**It Came Upon the Midnight Clear**

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. 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!
3. For lo! the days are hast’ning on, by prophet seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years, shall come the time foretold
When Christ shall come and all shall own, The Prince of Peace, their King,
And saints shall meet Him in the air, and with the angels sing.