

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 the earth, good will to men,  
from heaven's all gracious King!  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
to hear the 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 man, at war with man, hears not  
the love song which they bring:  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
and hear the angels sing!

For lo, the days are hastening on,  
by prophets seen of old,  
when with the ever-circling years  
shall come the time foretold,  
when the new heaven and earth shall own  
the Prince of peace their King,  
and all the world send back the song  
which now the angels sing.