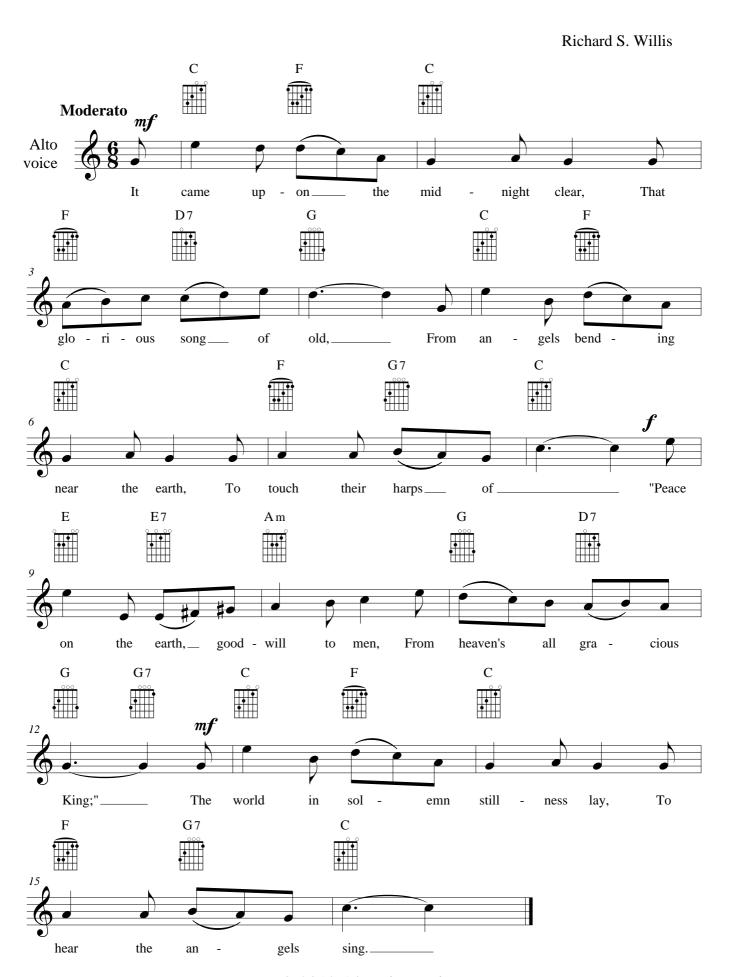
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear



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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 blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing; O rest beside the weary road And hear the angels sing

For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old When with the ever circling years Shall come the time foretold When the new heaven and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.