

Piano

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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It came up on the mid night clear, That Glo rious song of  
O ye, be neath life's crush ing load, Whose forms are bend ing

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old, From an gels bend ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace  
low, Who toil a long the climb ing way With pain ful steps and slow, Look

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on the earth, good will to men, From heav' n's all gra cious King." The  
now! for glad and gold en hours Come swift ly on the wing; O

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world in sol emn still ness lay To hear the an gels sing.  
rest be side the wear y road and hear the an gels ing!