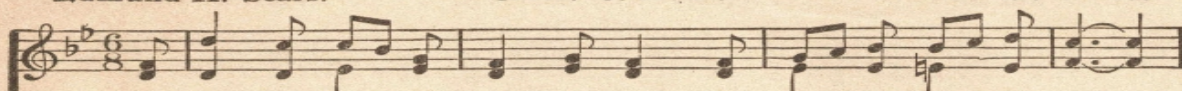


It Came Upon the Midnight.

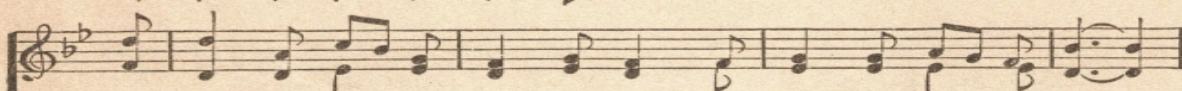
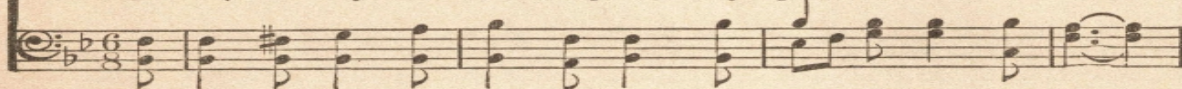
Edmund H. Sears.

Carol. C. M. D.

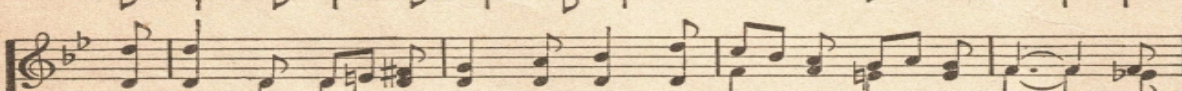
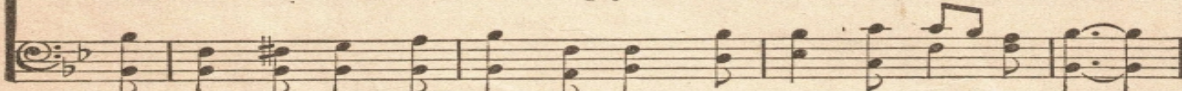
Richard S. Willis.



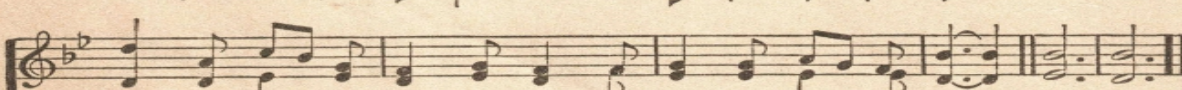
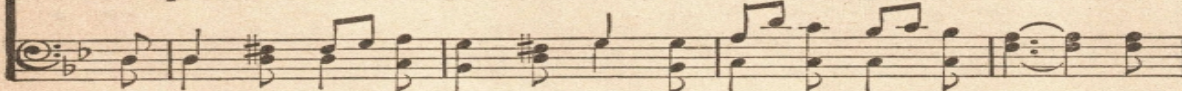
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - et bards fore - told,



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



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing: O
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling, And



world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

