

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Flyleaf

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold

Oh ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps so slow

Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious king
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels
To hear the angels sing

Look now! For glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious king
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels
To hear the angels sing

Oh, hallelujah!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Still through the broken skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled
And still their heavenly music floats
Over the weary world