

Manhattan Transfer, It Came Upon The Midnight

Angels

Hear the angels sing --

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old (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 all gracious King
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing

To sing --
Sing (hear the angels sing)

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That glorious song of old (song of old)
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