Calm on the listening ear of night,
come heaven’s melodious strains,
where wild Judea stretches far,
her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
shed sacred glories there,
and angels, with their sparkling lyres,
make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
send back the glad reply;
and greet, from all their holy heights,
the dayspring from on high.

O’er the blue depths of Galilee
there comes a holier calm,
and Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
her silent groves of palm.

“Glory to God!” the sounding skies
loud with their anthems ring:
“Peace to the earth, good will to men,
from heaven's eternal King!”

Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876)