

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Annie Haslam

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing!

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
"O hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing!"

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled
And still their heavenly music floats
Over all the weary world
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing
And ever over its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing

All ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low
Who 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!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold
When with the ever-circling years
Comes 'round the age of gold
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing!