

Frank Sinatra

"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

Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering
wing
And ever o'er its babel sounds the blessed angels sing

And He 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
And hear the angels sing

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