

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

G C G C A7 D7
It came up-on the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
G C G C D7 G
From angels bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold:
Em B7 Em D A7 D D7
“Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven’s all gracious king;”
G C G C D7 G
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

G C G C A7 D7
Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings un-furled,
G C G C D7 G
And still their heavenly music floats o’er all the weary world:
Em B7 Em D A7 D D7
A-bove its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hovering wing;
G C G C D7 G
And ever o’er its Babel sounds, the blessed angels sing.

G C G C A7 D7
O ye, be-neath life’s crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
G C G C D7 G
Who toil a-long the climbing way, with painful steps and slow.
Em B7 Em D A7 D D7
Look now, for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing;
G C G C D7 G
O rest be-side the weary road, and hear the angels sing.

G C G C A7 D7
For lo, the days are hastening on, by prophets seen of old,
G C G C D7 G
When with the ever circling years, shall come the time fore-told,
Em B7 Em D A7 D D7
When the new heaven and earth shall own, the Prince of Peace their king;
G C G C D7 G
And the whole world send back the song, which now the angels sing.