

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear [Lyrics, 6/8]

[Carol] by Edmund Hamilton Sears and Richard Storrs Willis

It came upon the midnight clear,
that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth,
to touch their harps of gold.
"Peace on the earth, good will to all,
from heaven's all-gracious king."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
to hear the angels sing.

And you, beneath life's crushing load,
whose forms are bending low,
who toil along the climbing way
with painful steps and slow,
look now! for glad and golden hours
come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road,
and hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
by prophet seen of old,
when with the ever-circling years
shall come the time foretold
when peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendors fling,
and the whole world send back the song
which now the angels sing.