

# 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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