

Hark! the herald 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 skies;  
with th' angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new born King!"

Christ, by highest heaven 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 Emmanuel.  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new born King!"

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
risen 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 us second birth.  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new born King!"

Come, Desire of nations, come,  
fix in us thy humble home;  
rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
bruise in us the serpent's head.  
Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;  
stamp thine image in its place.  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in thy love.  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new born King!"

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,  
Stamp Thine image in its place:  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in Thy love.  
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,  
Thee, the Life, the inner man:  
O, to all Thyself impart,  
Formed in each believing heart.  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"