

It Came Upon

Written by W.J.Pais



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

Still thru' the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled
And still their heavenly music floats
Through all the weary world.
Above the sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing
And ever o'er the Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing

And ye beneath life's crushing loads
Whose forms are bending low
Who toll along the climbing way
With painful steps and low
Look now for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing
Of rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

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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 splendors fling
The whole wide world gives back the song
Which now the angels sing

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