It came upon the midnight clear

Arthur Sullivan

1. It came upon the midnight clear, that
glorious song of old,
2. Still through the cloven skies they come, with
peaceful wings unfurled;
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suffered long;
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, by
prophet bards foretold.

from angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
and still their heav'nly music floats o'er all the weary world;
when, with the ever-circling years comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, from heav'n's all-gracious King!"
above its sad and lowly plains they bend on ho'ring wing:
when peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,

The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.
and ever o'er its Babylounds the blessèd angels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, and hear the angels sing.
and the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing.

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