

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Johnny Mathis

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 unfurl  
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

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 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