

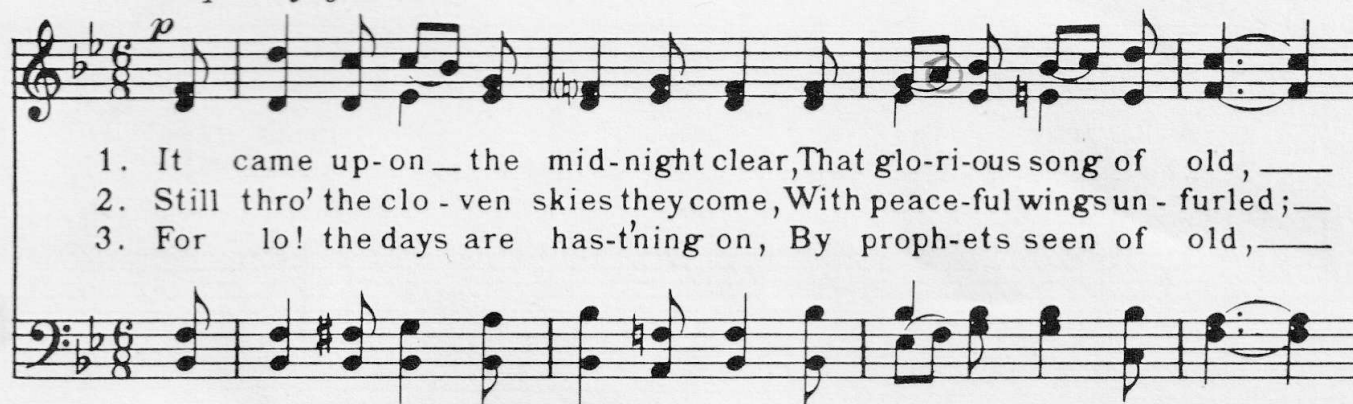
It Came upon the Midnight Clear

EDWIN H. SEARS

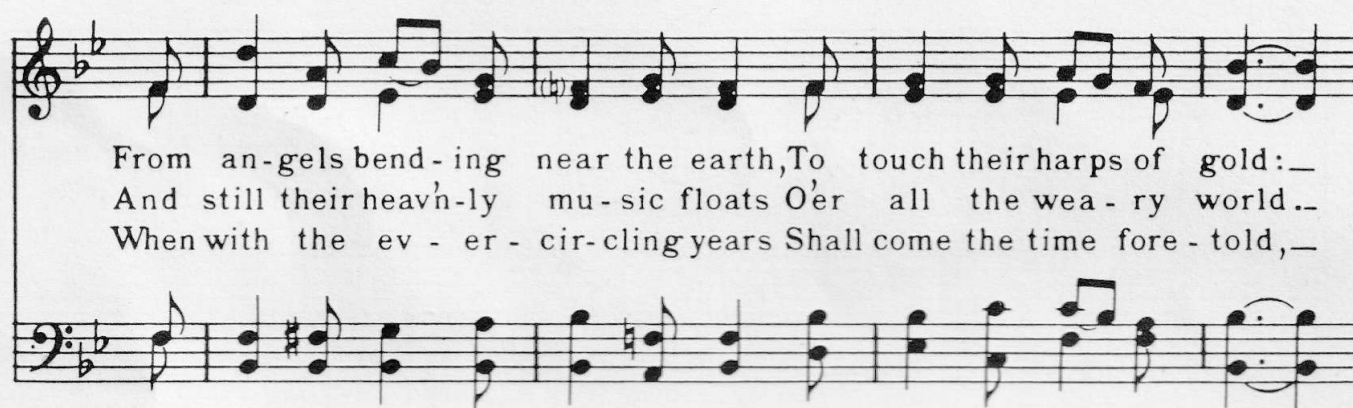
AMERICAN

RICHARD S. WILLIS

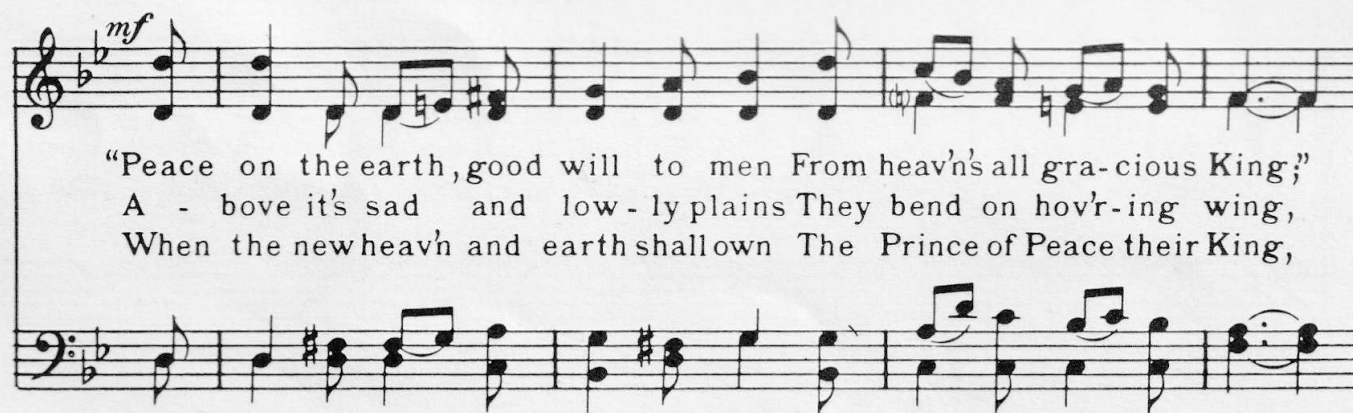
With quiet joy



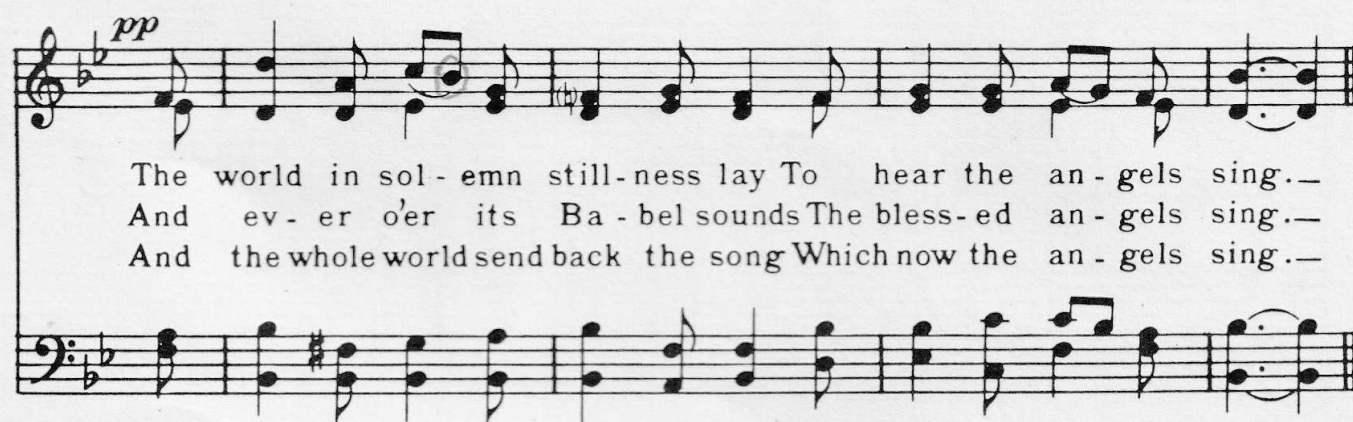
1. It came up-on—the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of old,—
2. Still thro' the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furled;—
3. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-ets seen of old,—



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 wea-ry world.—
When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Shall come the time fore-told,—



"Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav'n's all gra-cious King;"
A-bove it's sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov'r-ing wing,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,



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.—
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing.—