

Bass

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

Words by
E.H. Sears

Traditional English tune
adapted by Arthur Sullivan

In moderate time ♩ = 92

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old,
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wing un - furled;



3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf-fered long:
4. For lo! the days are hasten-ing on, By proph-et - bards fore - told,

6 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;



Be - neath the an - gel - strain have rolled Two thou - sand years of wrong:
When, with the ev - er cir - cling years, Comes round the age of gold:

11 'Peace on the eath, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - grac - ious King!
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on ho - v'ring wing;



And man, at war with man, hears not The love - song which they bring:
When peace shall o - ver all the earth It's an - cient splen-dours fling,

16 The world in so - lemn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And e - ver o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.



O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.