

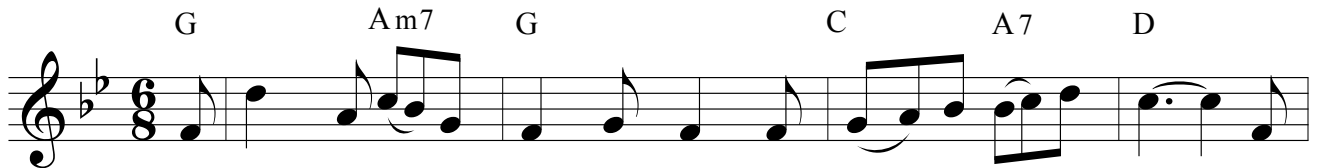
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

The Presbyterian Hymnal, 38

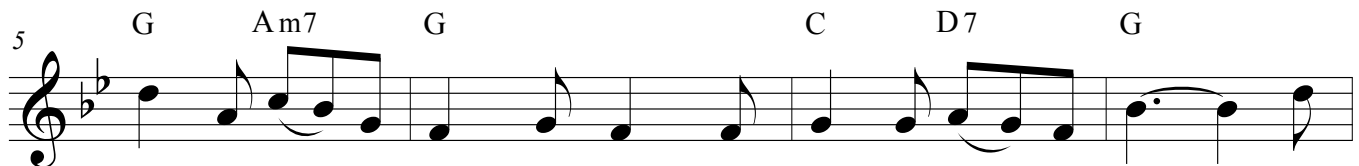
Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1849

Richard Storrs Willis, 1850

GUITAR CAPO 3 EASY VERSION



It came up-on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From
Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled, And
And ye, be - neat life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low, Who
For lo, the days are has - tening on, By proph - et bards fore - told, When



an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace
still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world: A -
toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow, Look
with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold; When



on the earth, good will to all, From heaven's all - gra - cious King": The
bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing, And
now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing: O
peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient slen - dors fling, And



world in sol - lemn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.