

No. 5. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Rev. Edmund H. Sears (1846)

Richard S. Willis (1850)

Arranged by G. P.

p

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-furl'd;—
 3. O ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,—
 4. For lo! the days-are has-t'ning on, By proph-ets seen of old,—

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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:—
 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,—

Ah (or hum) ————— Ah —————

mf

Melody

'Peace on the earth,—good-will 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,—

mf

Melody

pp

The an-gels sing.

Mel.

The world in sol-lemn 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.—

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