

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

♩ = 75
Rann N.C. G C G C A⁷ D

It came u-pon a mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
Still through the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furled;
Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world hath suf-fered long;
O ye be-neath life's cru-shing load, Whose forms are ben-ding low,
For lo! the days are ha-st'ning on, By pro-phets seen of old,

C G C D⁷ G

From an-gels ben-ding near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their hea-v'nly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world:
Be-neath the a-ngel strain have rolled Two thou-sand years of wrong;
Who toil a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow;
When with the e-ver cir-cling years Shall come the time fore-told,

B⁷ Em B Em D A⁷ D D⁷

Peace on the earth, good will to men From hea-v'ns all gra-cious King!
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend-on ho-v'ring wing,
And man, at war with man, hears not The pea- -ceful words they bring:
Look now, for glad and gol-den hours Come swi- -ftly on the wing;
When peace shal o-ver all the earth Her an- -cient splen-dors fling

The world in so -lemn still -ness lay To hear the an -gels sing.
 And e -ver o'er its Ba -bel sounds The ble -ssed a -ngels sing.
 O hush your noise, ye men of strife, And hear the a -ngels sing.
 Oh rest be -side the wea -ry road And hear the a -ngels sing.
 And all the earth send back the song Which now the a -ngels sing.