It Came upon the Midnight Clear  512

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
   The an-gels, bend-ing near the earth, Their won-drous sto-ry told
   Of peace on earth, good will to men, From heaven’s all-gra-cious King;
   The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

2. O ye be-neath life’s crush-ing load Whose forms are bend-ing low,
   Who toil a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow;
   Look now, for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
   O rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing.

3. For lo, the days are has-ten-ing on, By proph-ets seen of old,
   When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Shall come the time fore-told;
   When the new heaven and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,
   And all the world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing.

Isaiah 9:6 / Luke 2:13, 14 / Revelation 21:1. This setting of the familiar carol is well established in the United Kingdom, and throughout the British Commonwealth.

WORDS: Edmund H. Sears, adapt.  
MUSIC: English melody, Sullivan's Church Hymns with Tunes, 1874; harm. Arthur S. Sullivan

NOEL

Alternate tunes: 158, 159, 511