

# 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!