

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Carpenters

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, goodwill 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 un
furl

And still their heavenly music floats, O'er all the weary world

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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

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 the
ir King

And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sin
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