

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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

All: "Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

(Instrumental verse)

All: Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;

All: Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing.
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

All: Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world hath suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

All: And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

All: For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the Age of Gold;

All: When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And all the world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.