Anne Murray "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear"

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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 of world send back the song Which now the angels sing

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