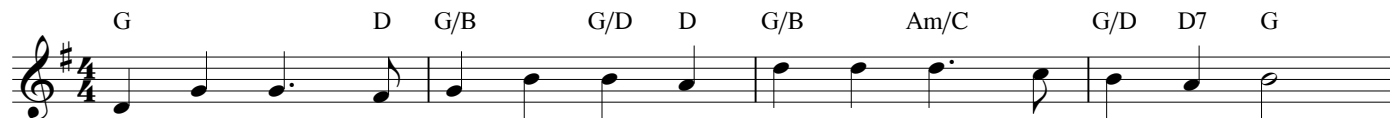


# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Music by Felix Mendelssohn  
 Words by John Wesley  
 Text revised by George Whitfield



1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, — Glo - ry to the new - born King;  
 2. Christ, by high - est hea'n a - dored; — Christ the ev - er - last - ing Lord;  
 3. Hail the hea - ven - ly Prince of Peace, Hail the Sun of Right - eous - ness;  
 4. Come, de - sire of na - tions, come, — Fix in us Thy hum - ble home;



Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, — God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!  
 Late in time be - hold Him come, — Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb;  
 Life and light to all He brings, — Risen with heal - ing in His wings.  
 Rise, the wo - man's con - quer - ing seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, — Join the tri - umph of the skies; —  
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see; — Hail, th'in car - nate De - i - ty; —  
 Mild, He lays His glo - ry by, — Born that man no more may die, —  
 A - dam's like - ness, Lord, ef - face; — Stamp Thy like - ness in its place; —



With th'An - ge - lic hosts pro - claim Christ is — born in Beth - le - hem  
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus — our Im - man - u - el!  
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth. —  
 Oh, to all Thy - self im - part, Formed in each be - liev - ing heart. —



Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry — to the new - born King!