

# It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

Norah Jones

It came upon a 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 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 the heavenly music flows  
Over all the weary world

Above its sad and lonely plains  
They bend on hovering wing  
And, o'er its Babel ancient sounds  
The blessed angels sing

Oh, you beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low  
Who tore among the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow

Look now for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wind  
Oh, rest beside the weary road  
To hear the angels sing