



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With  
*Introit.* The Shep - herds went in haste and found A



glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing  
 peace - ful wings un - furled, And still their heav'n - ly  
 fam - 'ly on this night, 'Twas Ma - ry, Jo - seph,



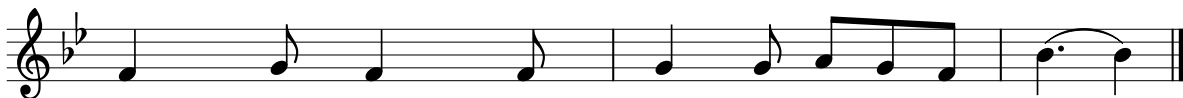
near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace  
 mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world: A -  
 and the child, O what a glo - rious sight! Our



on the earth, good will to men From  
 bove its sad and low - ly plains They  
 God is in his ho - ly place, The



heav'n's all gra - cious King;" The world in sol - emn  
 bend on hov - 'ring wing, And ev - er o'er its  
 God who wills to bring His peo - ple to his



still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.  
 Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 house to dwell, Where all the an - gels sing.

*Text: Edmund H Sears, 1810-1876, Introit, Holy Family of Jesus, Mary & Joseph, RM; Psalm 67: 6,7,36, Deus in loco sancto GR, adapted Luke Massery, © 2020. Tune: CAROL CMD by Richard S. Willis, 1819-1900*