

It came upon a midnight clear (vss. 1 & 4)

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 angel’s sing.

For lo! The days are hastening on, by prophets seen of old,

When with the ever-circling years shall come the time foretold,

When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,

And all the world give back the song which now the angels sing.