No. 5. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Rev. Edmund H. Sears (1846)
Richard S. Willis (1850)
Arranged by G.P.

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
   From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:

2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
   And still their heav'n-ly music floats O'er all the wea-ry world:

3. O ye, be-neth life's crushing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
   When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Shall come the time fore-told,

4. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By prophets seen of old,
   Ah (or hum) —

Melody
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men From heav'n's all gra-cious King",
"A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov'-ring wing",
"Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing",
"When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace, their King",

The angels sing.

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.

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.