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 its 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.