

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Clarinet Duet and Piano  
Score (B-flat Transposition)  
Text: Edmund H. Sears

Richard Storrs Willis  
CAROL  
arranged by Richard A. Nichols

Calmly (♩ = 82)

PART I

PART II

PIANO

*mp*

5

5

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Clar. duet score) - p. 2

The musical score is presented in four systems, each consisting of a Clarinet I part (top staff) and a Piano accompaniment (bottom staff). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is marked with dynamic levels: *mp* (mezzo-piano), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The first system (measures 10-14) features a melodic line in the Clarinet I part with a *mp* dynamic, and a piano accompaniment with *mp* and *p* dynamics. The second system (measures 15-19) continues the melodic line with a *mf* dynamic, and the piano accompaniment with *mp* dynamics. The third system (measures 20-24) shows the Clarinet I part with a *mf* dynamic, and the piano accompaniment with *p* and *mf* dynamics. The fourth system (measures 25-29) concludes the piece with a *mf* dynamic in the Clarinet I part and *mf* dynamics in the piano accompaniment.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Clar. duet score) - p. 3

25

25

30

30

35

35

*p* *mp* *p* *mf*

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Clar. duet score) - p. 4

40

*mf*

*mf*

40

*mf*

45

*mp*

*mf*

45

50

*f*

*f*

50

*f*

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Clar. duet score) - p. 5

55

*mp*

55

*p*

60

*mp*

60

65

*mf*

*mp*

65

*mp*

*p*

Preview Score

## It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Clar. duet score) - p. 6

70 *ritard.*

70 *ritard.*

70 *ritard.*

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 hast'ning on, by prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever circling years shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heav'n and earth shall own the Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.

- Edmund H. Sears, (1810-1876)

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