

Blackmore's Night, 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 the angelic host proclaim:
"Christ has come to Bethlehem"
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ by highest heaven adored
Christ the everlasting Lord!
Light and life to all He brings
He with healing in His wings
Mild He lays His glory by
Born that man no more may die
Bringing hope through all the land
His to every child and man
Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King!"

O Come All Ye Faithful
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
He is the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all his settlees of heaven above.
Glory to your heart glory in the Highest;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
He is the Lord.