

Midnight Clear

Erasure

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 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

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, their king
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing