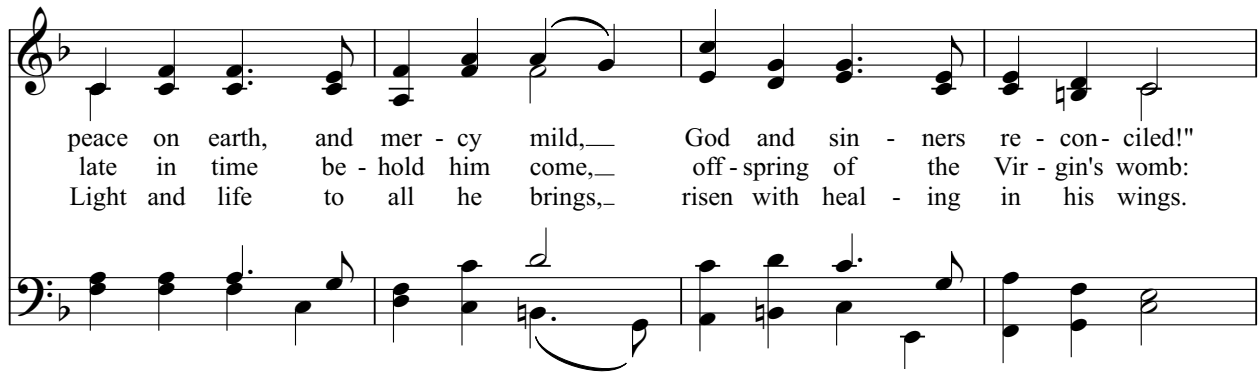


Hark! the Herald Angels Sing



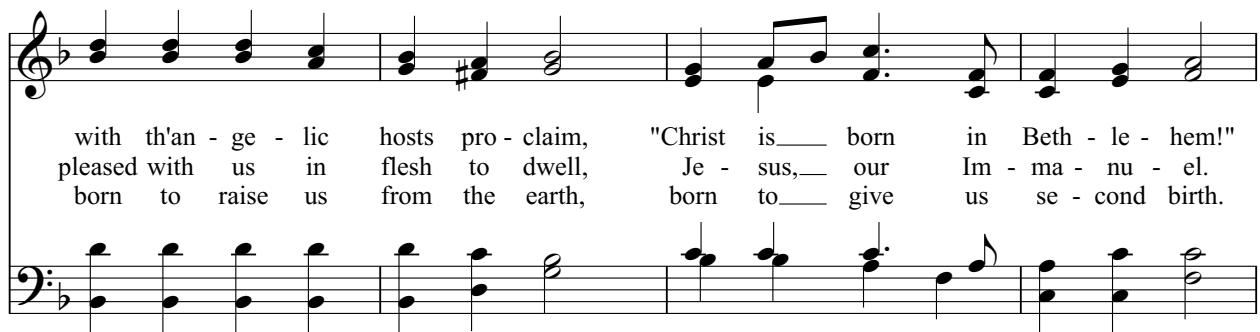
1 Hark! the he - rald an - gels sing, — "Glo - ry to the new - born King:
 2 Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, — Christ, the e - ver - las - ting Lord,
 3 Hail the heaven - born Prince of Peace! — Hail the Sun of Right - eous - ness!



peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, — God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"
 late in time be - hold him come, — off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb:
 Light and life to all he brings, — risen with heal - ing in his wings.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, — join the tri - umph of the skies; —
 veiled in flesh the Go - dhead see; — hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty, —
 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, — born that we no more may die, —



with th'an - ge - lic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is — born in Beth - le - hem!"
 pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Je - sus, — our Im - ma - nu - el.
 born to raise us from the earth, born to — give us se - cond birth.

Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt.
 Tune: Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847);
 adapt. William H. Cummings (1831-1915)



77 77D
 MENDELSSOHN
www.hymnary.org/text/hark_the_herald_angels_sing_glory_to

