

Midnight Clear

Erasure

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. 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 wing
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing. For lo the days are hastening on
By prophets seen of old
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold.
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The prince of peace, their king
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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