It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1810–1876
Music: Richard S. Willis, 1819–1900

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
   Brightly singing to all the world the tidings of peace.

2. Still thrice the solemn years to men the wings unfurled,
   Bringing glad tidings to earth of ushered turmoils.

3. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By prophets seen of old,
   The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'nly music floats O'er all the weary world.
When with the ev'ring circling years Shall come the time foretold,
"Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav'n's all-gracious King."
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hov'ring wing.
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,
The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.
And ev'ry o'er its bab'lin sounds The blessed angels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.