

It came upon a midnight clear

English Traditional Melody

Noel
C.M.D

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line consists of a series of chords and single notes, including a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. A measure number '5' is placed above the fifth measure of the treble staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. The bass line continues with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation begins with a measure number '10' above the first measure. The treble staff shows a change in the melody with a sharp sign (#) above the first measure, indicating a key change to B-flat major. The bass line continues with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation begins with a measure number '15' above the first measure. The treble staff continues the melody with a sharp sign (#) above the first measure. The bass line continues with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

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 Heaven's all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever over 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 hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears