

# It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

[Tammy Wynette](#)

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 heaven's all gracious King  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels singFor low the days are hastening on  
By prophets [Incomprehensible] foretold  
When with the ever circling years  
Come 'round the age of goldWhen peace shall over all the earth  
It's ancient splendors fling  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing

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