

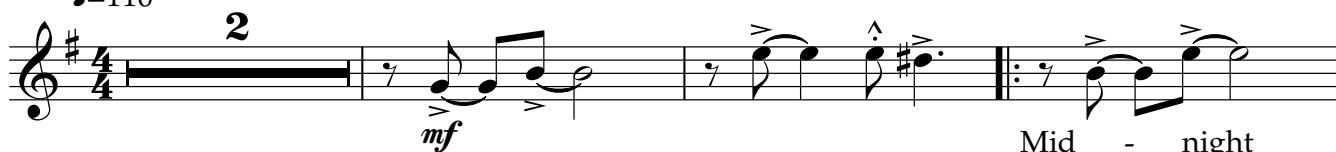
Trumpet in B \flat

Midnight, there's the strangest feeling

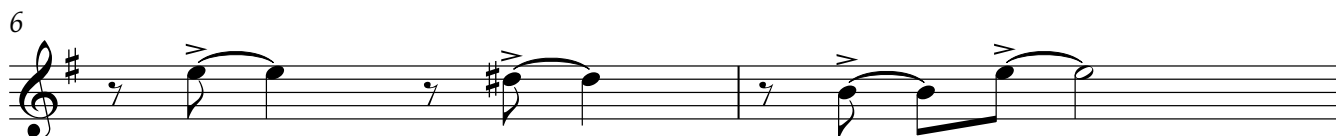
Words & Music: Mark & Helen Johnson

Instrumentation and harmony arrangement by Laurence K J Nicholas

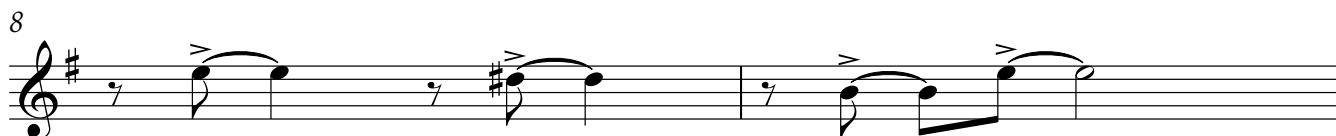
$\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$
 $\text{♩} = 110$



Mid - night
 An - gels_
 Shep - herds



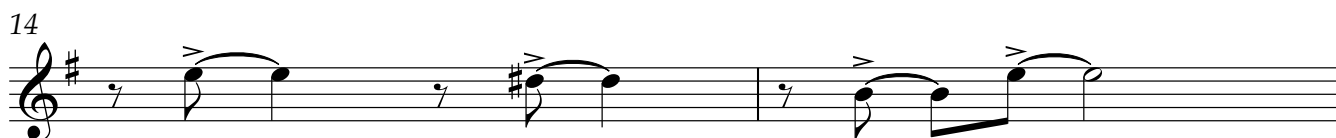
there's the strang-est feel - ing in the air to - night, There's
 ta - king care of things that on - ly they can do, Are
 min - ding their own busi - ness look - ing af - ter things, Are



some-thing go - ing on but I can't make it out, I
 wait - ing in the wings to bring the joy - ful news, It's
 star - tled by an un - ex - pec - ted hap - pen - ing, As



won - der what it's all a - bout? Star - light
 going to turn the world a - round. Stran - gers
 an - gel choirs ap - pear to them. Wise men



21

To - night's e - vents__ were planned in hea - ven,__ The great - est sto

24

- ry e-ver penned. Hea-ven__ and earth__ have come to - ge - ther, And

27

life has come to Beth - le - hem.__

32

To-night's e - vents__were planned in hea-ven, The great - est sto

36

- ry e-ver penned. Hea-ven__ and earth__ have come to - ge - ther, And

39

life has come to Beth - le - hem.__

41

rit.

And life has come to Beth - le - hem.__