

1) Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

**Hark! The herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!”
Joyful, all ye nations, rise; join the triumph of the skies.
With th’angelic hosts proclaim: “Christ is born in Bethlehem.”**

Hark! The herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King!

**Christ, by highest heav’n adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold him come, offspring of the Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; hail th’incarnate Deity,
Pleased on earth with us to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel!**

**Hail, the heav’n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings, ris’n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by, born that we no more may die,
Born to raise us from the earth, born to give us second birth.**

2) It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

**It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
“Peace on the earth, good will to all, from heav’n’s all gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.**

**Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurled.
And still their heav’nly music floats o’er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hov’ring wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds, the bless-ed angels sing.**

**And you, beneath life’s crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow,
Look now! For glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing.**

**For lo, the days are hast’ning on, by prophets long foretold,
When with the ever-circling years comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,
And all the world give back the song which now the angels sing.**