

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

Words: Edmund Hamilton Sears

Music: Richard Storrs Willis

Flowing

mp

1. It came up - on — a mid - night clear, That

glo - rious song — of old, From an - gels

bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps — of

gold. — “Peace on the earth, — good - will to

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a C major chord (C, E, G) in treble clef, 3/4 time, and dynamic *mp*. The lyrics "1. It came up - on — a mid - night clear, That" are written below the notes. The second staff begins with an F major chord (F, A, C) in treble clef. The lyrics "glo - rious song — of old, From an - gels" are written below the notes. The third staff begins with a C major chord (C, E, G) in treble clef. The lyrics "bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps — of" are written below the notes. The fourth staff begins with a C major chord (C, E, G) in treble clef. The lyrics "gold. — “Peace on the earth, — good - will to" are written below the notes. The music includes various dynamics like *f*, *p*, and *mp*, and articulations like staccato dots and slurs.





The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses treble clef and has chords D, D7, and G. The middle staff uses treble clef and has chords G7, C, F, and C. The bottom staff uses bass clef and has chords F, G7, and C. The lyrics are: "men, From heav - en's all gra - cious King." in the first section; "The world in sol - emn still - ness" in the second section; and "lay To hear the an - gels sing." in the third section.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav'ly 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

