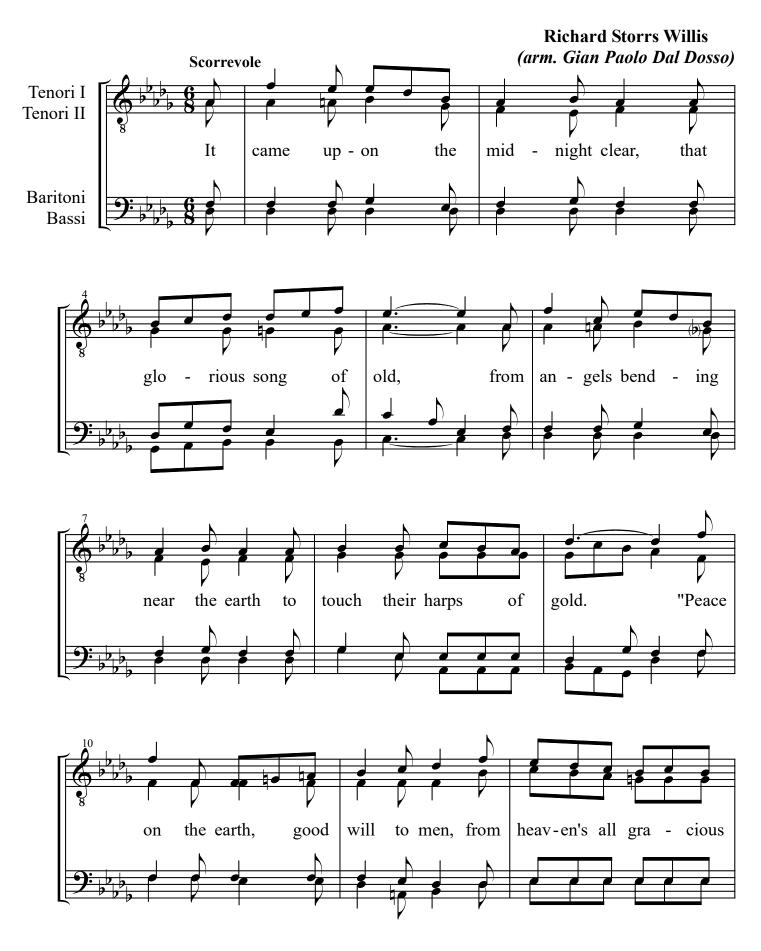
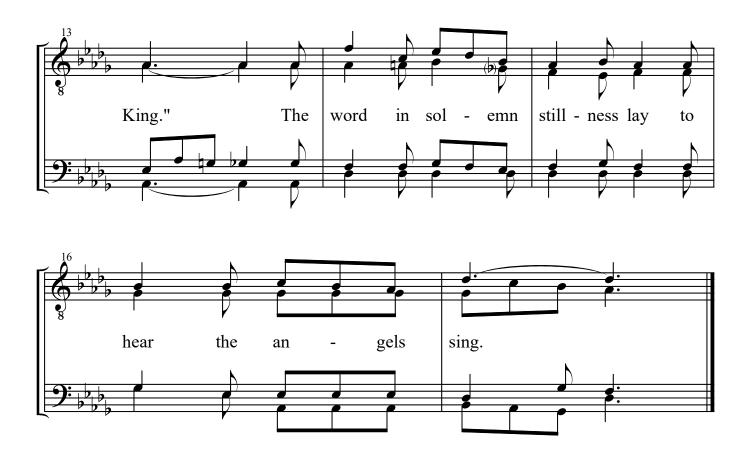
It came upon the midnight clear



2018 ${\ensuremath{\mathbb C}}$ I Madrigalisti Anonimi



2

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 ben on hov'ring wing, and ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.

3

And ye, beneath life's crushing load whose form are bending low, wo 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!