It came upon the midnight clear

Words by E. H. Sears

Traditional English tune adapted by Artur Sullivan

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled;
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered long;
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophetic bards foretold,

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'nly music floats O'er all the weary world:
Beneath the angel strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong;
When, with the ever-circling years, Comes round the age of gold:

'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men, From heav'n's all gracious King!
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on ho'ring wing;
And man, at war with man, hears not The love-song which they bring:
When peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendours fling,

The world in solemn stillness lay To hear, the angels sing.
And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear, the angels sing!
And the whole world give back the song Which now the angels sing.