

## 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