

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Flute Duet and Piano
Score
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 (Flute duet score) - p. 2

The musical score is presented in four systems, each consisting of a flute part and a piano accompaniment. 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 flute melody with a slur over measures 10-11 and a *mp* dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with a *mp* dynamic in measure 11 and a *p* dynamic in measure 13. The second system (measures 15-19) shows the flute melody continuing with a slur over measures 15-18 and a *mf* dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes, with a *mp* dynamic in measure 18. The third system (measures 20-24) shows the flute melody with a slur over measures 20-21 and a *mf* dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes, with a *p* dynamic in measure 21 and a *mf* dynamic in measure 23. The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

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

25

25

30

30

35

35

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

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

40 *mf* *mf*

40 *mf*

45 *mp* *mf*

45

50 *f* *f*

50

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

55

mp

55

p

60

mp

60

65

mf *mp*

mf *mp*

65

mp *p*

Preview Score

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

70 *ritard.*

70 *ritard.*

p.

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)

COPYING IS ILLEGAL