

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

[Frank Sinatra](#)

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
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering
wing
And ever o'er its babel sounds the blessed angels sing
And He beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are
bending low
Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow
Look now for glad and golden hours, come swiftly on the wing
Oh, rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing
And hear the angels sing

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