

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

MercyMe

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

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world

Peace on Earth, good will to men
From Heaven's gracious King

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long
Beneath the blessed angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong

O hush the noise ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing

The world in solemn stillness lay