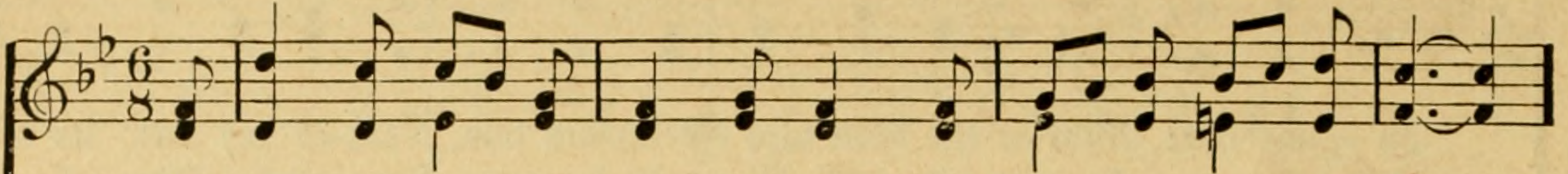


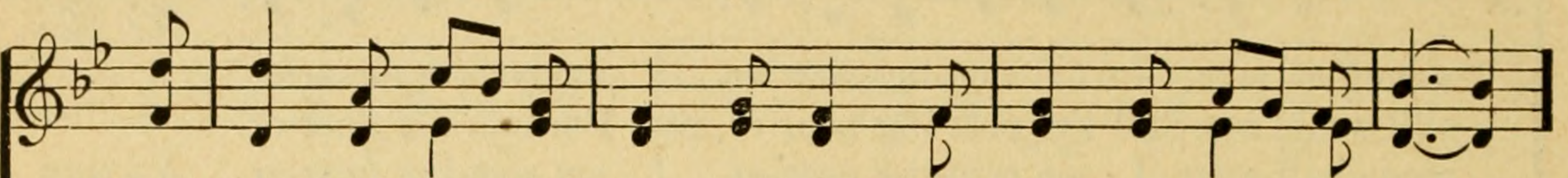
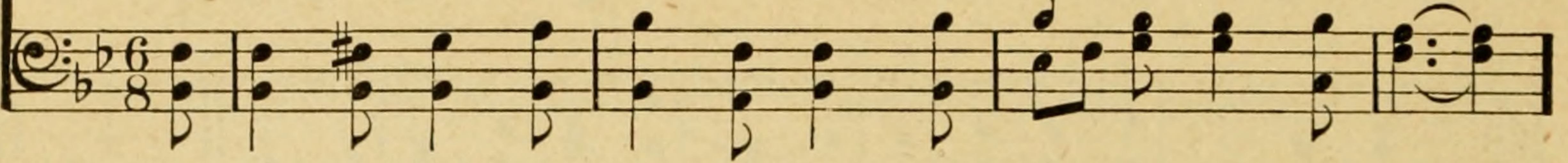
Edmund H. Sears.

Carol. C. M. D.

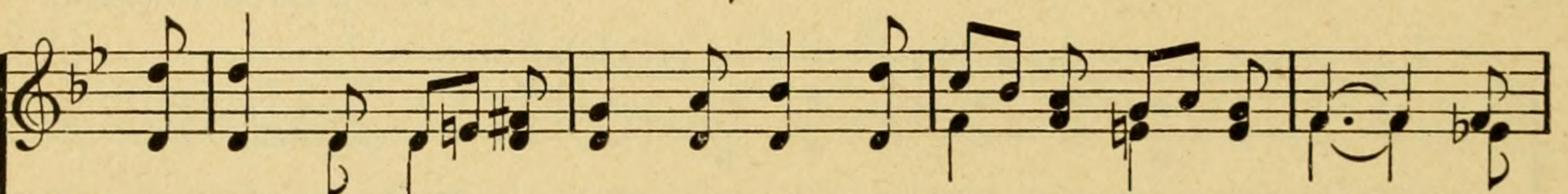
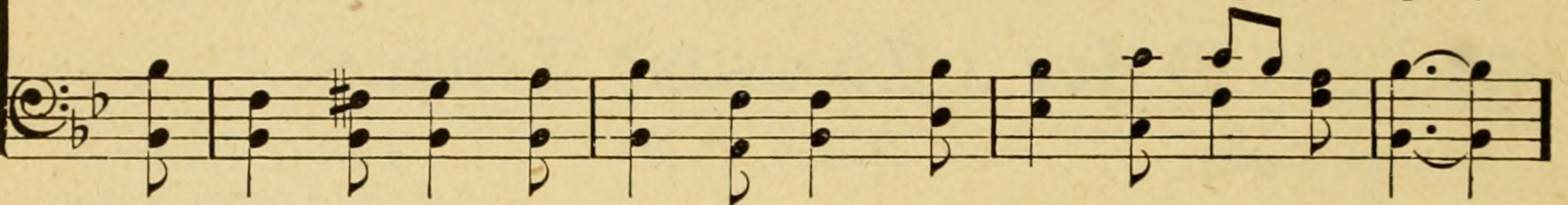
Richard S. Willis.



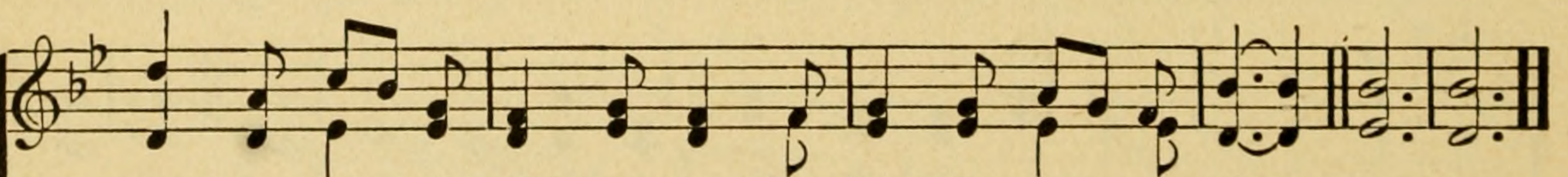
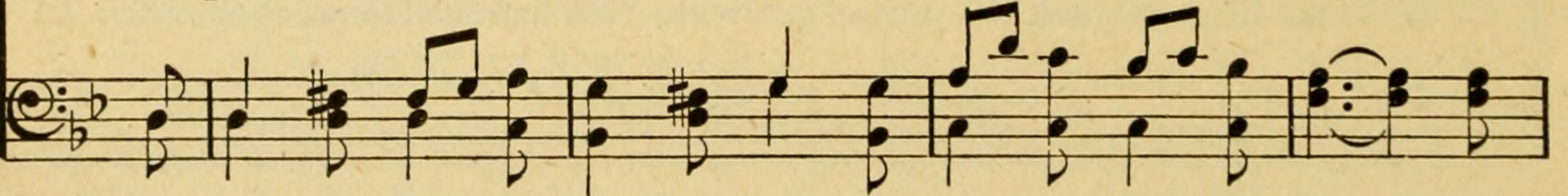
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et bards fore-told,



From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
 And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:  
 Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,  
 When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And  
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing: O  
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling, And



world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
 ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.  
 rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.  
 the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

