

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear 4

Edmund H. Sears

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. For lo! the days are hast’ning 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 send back the song
Which now the angels sing.