

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 men,
from heaven'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 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.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
by prophets seen of old,
When with ever circling years
shall come the time foretold,
When peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendors fling,
And all the world give back the song
which now the angels sing.

Words: Edmund H. Sears (1819-1876)
Music: Richard Storrs Willis (1819-1900)

Oh Come Oh Come Emmanuel

Oh come, Oh come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appears.

*Rejoice, rejoice Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, Oh Israel.*

Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
The captives from their prison free
And conquer death's deep misery.

Oh come, Desire of nations, bind
All peoples in one heart and mind
From dust thou brought us forth to life
Deliver us from earthly strife.

*Originally written in Latin during the 12th century
by an unknown author;
Music is thought to be from the 15th century (France)*

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