Hark! the herald angels sing
Praise of the Lord — His Incarnation

1. 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 angelic hosts proclaim, “Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

2. 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.

3. Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!
   Hail the Sun 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.

4. Come, Desire of nations, come!
   Fix in us Thy humble home:
   Rise, the woman’s conqu’ring seed,
   Bruise in us the serpent’s head;
   Adam’s likeness now efface,
   Stamp Thine image in its place:
   Final Adam from above,
   Reinstall us in Thy love.