

#220 - Angels from the Realms of Glory

Angels from the realms of glory, wing your flight o'er all the earth;
ye who sang creations's story now proclaim Messiah's birth:

Come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding, watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with us is now residing; yonder shines the infant light:

Come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn King.

Sages, leave your contemplations, brighter visions beam afar;
seek the great Desire of nations; ye have seen his natal star:

Come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn King.

Saints, before the altar bending, watching long in hope and fear;
suddenly the Lord, descending, in his temple shall appear:

Come and worship, come and worship,
worship Christ, the newborn King.

#240 - 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 heaven adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord;
late in time behold him come, off-spring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; hail the incarnate Deity,
pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn 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 lay his glory by, born that we no more may die,
born to raise us from the earth, born to give us second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"