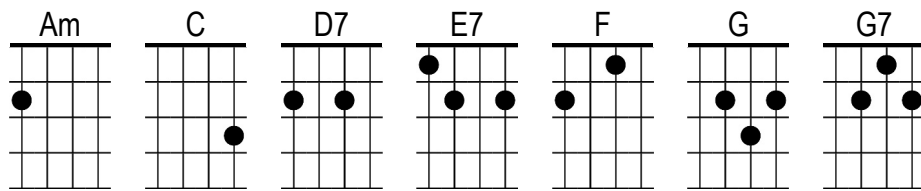


It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Christmas



It **C** came u**F**pon the **C** midnight | clear
That **F** glorious **D7** song of **G7** old, |
From **C** angels **F** bending **C** near the | earth
To **F** touch their **G7** harps of **C** gold |
Peace **E7** on the | earth, good **Am** will to | men
From **G** heaven's all **D7** gracious **G7** King |
The **C** world in **F** solemn **C** stillness | lay
To **F** hear the **G7** angels **C** sing |

Still **C** through the **F** cloven **C** skies they | come
With **F** peaceful **D7** wings un**G7**furled |
And **C** still their **F** heavenly **C** music | floats
O'er **F** all the **G7** weary **C** world |
A **E7**bove its | sad and **Am** lowly | plains
They **G** bend on **D7** hovering **G7** wing |
And **C** ever **F** o'er its **C** Babel | sounds
The **F** blessed **G7** angels **C** sing |

Yet **C** with the **F** woes of **C** sin and | strife
The **F** world hath **D7** suffered **G7** long |
Be **C**neath the **F** angel-**C**strain have | rolled
Two **F** thousand **G7** years of **C** wrong |
And **E7** man, at | war with **Am** man, hears | not
The **G** love song **D7** which they **G7** bring |
O **C** hush the **F** noise, ye **C** men of | strife
And **F** hear the **G7** angels **C** sing |

For **C** lo' the **F** days are **C** hastening | on
By **F** prophet **D7** bards fore **G7** told |
When, **C** with the **F** ever-**C**circling | years
Shall **F** come the **G7** Age of **C** Gold |
When **E7** peace shall | over **Am** all the | earth
Its **G** ancient **D7** splendors **G7** fling |
And **C** all the **F** world give **C** back the | song
Which **F** now the **G7** angels **C** sing **C**↓