

531 IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

R S Willis
(1819-1900)

Moderato



1 It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 2 Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
 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 pro - phet bards fore - told,

1 From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
 2 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
 3 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
 4 When, with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

1 "Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all gra - cious King",
 2 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
 3 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
 4 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dours fling,

1 The world in so - lemn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 2 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 3 O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 4 And the whole world give back the song Which how the an - gels sing.