Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley, 1739

Felix Mendelssohn, 1840

1. Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glor-y to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners re-con-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise.

2. Christ, by high-est heav’n a-dored; Christ the ev-er-last-ing Lord; Late in time, be-hold Him come, Off-spring of a vir-gin’s womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see;

3. Hail the heav’n-ly Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteous-ness! Light and life to con-qu’ring Seed, Bruise in us the ser-pent’s head. Now dis-play Thy sav-ing power,

4. Come, De-sire of na-tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum-ble home; Rise, the wo-man’s from a-bove, Re-in-state us in Thy love. Let us Thee, though lost, re-gain,

5. Ad-am’s like-ness, Lord, ef-face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place; Sec-ond Ad-am Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th’an-gel-ic host pro-claim, “Christ is born in Ru-ined na-ture now re-store; Now in mys-tic un-ion join Thine to ours, and

Refrain

Beth-le-hem!" - man-u-el. sec-ond birth. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glor-y to the new-born King!" ours to Thine. liev-ing heart.

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