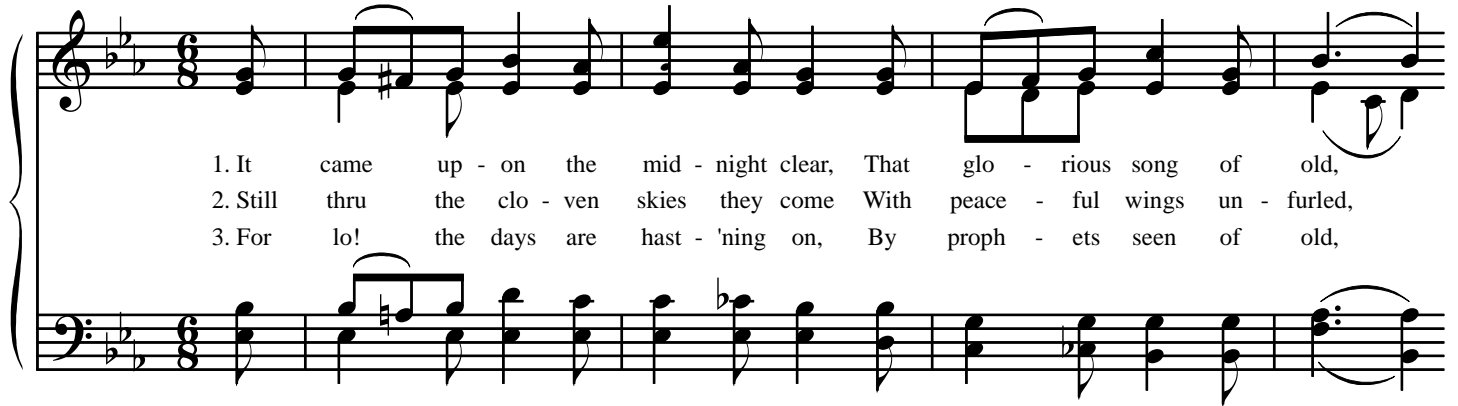


It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

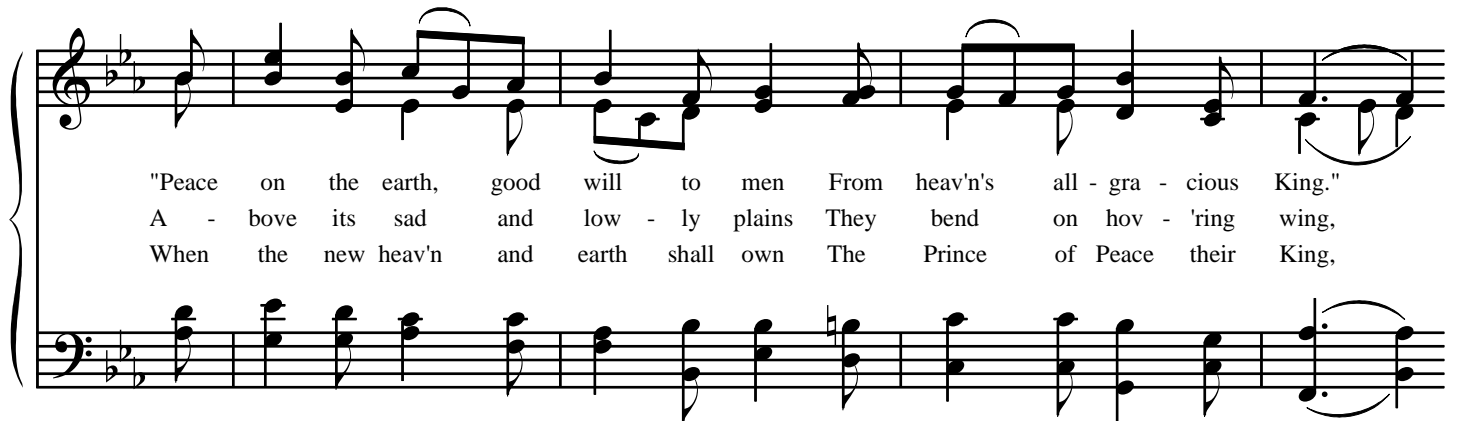
Calmly ♩ = 44



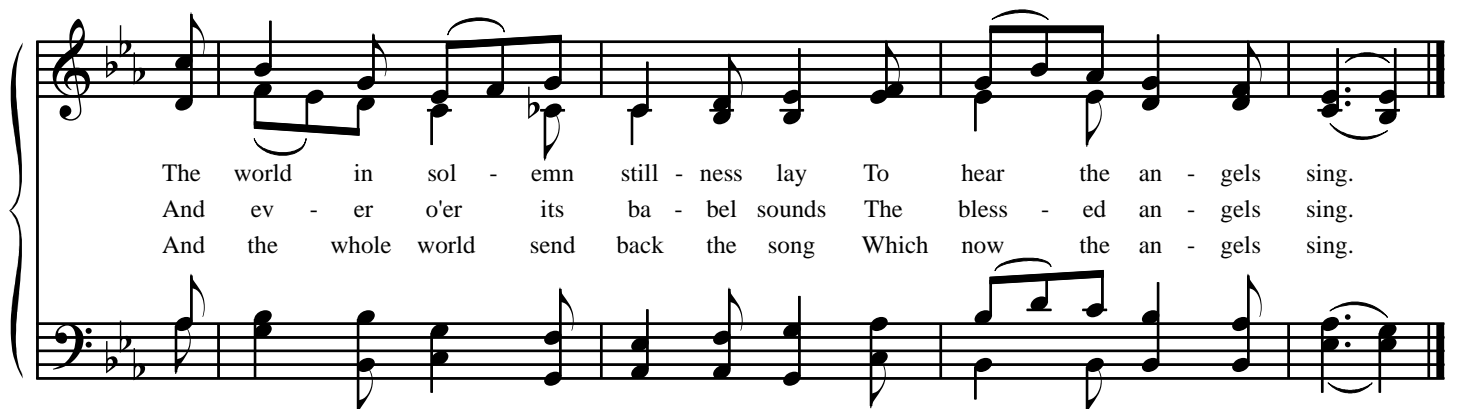
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thru the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,
3. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world.
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,



"Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Text: Edmund H. Sears, 1810-1876
Music: Andrew Moore

Luke 2:8-17
Alma 5:50