It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

Words: Richard S. Willis
Music: Edmund H. Sears
arr. C. Lee Cagle

It came upon a midnight clear, that glorious song of old. From
Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled. And
For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old, When

angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold. "Peace
with the ever-circling years, Shall come the time foretold, When

on the earth goodwill to men, From heaven's all glorious King!" The
bove its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing, And
the new heav'n and earth shall own. The Prince of Peace their King, And

world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.
ever o'er its Bab - el sounds The bless-ed angels sing.
the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.

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