



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 HEAVEN'S ALL-GRACIOUS KING" -  
THE WORLD IN SOLEMN STILLNESS LAY  
TO HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

STILL THROUGH THE CLOVEN SKIES THEY COME  
WITH PEACEFUL WINGS UNFURLED,  
AND STILL THEIR HEAVENLY 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.

BUT WITH THE WOES OF SIN AND STRIFE  
THE WORLD HAS SUFFERED LONG;  
BENEATH THE ANGEL-STRAIN HAVE ROLLED  
TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF WRONG;  
AND MAN, AT WAR WITH MAN, HEARS NOT  
THE LOVE SONG WHICH THEY BRING; -  
O HUSH THE NOISE, YE MEN OF STRIFE,  
AND HEAR THE ANGELS SING!

AND YE, BENEATH LIFE'S CRUSHING LOAD,  
WHOSE FORMS ARE BENDING LOW,  
WHO TOIL ALONG THE CLIMBING WAY  
WITH PAINFUL STEPS AND SLOW,  
LOOK NOW! FOR GLAD AND GOLDEN HOURS  
COME SWIFTLY ON THE WING; -  
OH, REST BESIDE THE WEARY ROAD  
AND HEAR THE ANGELS SING!

FOR LO! THE DAYS ARE HASTENING ON  
BY PROPHET BARDS FORETOLD,  
WHEN, WITH THE EVER CIRCLING YEARS  
SHALL COME THE AGE OF GOLD;  
WHEN PEACE SHALL OVER ALL THE EARTH,  
ITS ANCIENT SPLENDORS FLING,  
AND THE WHOLE WORLD GIVE BACK THE SONG,  
WHICH NOW THE ANGELS SING.

*It came upon  
a midnight clear*

EDMUND H. SEARS (1849)