Frank Sinatra, 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
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men, from heav'n'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 unfurl
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.
O 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.
For lo the days are hastening on, by prophets seen of old
When with the ever circling years shall come the time foretold
When the new heaven and earth shall own the prince of peace their King
And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.