

Caedmon's Call, It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

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, good will 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

[Instrumental-Part]

all ye, 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
o rest beside the weary road
and hear the angels sing
and hear the angels sing
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