

Reverently
♩ = 52

It Came upon the Midnight Clear



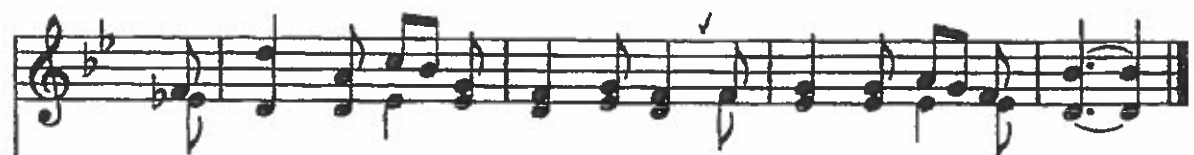
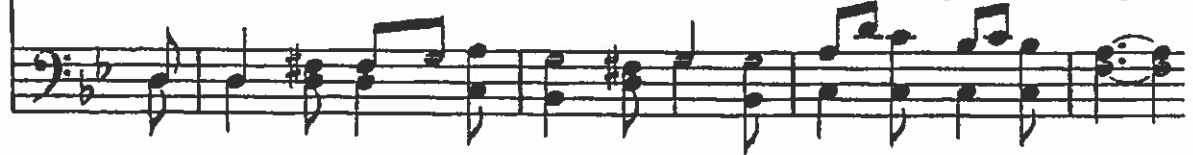
1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glo-ri-ous song of old,
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come with peace-ful wings un-furled,
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo! the days are has-tening on, by proph-et seen of old,



from an - gels bend-ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
and still their heav-en-ly mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world;
who toil a-long the climb-ing way with pain-ful steps and slow,
when with the ev - er - cir-cling years shall come the time fore - told



"Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all-gra-cious King."
a - bove its sad and low - ly plains, they bend on hov-ering wing,
look now! for glad and gold - en hours come swift-ly on the wing.
when peace shall o - ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors fling,



The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, to hear the an-gels sing.
and ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds the bless-ed an-gels sing.
O rest be-side the wea-ry road, and hear the an-gels sing!
and the whole world send back the song which now the an-gels sing.

