

Charlotte Church, Hark The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald the 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 skie;
With th'angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem!'

Hark! The herald angels sing;

'Glory to the new born King!'

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,

Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

Hark! The herald angels sing..etc.

Hail, the heav'nly Prince of peace!

Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Mild He leaves His throne on high,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! The herald angels sing, etc.

Come, Desire of nations, come,

Fix in us Thy humble home;
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!
Hark! The herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Hark! The herald angels sing..etc