

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Wayne Newton

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 goodwill to men from heav'n all gracious King

The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing

For lo the days are hast'ning on by prophets seen of old
When with the ever circling years shall come the time foretold
When the new heav'n and earth shall on the Prince of peace
their king

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

Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurled

And still their heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering wing
And ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing

Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suffered long
Beneath the heavenly strain have rolled two thousand years of wrong

And man at war with man hears not the tidings which they bring
O hush the noise ye men of strife and hear the 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 peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling
And the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing