

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 toil 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