

### **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 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 a Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; hail the incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.  
Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings, ris'n with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by, 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, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing/Charles Wesley/Public Domain

### **Angels We Have Heard on High**

Angels we have heard on high sweetly swinging o'er the plains,  
And the mountains in reply echoing their joyous strains.

Chorus: Gloria in excelsis Deo! Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds why this jubilee? Why your joyous strains prolong?  
Say what may the tidings be which inspire your heavenly song? (Chorus)

Come to Bethlehem and see Him Whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, adore on bended knee, Christ the Lord, the newborn King.(Chorus)

See within in a manger laid, Jesus Lord of heav'n and earth!  
Mary, Joseph lend your aid, with us sing our Savior's birth. (Chorus)

Angels We Have Heard on High/Public Domain

### **While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks**

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around, and glory shone around.

"Fear not, " said he, for mighty dread had seized their troubled mind;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind, to you and all mankind."

"To you, in David's town, this day is born of David's line  
The Savior who is Christ the Lord, and this shall be the sign, and this shall be the sign:

The heav'nly Babe you there shall find to human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands, and in a manger laid, and in a manger laid."

"All glory be to God on high, and to the earth be peace:  
Goodwill henceforth from heav'n to men, begin and never cease, begin and never cease!"

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks/Nahum Tate/Public Domain

### **I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day**

I heard the bells on Christmas day their old familiar carols play,  
And mild and sweet their songs repeat of peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come, the belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along th'unbroken song of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,  
"For hate is strong and mocks the song of peace on earth, good will to men."

Yet pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor does He sleep;  
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good will to men."

Then ringing, singing on its way, the world revolved from night to day—  
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime of peace on earth, good will to men!

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day/Henry W Longfellow/Public Domain

### **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 men, from heaven'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 heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.

And ye, 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 hastening on, by prophet seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years shall come the time foretold,  
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear/Edmund Hamilton Sears/Public Domain