It Came upon the Midnight Clear

An angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. Luke 2:9

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, good-will to men, From heav’n’s all-gracious King!
   The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

2. Still thro’ the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurled,
   And still their heav’nly music floats O’er all the weary world;
   Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing,
   And ever o’er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

3. And ye, beneath life’s crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
   Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow;
   When with the ever-circling years Shall come the time foretold,
   When peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendor fling.

4. For lo, the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old,
   When with the ever-circling years Shall come the time foretold,
   When peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendor fling.
   And ever o’er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

TEXT: Edmund H. Sears
MUSIC: Richard S. Willis

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Pr. Marcelo Augusto de Carvalho