

It came upon the midnight clear

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Scorrevole

Tenori I
Tenori II

Baritoni
Bassi

It came up - on the mid - night clear, that

4

glo - rious song of old, from an - gels bend - ing

7

near the earth to touch their harps of gold. "Peace

10

on the earth, good will to men, from heav-en's all gra - cious

13
8

King." The word in sol - emn still - ness lay to

16
8

hear the an - gels sing.

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!