Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Words: Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.
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1. Hark! The herald angels sing, "Gloria to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by highest Heav’n adored; Christ the ever lasting Lord;
3. Hail the heav’nly Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
4. Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us Thy humble home;
5. Adam’s likeness, Lord, face, Stamp Thine image in its place:

Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail th’incarnate Deity,
Mild He lays His glory by; Born that man no more may die.
Now display Thy saving power, Ruin’d nature now restore;
Let us Thee, though lost, regain, Thee, the Life, the inner man:

With the angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Jesus our Emmanuel.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.
Now in mystic union join Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.
O, to all Thyself impart, Formed in each believing heart.

Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!
Late in time, behold Him come, Offspring of a virgin’s womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris’n with healing in His wings.
Rise, the woman’s conqu’ring Seed, Bruise in us the serpent’s head.
Second Adam from above, Re-instate us in Thy love.

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Let us Thee, though lost, regain, Thee, the Life, the inner man:

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