

## Frank Sinatra

# "It Came Upon The 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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