

Josh Groban, It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

It came upon the 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

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;

"Peace on the earth,
goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."

The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.