

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Steven Curtis Chapman

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 heavens all gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel strain have rolled,  
Two thousand years of wrong.  
And man, at war with man, hears not,  
The love song which they bring;  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing  
Hear the angels sing

And 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;  
Oh rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing.  
Hear the angels sing  
Hear the angels sing  
Hallelujah, Christ the Savior is born  
Hallelujah, Christ the Savior is born  
Hallelujah, Christ the Savior is born  
Hallelujah, Christ the Savior is born