

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Bruce Cockburn

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-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong
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