

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 wings un - furled,
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing, low,

6

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
 And still their heav - enly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow

11

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all gra - cious King;"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,
 Long now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;

16

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.