

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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

10

opt. 8va ms. 12-22

mp

10

mp

p

15

mf

15

mp

20

20

p

mf

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

25

25

30

30

35

35

p *mp* *mf*

p

p

PREVIEW SCORE

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

40

mf *mf*

40

mf

45

mp *mf*

45

50

f *f*

50

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

55

55

60

60

65

65

mp

p

mp

mf

mp

mf

mp

p

This image shows a page of a musical score for a horn duet and piano accompaniment. The score is divided into five systems, each with two staves. The first system (measures 55-59) features two horn parts and a piano accompaniment. The second system (measures 60-64) continues the horn parts and piano accompaniment. The third system (measures 65-69) shows the horn parts and piano accompaniment. The fourth system (measures 70-74) shows the horn parts and piano accompaniment. The fifth system (measures 75-79) shows the horn parts and piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamics. A large red watermark 'Preview Score' is overlaid diagonally across the page.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Horn 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)

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