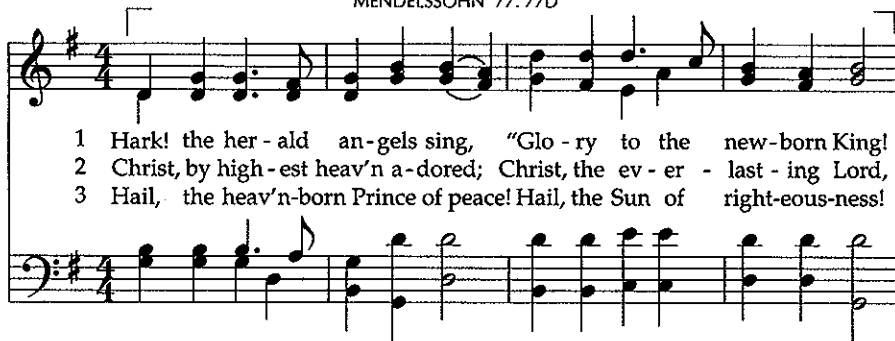


Hark! the herald angels sing

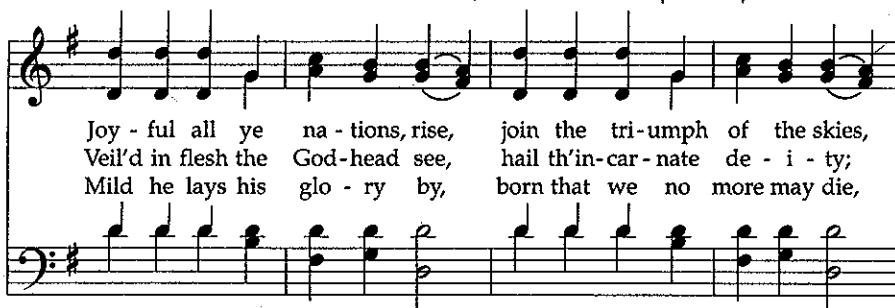
MENDELSSOHN 77.77D



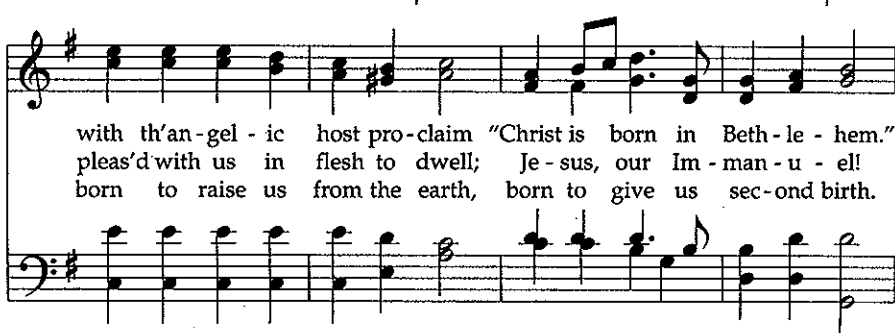
1 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!
2 Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord,
3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail, the Sun of right-eous-ness!



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
late in time be - hold him come, off - spring of the vir - gin's womb.
Light and life to all he brings, ris'n with heal - ing in his wings.



Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise, join the tri - umph of the skies,
Veil'd in flesh the God - head 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 - gel - ic host pro - claim "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
pleas'd with us in flesh to dwell; Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
born to raise us from the earth, born to give us sec - ond birth.



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

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Refrain

Text: Charles Wesley and others, *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, alt.

Music: Felix Mendelssohn, 1840; adapted by William H. Cummings, 1855, *Congregational Hymn and Tune Book*, 1857