It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Setting: "Order of worship for the Reformed Church in the United States", 1866.
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1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still through the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurled,
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered long;
4. And ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
5. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By prophet-bards foretold,

From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world;
Be beneath the angel strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong;
Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow,
When with the ever circling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From Heaven's all gracious King."
Above its sad and lowly plains, They bend on hov'ring wing.
And man, at war with man, hears not The love-song which they bring;
Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing.
When peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendors fling,

The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing.
And ever over its Ba bel sounds The blessed angels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife And hear the angels sing.
O rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing!
And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.