

Bruce Cockburn

"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 heav'n'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 wings And ever o'er its Babel
sounds The blessed angels sing

Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has
suffered long Beneath the angel's ... two thousand
years a ... And man at war with man hears not The love
song which they bring O hush the noise ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing

And ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are
bending low Who toil along the climbing way With
painful steps and slow Take heart for comfort, love,
and hope Come swiftly on the wing O rest beside the
weary road And hear the angels sing

For lo the days are hastening by prophet bards fortold
When with the ever circling years Comes round the age
of gold When peace shall o'er all the earth Its ancient
splendours lay And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing

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