

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund Sears, 1849, in the Christian Register (Boston, Massachusetts: December 29, 1849), volume 28, number 52, page 206.

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, goodwill to men,
From heav'n'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 sound
The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet seen of old,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.