

# It Came upon the Midnight Clear

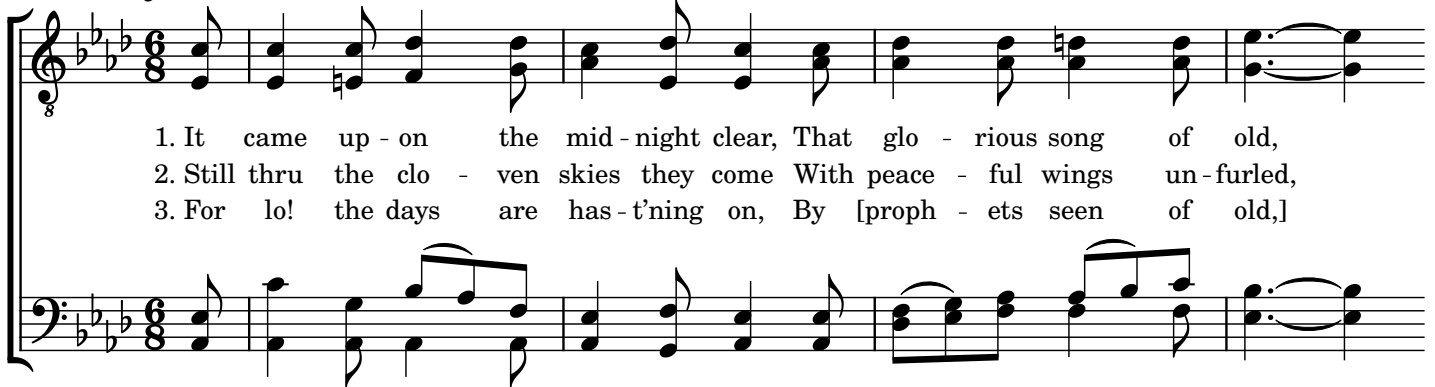
(T. T. B. B.)

Words: Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876); in *Christian Register*, vol. 28, no. 52 (29 December 1849), p. 206; altered

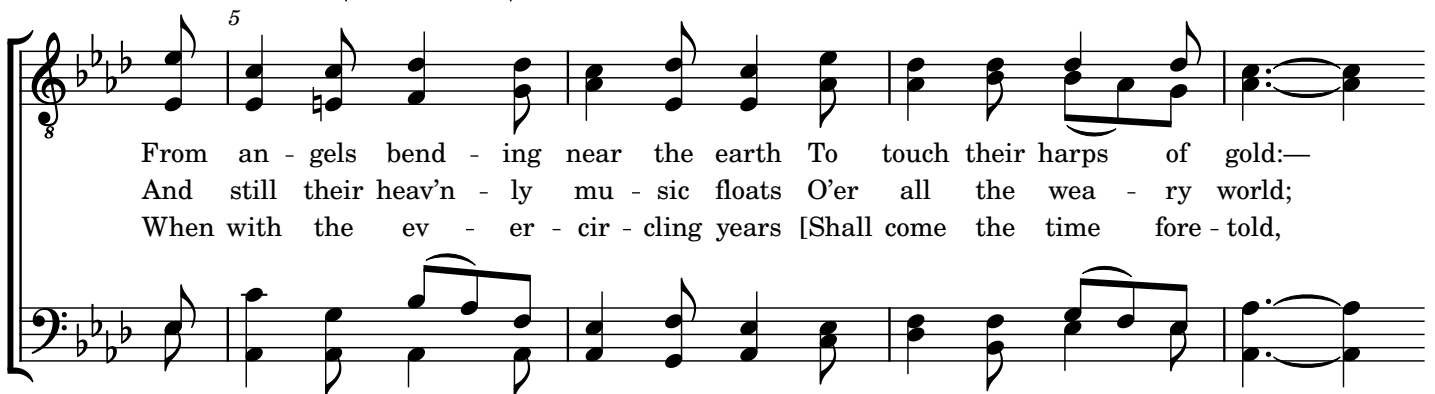
Music: Richard Storrs Willis (1819-1900); from "Study No. 23", *Church Chorals and Choir Studies* (1850), p. 93

