It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Dulcimer - DAD

J. Russel

G

Richard S. Willis (1850)

It came up - on the mid - night clear That
glo - ri - ous song of old, From
touch their harps of
gold

G

C

Am

D7

B7

notes on playing: The tab in ( ) parenthesis - only play if no one
is singing or no instrument (such as fiddle) is playing melody.
There is no D# on the dulcimer so that note is ignored and
another C# is played instead.
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

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 hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

For lo! the days are hast-ning on,
By prophets seen of old,
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.

arranged for Public Domain by Barbara F. Gregory  
[p = thumb; i = index; m = middle; a = ring; c = pinky]