

Brian Wilson

"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 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

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