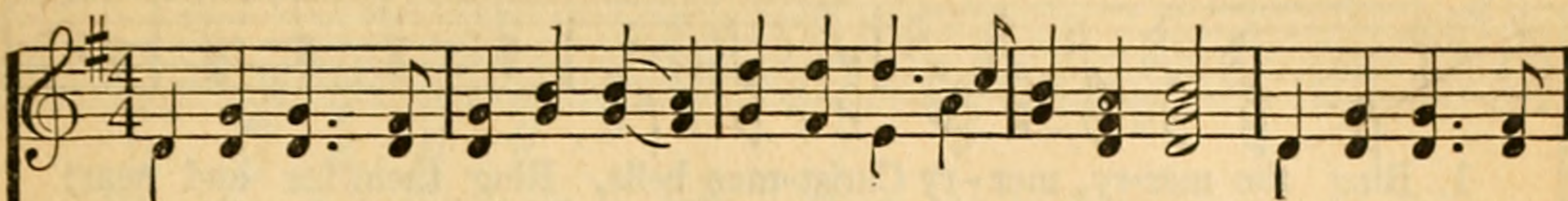


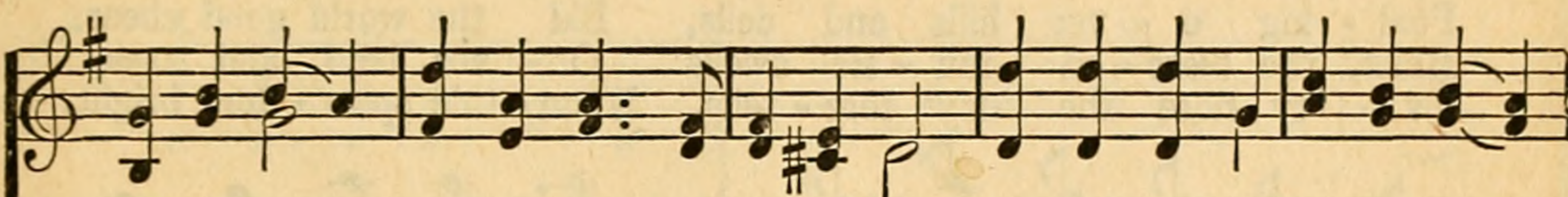
# No. 136. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

C. Wesley.

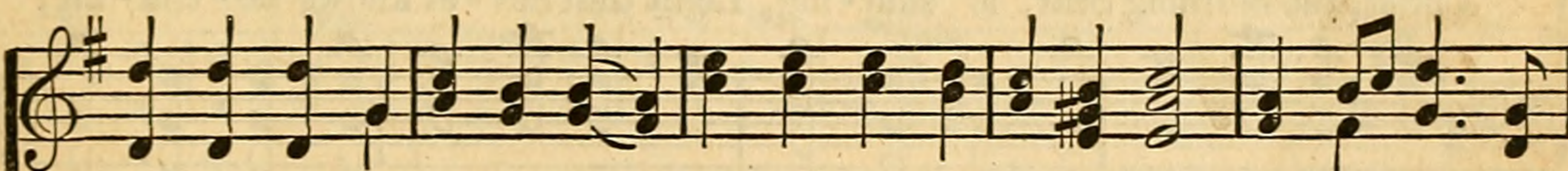
Arr. from Mendelssohn.



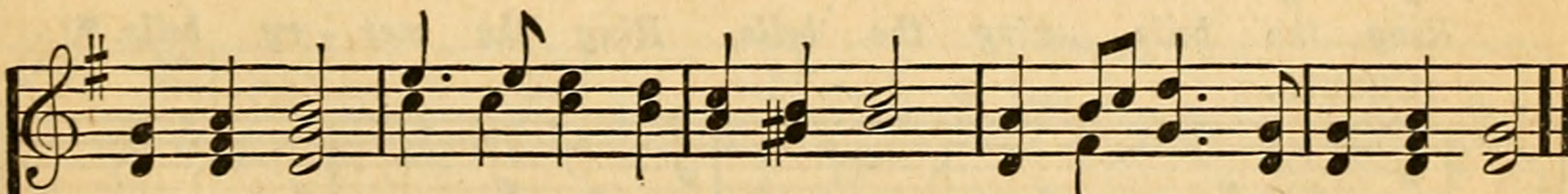
1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and  
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev - er-last-ing Lord! Late in time be-  
 3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to



