

# LSB 366 It Came upon the Midnight Clear

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## **Verse 1**

1 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, goodwill to all,  
From heav'n's all-gracious king."  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

## **Verse 2**

2 Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heav'nly music floats  
O'er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hov'ring wing,  
And ever o'er its babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

## **Verse 3**

3 All you, beneath your heavy load,  
By care and guilt bent low,  
Who toil along a dreary way  
With painful steps and slow:  
Look up, for golden is the hour,  
Come swiftly on the wing,  
The Prince was born to bring you peace;  
Of Him the angels sing.

## **Verse 4**

4 For lo, the days have come to pass  
By prophets seen of old,  
When down into the circling years  
Came Christ as was foretold.  
His word of peace shall to the earth  
God's ancient promise bring,  
And all who take this gift will hear  
The song the angels sing.