

IT CAME UPON THE MIGHTNIGHT CLEAR

Page 200 Trinity Hymnal, p. 217 in guitar fake book
Violin (Word), p. 128 (transposed to match)

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- furl'd,
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 C G C 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.