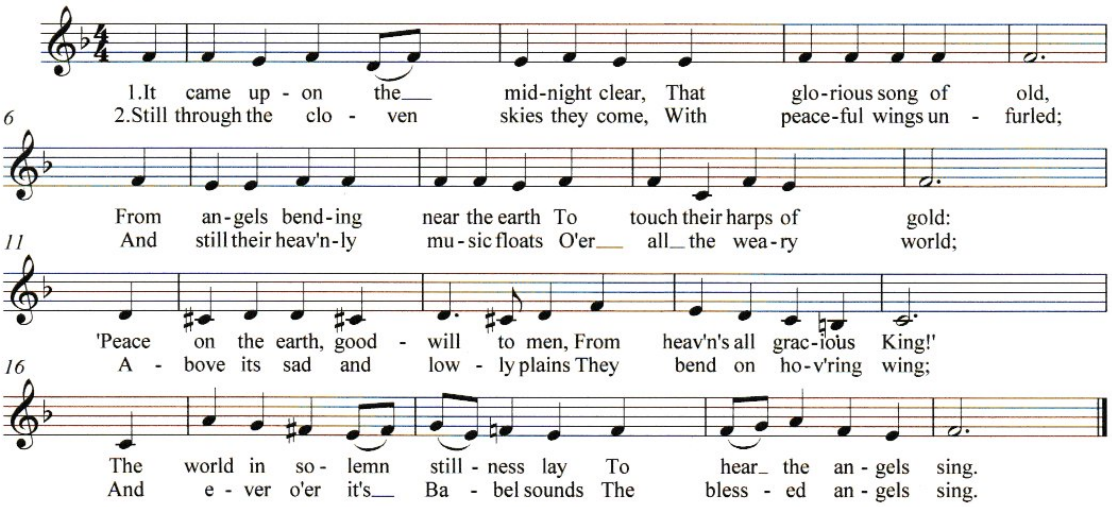
ALTO

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Moderate



Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the ange-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong:
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the nolise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo' the days are hastening on,
By prophets-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient spendours fling,
And the shole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.