

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Jeff Black

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, good will to men
From Heaven'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
Over this weary world
Above it's sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing
And ever over it's 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 can't hear
The love-song which they bring
O hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing