

Capo 3

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

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1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - ri - ous song of old,
2. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long,
3. And 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 - et bards fore - told,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
Be - neath the an - gel 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 ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good will to men," From heav'n's all - gra - cious King,
And man, at war with man, hears not The love song which they bring;
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.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.