

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Oboe 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 (Oboe duet score) - p. 2

10

mp

10

mp *p*

15

mf

15

mp

20

20

p *mf*

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

25

25

30

30

35

35

p *mp* *p* *mf*

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

40

mf

mf

mf

This system contains measures 40 through 44. It features two oboe staves and a piano accompaniment. The oboe parts are marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment also starts with a *mf* dynamic. The music is in a key with three flats and a common time signature.

45

mp

mf

mf

This system contains measures 45 through 49. The oboe parts transition to a *mp* dynamic, while the piano accompaniment remains at *mf*. The musical texture continues with melodic lines in the oboes and harmonic support from the piano.

50

f

f

f

This system contains measures 50 through 54. The dynamics increase significantly, with the oboe parts and piano accompaniment both marked *f*. The music features more active rhythmic patterns and a climactic feel.

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

55

55

60

65

mp

p

mp

mf

mf

mp

mp

p

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Oboe 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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