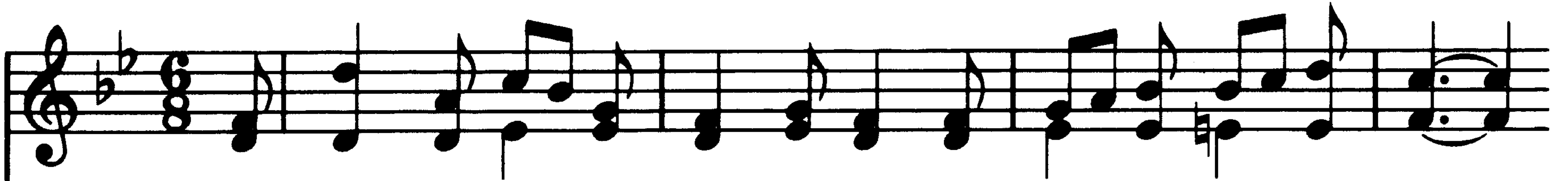
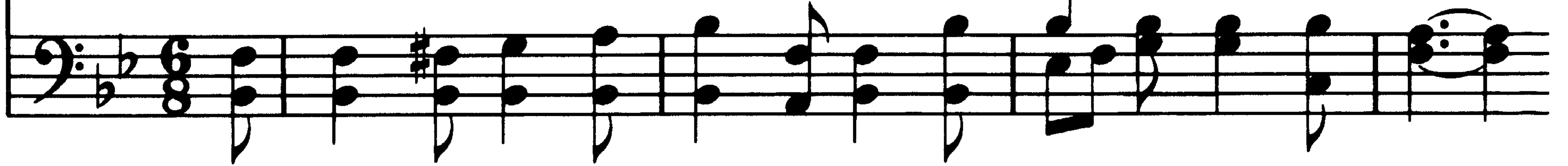


It Came upon the Midnight Clear 218



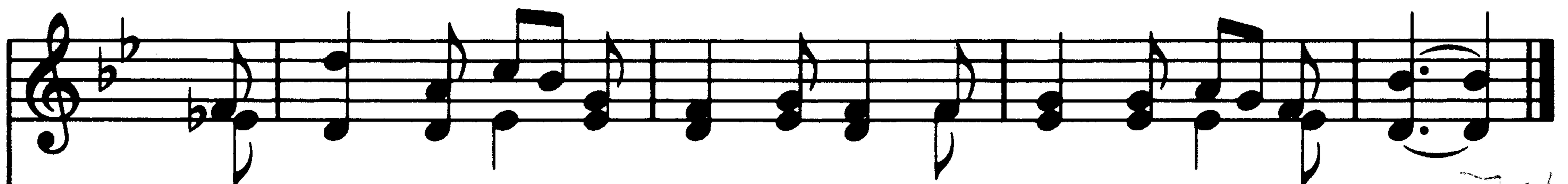
1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old,
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come with peace-ful wings un-furled,
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo! the days are has-tening on, by proph-et seen of old,



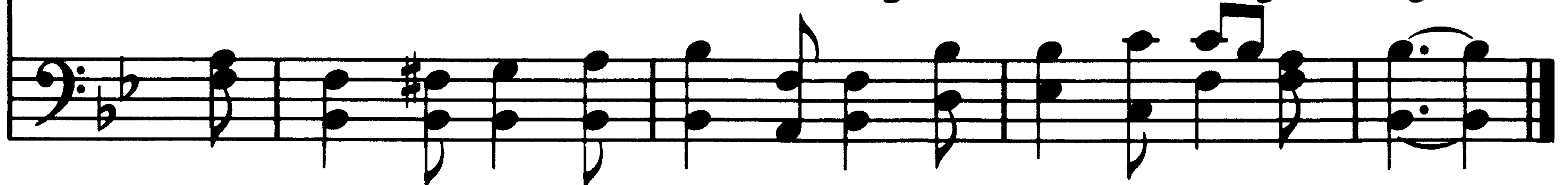
from an - gels bend-ing near the earth, to touch their harps of gold:
and still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world;
who toil a-long the climb-ing way with pain-ful steps and slow,
when with the ev - er - cir-cling years shall come the time fore - told



"Peace on the earth, good will to men,* from heaven's all-gra-cious King."
a - bove its sad and low - ly plains, they bend on hov-ering wing,
look now! for glad and gold - en hours come swift-ly on the wing.
when peace shall o - ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors fling,



The world in sol - emn still-ness lay, to hear the an - gels sing. [7] ch
and ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds the bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be-side the wea - ry road, and hear the an - gels sing!
and the whole world send back the song which now the an - gels sing.



*"all" may be substituted