

# Andreas Vollenweider, Midnight Clear

It came upon a 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 gracious King  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing  
Through the starless night they come  
With peaceful wings unfolded  
And still their heavenly music floats  
Over the weary world  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on lofting wings  
And over the aching hearts of men  
The blessed angels sing  
A great and mighty wonder  
A full and blessed cure  
A rose is come to blossom  
Which shall for us, endure  
The word is dwelled among us  
The true light from on high  
And cherubim sing anthems  
To shepards from the sky