

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

**It came upon a midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold.
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men, from heaven's all gracious King!
The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.**

**Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats, o'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hovering wing.
And ever o'er its Babel sounds, the blessed angels sing.**

**O ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way, with painful steps and slow,
Look now! For glad and golden hours, come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road, and hear the angels sing.
O rest beside the weary road, and hear the angels sing.**