

1709

HARK!

HE HERALD ANGELS SING

Words by Charles Wesley, George Whitefield,
and Martin Madan (slightly adapted)

Tune by Felix Mendelssohn
(slightly adapted)

1. Hark! the he-rald an-gels sing,—Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and
 2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last-ing Lord, Late in time be-
 3. Mild he lays his glo-ry by,—Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the

mer - cy mild,— God and sin-ners re-con-ciled. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,—
 hold him come,— Off-spring of the Vir-gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see,—
 sons of earth,— Born to give them se-cond birth. Ris'n with heal-ing in his wings,

Join the tri-umph of the skies,— With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is—born in
 Hail th'in-car-nate de - i - ty!— Pleas'd as man with man to dwell, Je - sus,—our Em -
 Light and life to all he brings, Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness! Hail, the heav'n-born

REFRAIN

Beth - le - hem.)
 ma - nu - el.) Hark! the he-rald an-gels sing,— Glo-ry— to the new-born King
 Prince of Peace!