IT CAME UPON THE MIGHTNIGHT CLEAR

CAPO TO Ab

G C G C G C A7 D D7
It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glorious song of old,
Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings un-furled,
And ye, be-neath life’s crush-ing load, whose forms are bending low,
For lo, the days are hast’ning on, by prophet bards fore-told,

G C G G C G Am D7 G
From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav’nly mu-sic floats o’er all the weary world:
Who toil a-long the climb-ing way with pain-ful steps and slow,
When with the ever-cir-cling years comes round the age of gold;

B Em B Em D A7 D
“Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heav’n’s all-gracious King”;
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains they bend on hov’ring wing,
Look now! For glad and gold-en hours come swiftly on the wing:
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,

G C G C G C Am D7 G
The world in solemn still-ness lay to hear the angels sing.
And ever o’er its Ba-bel sounds the bless-ed angels sing.
O rest be-side the wear-y road and hear the angels sing.
And the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing.