

It Came upon the Midnight Clear 191

Bb Bb+ Eb Bb F9 Bb Eb Eb C7 C7 F

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 For lo, the days are has-tening on, by proph-ets seen of old,

N.C. Bb Bb+ Eb Bb F9 Bb Bb Eb F7 Bb

from an-gels bend-ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
 and still their heav-en-ly mu-sic floats o'er all the wea-ry world;
 when, with the ev-er-cir-cling years, shall come the time fore-told,

N.C. D D Gm D Gm Gm F C7 F

"Peace on the earth, good-will to all, from heaven's all gra-cious King":
 a-bove its sad and low-ly plains they bend on hov-ering wing,
 when peace shall o-ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors fling,

F7 Bb Bb+ Eb Bb F9 Bb Bb Eb F7 Bb

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.
 and all the world give back the song which now the an-gels sing.