

It came upon a midnight clear

Richard S. Willis, 1819-1900

Carol
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 two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and quarter notes A4-G4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3-B3, quarter notes C4-B3, and quarter notes A3-G3. A fermata is placed over the final G4 in the treble staff, with a '5' above it. The system ends with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues from the first. The treble staff has a quarter note G4, quarter notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and quarter notes A4-G4. The bass line has a half note G3, quarter notes A3-B3, quarter notes C4-B3, and quarter notes A3-G3. A fermata is placed over the final G4 in the treble staff, with a '10' above it. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation continues from the second. The treble staff has a quarter note G4, quarter notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and quarter notes A4-G4. The bass line has a half note G3, quarter notes A3-B3, quarter notes C4-B3, and quarter notes A3-G3. A fermata is placed over the final G4 in the treble staff, with a '15' above it. The system ends 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