

Hark, Hark What News

Kate Rusby

Hark, Hark! What news the angels sing,
Glad tidings of a newborn King,
Glad tidings of a newborn King,
Born of a maid, a Virgin pure,
Born without sin from guilt secure,
Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail mighty Prince, eternal King,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
and men, with one accord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, he comes and leaves the skies,
Awake ye slumbering mortals rise,
Awake ye slumbering mortals rise,
Awake to joy and hail the morn
A savior of this world was born.

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