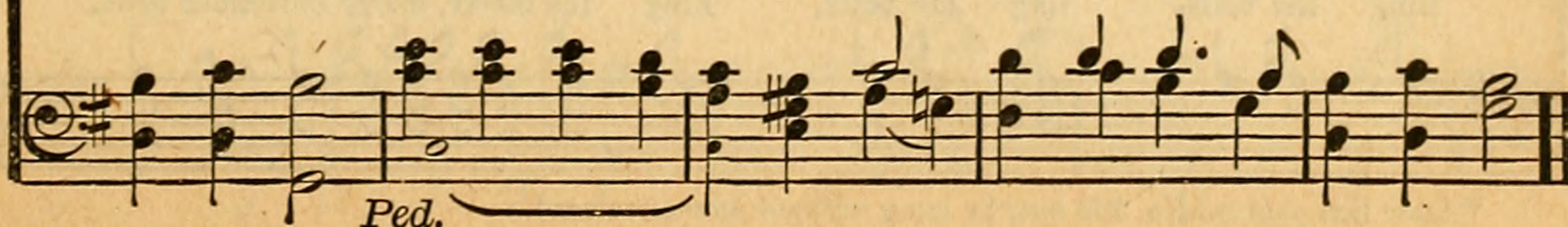
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise,  
 hold Him come, Off-spring of the Virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see;  
 all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in  
 Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-  
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them



Beth - le-hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."  
 man - u - el. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."  
 sec - ond birth. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."



*Ped.*



## HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, (1809—1847), 1846.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and  
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the Ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -  
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and Life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,  
 hold Him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;  
 all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in  
 Hail! th'In - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -  
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them



Hark! the Herald Angels sing.



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

Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time, behold him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb!  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!



Hark! the Herald Angels sing.

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Risen with healing in His wings,  
Light and life to all He brings.  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One!  
Glory, as of old, to Thee  
Now and evermore shall be!

Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!

CHARLES WESLEY.



838

5th P. M. 4 lines 7s.  
*The pilgrim's song.*

**C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing;  
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad;  
Christ our Advocate is made:  
Us to save our flesh assumes,—  
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

152

5th P. M. 4 lines 7s.  
*If we suffer with Him we shall reign with Him.*

**C**HRISt, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—  
Christ has burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save;  
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Follow our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

125

5th P. M. 4 lines 7s.  
*The Sun of righteousness.*

**H**ARK: the herald angels sing,—  
Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,—  
Join the triumphs of the skies;  
With angelic hosts proclaim,—  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail, incarnate Deity!

4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
Hail the Sun of righteousness!

Light and life to all he brings,—  
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Come, Desire of nations, come!  
Fix in us thy humble home;  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in thy love.

282

5th P. M. 4 lines 7s.  
*Pardon—grace—glory.*

**S**ONS of God, triumphant rise:  
Shout the' accomplish'd sacrifice;  
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,—  
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.

2 Love's mysterious work is done;  
Greet we now the atoning Son;  
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,  
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

3 Him by faith we taste below,  
Mightier joys ordain'd to know;  
When his utmost grace we prove,  
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

9

5th P. M. 4 lines 7s.  
*Saints and angels ever praising God.*

**S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amid eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

104

5th P. M. 4 lines 7s.  
*The co-eternal Three.*

**H**OLY, holy, holy Lord,  
God the Father, God the Word,  
God the Comforter, receive  
Blessings more than we can give.

2 Join'd with those beyond the sky,  
Worshipping the Lord most high,  
We our hearts and voices raise,  
Echo his eternal praise.

3 Three in one, and one in three,  
One, in simplest unity,—  
God, incline thy gracious ear;  
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear.

4 Thee, while man, the earthborn, sings,  
Angels shrink within their wings:  
Prostrate seraphim above  
Breathe unutterable love.

5 Fain with them our souls would vie,  
Sink as low and mount as high;  
Fall, o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar;  
Shout, or silently adore!