O Little Town of Bethlehem



It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

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
man
From Heav'n'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 unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats



O'er all the weary world: Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing, And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low; Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow! Look now, for glad and golden hours

Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing.

CHRISTMAS. GREETINGS

From All Of Us

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