It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

The Roches

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of goldPeace on the earth, goodwill to men
From heavens all gracious King
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels singOh, ye beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slowLook now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing

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