

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Trumpet / Trombone Duet and Piano  
Score (Transposed)  
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 (Trp. / Tbn. duet score) - p. 2

The musical score is presented in four systems, each consisting of a trumpet/bassoon staff and a piano accompaniment 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 trumpet/bassoon staff and a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The second system (measures 15-19) continues the melodic and accompaniment parts. The third system (measures 20-23) shows the trumpet/bassoon staff with rests and the piano accompaniment with chords. The fourth system (measures 24-27) concludes the page with a melodic line in the trumpet/bassoon staff and a piano accompaniment with chords. A large red watermark reading "Preview Score" is overlaid diagonally across the entire page.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Trp. / Tbn. duet score) - p. 3

25

25

30

30

35

35

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

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Trp. / Tbn. duet score) - p. 4

40

*mf*

*mf*

40

*mf*

45

*mp*

*mf*

45

50

*f*

*f*

50

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Trp. / Tbn. duet score) - p. 5

55

*mp*

55

*p*

60

*mp*

60

65

*mf* *mp*

*mf* *mp*

65

*mp* *p*

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear (Trp. / Tbn. duet score) - p. 6

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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