

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Words by **Charles Wesley**

Music by **Felix Mendelssohn**
Arranged by Campfield/Kirkhus

Moderately ♩ = 88

Tenor Lead

Bari Bass

8

1 *f*

2

3

Hark! the her - ald an - gels si - ng, "Glo - ry to the

4

5 *mf*

6

7

new - born King! Peace on earth, and mer - cy mi - ld God and sin - ners

8

9 *f*

10

11

12

rec - on - ciled" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions ri - se, Join the tri - umph of the ski - es,

13 *mf*

14

15

With th'an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ i - s born in

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

16 *f* Beth - le - hem" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,

17 18

B 3.vers

19 "Glo - ry - to the new - born King" Heil the heav'n - born Prince of Pea - ce!

20 21 22

23 Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness! Light and life to all He bri - ngs, Ris'n with heal - ing

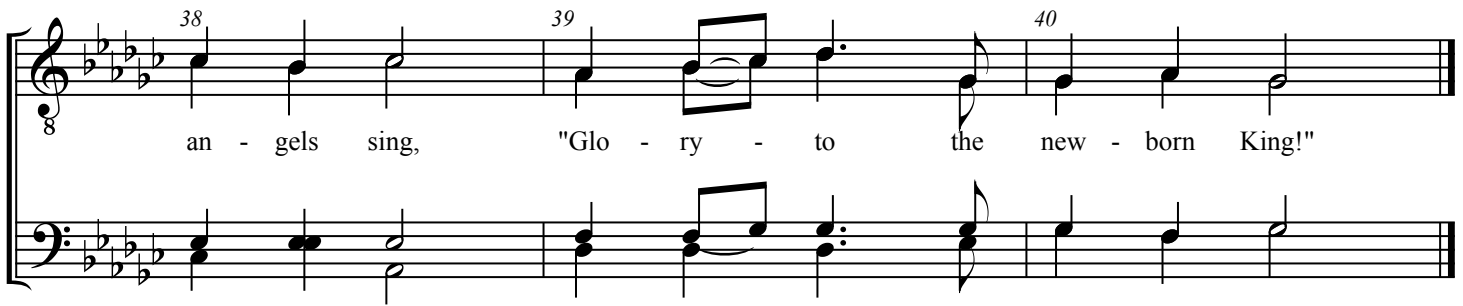
24 25 26 27

28 in His wings. Mild he lays His glo-ry by - . Born that man no more may die - ;

29 30 31 32

33 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to - give them sec-ond birth. Hark, the her - ald

34 35 36 37



1) Hark, the her-ald an-gels sing
 glo-ry to the new-born King,
 peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,
 God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled.
 Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
 join the tri-umph of the ski-es;
 with th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim,
 'Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.'
 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,
 late in time be-hold him come,
 off-spring of a Vir-gin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see:
 hail, th'in-car-nate De-i-ty,
 pleased as man with man to dwell,
 Je-sus, our Em-man-u-el.
 Hark, the her-ald-an-gels sing
 Glo-ry to the new-born King.

3) Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace:
 hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness.
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with heal-ing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glo-ry by,
 born that man no more may die,
 born to raise the sons of earth,
 born to give them sec-ond birth.
 Hark, the her-ald-an-gels sing
 Glo-ry to the new-born King.

4) Come, Desire of nations, come,
 fix in us thy humble home;
 rise, the woman's con-q'ring seed,
 bruise in us the serpent's head;
 Adam's like-ness now ef-face,
 Stamp Thine im-age in its place.
 Sec-ond Ad-am from a-bove,
 Re-in-state us in Thy love
 Hark, the her-ald-an-gels sing
 Glo-ry to the new-born King.