

1) It came u-pon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old, from an-gels bending near the earth  
2) Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings un-furled; and still their heavenly music floats

1) to touch their harps of gold: peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all-gracious King!  
2) o'er all the wea-ry world: a-bove its sad and low-ly plains, they bend on hovering wing;

1) The world in so-lemn still-ness lay, to hear the an-gels sing.  
2) and e-ver o'er its Ba-bel sounds, the bles-sed an-gels sing

3

*p* Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has 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.

4\*

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.

5

*mf* For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When, with the ever-circling years,  
Comes round the age of gold;  
*f* When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.