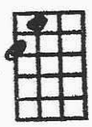
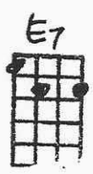
# IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR



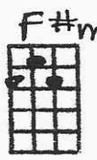

It [A] came u- [D] pon a midnight [A] clear
That [D] glorious [B7] song of [E7] old
From [A] angels [D] bending [A] near the earth
To [D] touch their [E7] harps of [A] gold
"Peace [C#] on the earth, good [F#m] will to men
From [E7] heaven's all [B7] gracious [E7] King;"
The [A] world in [D] solemn [A] stillness lay,
To [D] hear the [E7] angels [A] sing













Still [A] through the [D] cloven [A] skies they come
With [D] peaceful [B7] wings [E7] unfurled,
And [A] still their [D] heavenly [A] music floats
O'er [D] all the [E7] weary [A] world
A- [C#] bove its sad and [F#m] lowly plains
They [E7] bend on [B7] hovering [E7] wing:
And [A] ever [D] o'er its [A] Babel sounds
The [D] blessed [E7] angels [A] sing.







