

It came upon the midnight clear

1. 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, goodwill to men, from heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.
2. Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled two thousand years of wrong;
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.
4. And ye, 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!
5. For lo!, the days are hastening on, by prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years comes round the age of gold
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing.

Lyrics Edmund Sears (1849)
Melody Sir Arthur Sullivan (1874)
Also by Richard Storrs Willis (1850)