

Through The Midnight Air

F. W. Dawkins



Through the mid-night air is ring-ing An-gel chor-us o'er the earth,



Tid-ings blest to mor-tals bring-ing Of the Ho-ly Christ Child's birth;



Glo-ri-ous through the wide world rest-ing In the fold-ed arms of peace,



Goes the song, death's wave o'er creat-ing Song of tri-umph



ne'er to cease.