It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Soprano Descant

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of peace, With peace-ful wings un-forms are bend-ing.

2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un-forms are bend-ing.

3. And ye, be-neath life's crushing load, Whose peace-ful wings un-forms are bend-ing.

4. For lo! peace-ful wings un-forms are bend-ing.

old, From furled, And still their heaven-ly near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; Peace
furled, And well, Who toil a-long the music floats O'er all the wea-ry, world; A
low, Who toil a-long the music floats O'er all the wea-ry, world; A

on, the time fore-told,

on the earth, good will to men. From bend on hovering wing. And
boye its sad and low-ly plains, They bend on hovering wing. And

now! for glad and gold-en hours Come The splen-dors fling.

When peace splen-dors fling.

world in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.

ever o-ver its Ba-bel sounds The blessed an-gels sing.

rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing.