

# Sixpence None the Richer, It Came Upon A Midn

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, good will to men  
From heaven'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 unfurled  
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

All 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  
And hear the angels sing