

- 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, good-will to men," From heaven's all-gracious King! The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurled; And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world; Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing, And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessèd angels sing.
- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has waited long;
 Beneath the angel strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The words of peace they bring:
 Oh! listen now, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing.
- 4 O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well This weary world below; Thou seëst how men climb the way With painful steps and slow. Oh! still the jarring sounds of earth That round the pathway ring, And bid the toilers rest awhile To hear the angels sing! Amen.

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810 - 76.