It Came upon the Midnight Clear

“Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God...” (Luke 2:15)

EDGAR H. STACEY

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old.
2. Still thro’ the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled,
3. And ye, beneath life’s crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophets’ bards foretold,

From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heavenly music floats O’er all the weary world:
Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow,
When with the ever-circling years Comes round the age of gold,

“Peace on the earth, good will to men,” From heaven’s all-gracious King.
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hollow wing.
Look now for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing.
When peace shall o’er all the earth Its ancient splendors fling,

The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing.
And ever o’er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.
O rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing!
And the whole world give back the song Which now the angels sing.