

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

The Manhattan Transfer

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

Peace on the earth could will two men
From Heaven's all-gracious King
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing

And I hear them singing
Sing, I do hear them singing

The first Noel the Angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay, they keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep