

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Annie Haslam

Hark! The herald angels sing
'Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.'
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph in skies;
With angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem!'
Hark the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the newborn King.'

Christ by highest heav'n adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord:
Late in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the newborn King.'

Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the newborn King.'

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!