

Eddy Arnold, It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear that glorious song of all
From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold
Peace on the earth goodwill to men from heaven's old gracious king
The world in Salem still is laid to hear the angels sing

[organ]

For Lord the days are hasting on by prophecy no more
When with the every circling years shall come the time for toll
When God the heaven and earth shall long the press of peace their king
And the whole world send back a song which now the angels sing