

## **Bruce Cockburn**

# **"It Come 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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