

# It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

The Manhattan Transfer

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

Peace on the earth could will two men  
From Heaven's all-gracious King  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the Angels sing

And I hear them singing  
Sing, I do hear them singing

The first Noel the Angel did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay  
In fields where they lay, they keeping their sheep  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep