

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears

Richard Storrs Willis

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'It Came Upon the Midnight Clear'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

It came up - on the mid - night clear, that glo - rious song of old, — from
Still thru the clo - ven skies they come with peace - ful wings un - furled, — and
And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, whose forms are bend - ing low, — who
For lo!, the days are has - tening on, By proph - et bards fore - told, — When

an - gels bend - ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold: — "Peace
still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world; — a -
toil a - long — the climb - ing way with pain - ful steps — and slow, — look
with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age — of gold. — When

on the earth, good will to men, from heav'n's all - gra - cious King." — The
bove its sad — and low - ly plains, they bend on hov'r - ing wing, — and
now! for glad — and gold - en hours come swift - ly on the wing. — O
peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling, — And

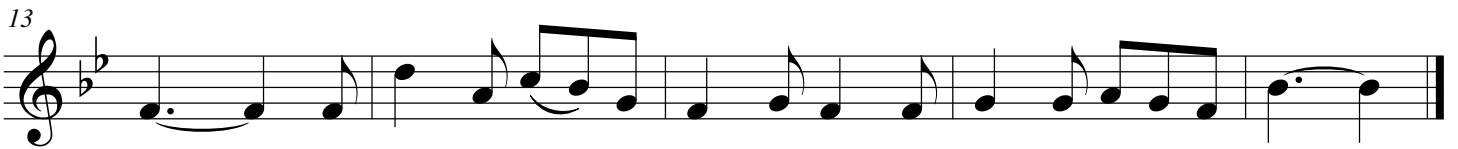
world in sol - emn still - ness lay, to hear the an - gels sing. —
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds the bless - ed an - gels sing. —
rest be - side the wea - ry road, and hear the an - gels sing! —
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. —

Violin 1

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Violin 2

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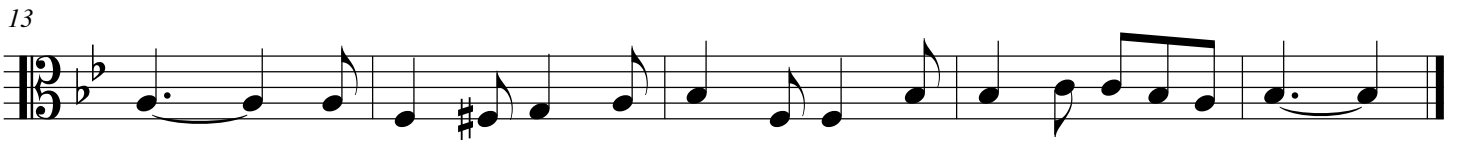


Viola

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Cello

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B \flat 1

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B \flat 2

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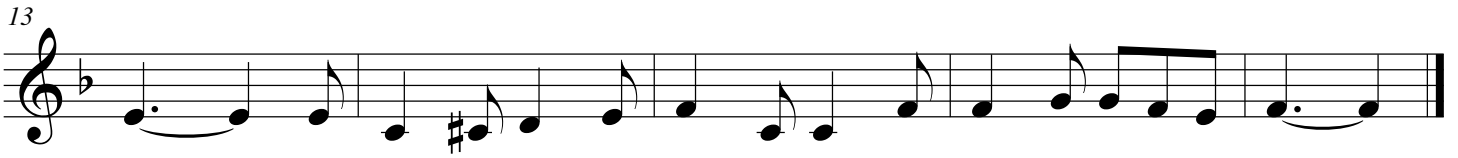
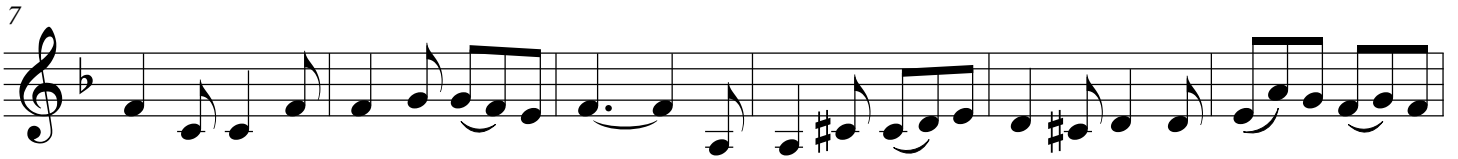


Horn in F 2

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Vocals

It came up-on the mid - night clear, that glo - rious song of old, — from an - gels bend - ing
Still thru the clo - ven skies they come with peace - ful wings un - furled, — and still their heav'n - ly
And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, whose forms are bend - ing low, — who toil a - long the
For lo!, the days are has - tening on, By proph - et bards fore - told, — When with the ev - er -

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Cello

B♭ 1

B♭ 2

Bass Clarinet

Alto Sax

Baritone Sax

Horn in F 1

Horn in F 2

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

7

near the earth to touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good will to men, from
 mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world; a - bove its sad and low - ly plains, they
 climb - ing way with pain - ful steps and slow, look now! for glad and gold - en hours come
 cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold. When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

B♭ 1

B♭ 2

B. Cl.

A. Sx.

B. Sx.

Hn. 1

Hn. 2

12

heav'n's all - gra - cious King." — The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, to hear the an - gels sing. —
 bend on hov'r - ing wing, — and ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds the bless - ed an - gels sing. —
 swift - ly on the wing. — O rest be - side the wea - ry road, and hear the an - gels sing! —
 an - cient splen - dors fling, — And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. —

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

B♭ 1

B♭ 2

B. Cl.

A. Sx.

B. Sx.

Hn. 1

Hn. 2

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, good will to men,
from heav'n's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
to hear the angels sing.

Still thru the cloven skies they come
with peaceful wings unfurled,
and still their heav'nly music floats
o'er all the weary world;
above its sad and lowly plains,
they bend on hov'ring wing,
and ever o'er its Babel sounds
the blessed angels sing.

And 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 prophet bards foretold,
when with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold.
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
which now the angels sing.