

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Words by
E. H. Sears
(1810-76)

English traditional melody
adapted by Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old.
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long;

5
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 wea - ry world;
Be - neath the an - gel - strain have rolled Two thou - sand years of wrong;

10
'Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King!
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on ho - v'ring wing;
And man, at man with man, hears not The love - song which they bring;

15
The world in so - lemn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!