

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears, 1851

R. Storrs Willis

1 It came u- pon the mid- night clear, that glori- us song of old, from  
2 Still through the clo- ven skies they come, with peace- ful wings un- furled; and  
3 O ye, be- neath life's crush- ing load, whose forms are bend- ing low, who  
4 For, lo! the days are hast'n- ing on by pro- phet bards fore- told, when

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an- gels bend- ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold "Peace  
still their heav'n- ly mus- ic floats o'er all the wea- ry world. A-  
toil a- long the climb- ing way, with pain- ful steps and slow, Look  
with the e- ver- circ- ling years comes round the age of gold; when

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to the earth, good-will to man, from heav'n's all-gracious king." The  
bove its sad and low-ly plains they bend on hove-ring wing, and  
up! for glad and gold-en hours come swift-ly on the wing; O  
peace shall o-ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors fling, and

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earth in so-lemn still-ness lay, to hear the an-gels sing.  
e-ver o'er its Ba-bel sounds the bless-ed ang-els sing.  
rest be-side the wea-ry road, and hear the an-gels sing.  
the whole world give back the song which now the an-gels sing