Tune name: CAROL

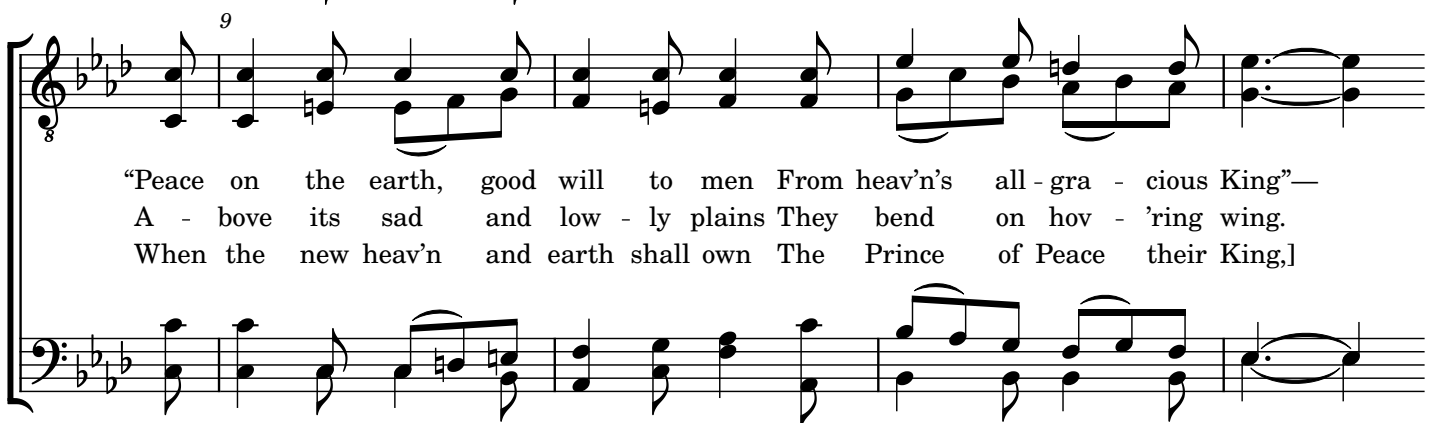
♩. = 44-54



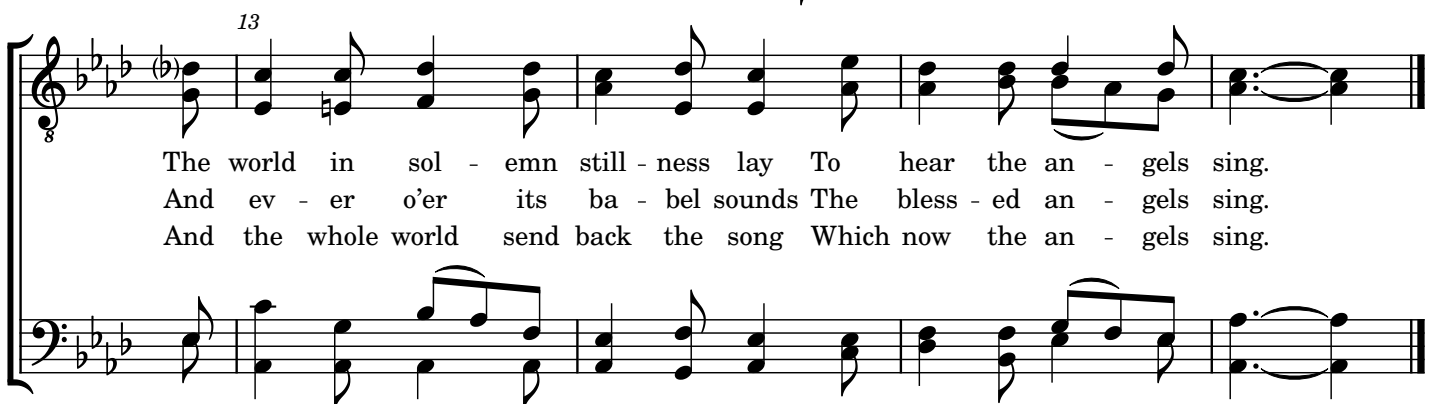
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2. Still thru the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
3. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By [proph - ets seen of old,]



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.