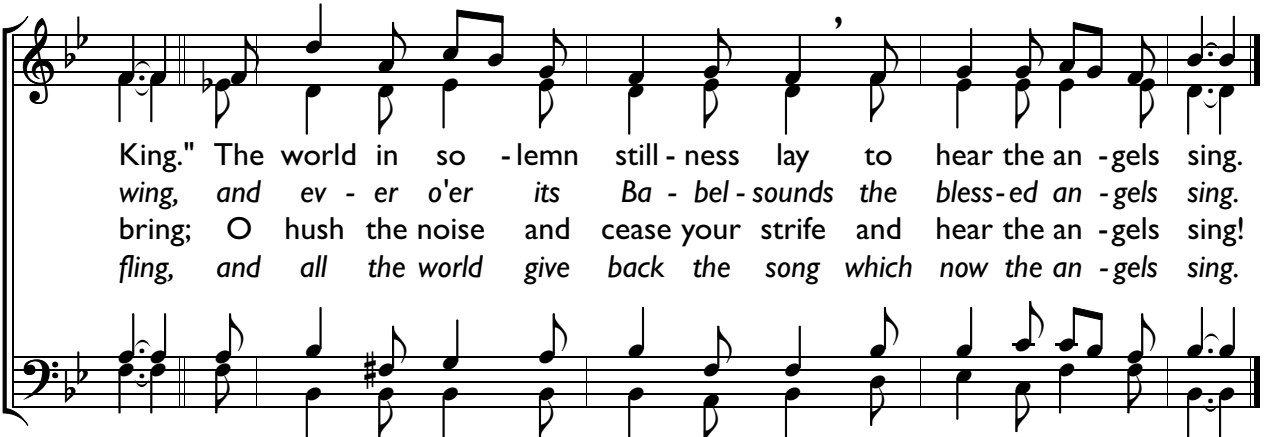
1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old,
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come with peace-ful wings un-furled,
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suf-fered long;
4. For lo! the days are has-tening on, by pro-phets seen of old,



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 wear-y world;
be-neath the heav'n-ly hymn have rolled two thou-sand years of wrong;
when with the ev-er-circ-ling years shall come the time fore-told,



"Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heav'n's all-gra-cious
a-bove its sad and low-ly plains they bend on hov-'ring
and war-ring hu-man-kind hears not the tid-ings which they
when peace shall ov-er all the earth its an-cient splen-dors



King." The world in so-lemn still-ness lay to hear the an-gels sing.
wing, and ev-er o'er its Ba-bel-sounds the bless-ed an-gels sing.
bring; O hush the noise and cease your strife and hear the an-gels sing!
fling, and all the world give back the song which now the an-gels sing.