

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

♩. = 44-54 *Brightly*

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of old,
 2. Still thru the clo-ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un-furled,
 3. For lo! the days are hast-'ning on, By proph-ets seen of old,

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.
 When with the ev-er-cir-cle years Shall come the time fore-told,

"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 hov-'ring wing,
 When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its ba - belsounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
And the wholeworld send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1810–1876
Music: Richard S. Willis, 1819–1900

Luke 2:8–17
Alma 5:50