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It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

arr. Joe Pisano 10/2000

It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of
Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un -
And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing
For lo! The days are hast' - ning on, By pro - phet - bards fore -

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old, From an - gels, bend - ing near the earth To
furled, And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er
low, Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With
told, When, with the e - ver - cir - cling years, Comes

touch their harps of gold: (Peace and
all the wear - y world: (Sad and
pain - ful steps and slow, (Glad and
round the Age of Gold, (Peace shall

'Peace on the earth, good
A - bove its sad and
Look now! For glad and
When peace shall o - ver

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good will) (Heav - en's king) The world in so - lemn
low - ly) (Bend on wing) And e - ver o'er it's
gold - en) (On the wing) O rest be - side the
o - ver) (Splen - dours fling) And the whole world give

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will to men From heav'ns all gra - cious king!'
low - ly plains They bend on hov' - ring wing,
gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
all the earth Its an - cient splen - dours fling,

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still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing!
back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

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