

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

A D/A A D B7 Esus E

A D/A A D E7 A

C 7 F min E B7 E E7

A D/A A D E7 A

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.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world hath 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.

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 all the world give back the song
 Which now the angels sing.