

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold ;  
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,  
From Heaven's all-gracious King:"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing

Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world ,  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on heavenly wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long ;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong ;  
And men, at war with men, hear not  
The love-song which they bring  
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing.

And ye beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the weary way  
With painful steps and slow ;  
Look now ! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold ;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing,

—*Edmund H. Sears, 1860.*