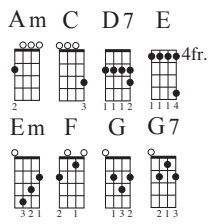


Ukulele Chords



It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

Gary Jugert's Big Book of Harmonica
<https://mammothgardens.com>

November 8, 2020
 Sears and Willis (1849)
 Arranged by Gary Jugert
 for Diatonic Harmonica

Chords & Lyrics

Ukulele

Guitar

It came u - pon a mid - night clear that glor - i - ous song of

3 6 ~4 ~5 5 ~3 3 ~3 3 3 ~3 ~4 5 5 ~5 6

7 = 100

1 2 3 4 5 6

Ukulele

Guitar

old. From an - gels bend - ing near the Earth to touch their harps - of gold. Oh

~5 3 6 ~4 ~5 5 ~3 3 ~3 3 3 ~3 ~3 ~4 ~3 3 5 6

7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

Ukulele

Guitar

peace on Earth good will to all from hea - ven's all gra - ci - ous king. The world in

6 2 2 ~2* 3* ~3 ~4 5 6 ~5 5 ~4 ~3 ~4 ~3 3 3 6 ~4

17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

The musical score is presented on a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. Above the staff, guitar chord diagrams are provided for measures 26 through 34. Measure 26 is F (134211), 27 is Em (12), 28 is Em (12), 29 is F (134211), 30 is G7 (321), 31 is C (321), 32 is C (321), 33 is C (321), and 34 is C (321). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. A repeat sign is placed at the beginning of measure 31, and a first ending bracket covers measures 31-32, with a second ending bracket covering measures 33-34.

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, goodwill to men,
 From heaven's all-gracious King."
 The world in solemn stillness lay,
 To hear the angels sing.

Repeats:
 Seriously, twice through is plenty,
 but knock yourself out.
 0 thru 32
 1 thru 30 for awhile
 33 to end

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 o'er its babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long;
 Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love-song which they bring;
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the 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 give back the song
 Which now the angels sing.