

# 119 Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

1 Hark! The her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born king.  
 2 Christ, by high - est heaven a-dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord,  
 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the sun of righ-teous-ness!

Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"  
 late in time be-hold him come, off-spring of the vir-gin's womb.  
 Light and life to all he brings, risen with heal - ing in his wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise; join the tri-umph of the skies;  
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see; hail the in-car - nate de - i - ty,  
 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, born that we no more may die,

with the an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"  
 pleased in flesh with us to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-man - u - el.  
 born to raise us from the earth, born to give us sec - ond birth.

Brought together in the mid-19th century, the text and tune of this familiar carol began in quite different forms. The text had ten stanzas and began, "Hark, how all the welkin rings." The tune was created for a festival celebrating Gutenberg's introduction of moveable type.

Hark! The her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born king!"

## Where Shepherds Lately Knelt 120

Capo 4: (G7) (C) (F) (Dm)  
 B7 E A F#m

1 Where shep-herds late-ly knelt and kept the an-gel's

2 In that un-like-ly place I find him as they  
 3 How should I not have known I-sa-iah would be  
 4 Can I, will I for-get how Love was born and

(G) (G7) (Em) (Am) (Dm)  
 B B7 G#m C#m F#m

word, I come in half-belief, a pilgrim strange-ly

said: sweet, new-born Babe, how frail, and in a man-ger  
 there, his proph-e-cies ful-filled? With pound-ing heart, I  
 burned its way in-to my heart: un-asked, un-forced, un-

(G7) (C) (C7) (F) (Dm) (G7)  
 B7 E E7 A F#m B7

stirred. But there is room and wel-come there for

bed: a still, small voice to cry one day for  
 stare: a child, a son, the Prince of Peace for  
 earned: to die, to live, and not a-lone for

(C) (Dm) (C) (Am) (Dm) (F/A) (C)  
 E F#m E C#m F#m A/C# E

me; but there is room and wel-come there for me.

me; a still, small voice to cry one day for me.  
 me; a child, a son, the Prince of Peace for me.  
 me; to die, to live, and not a-lone for me.

*Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.*

Witnessing the beginning or the end of life evokes very personal responses (emphasized by the "for me" at the end of each stanza), especially when the scale is intimate, as in this imagined visit to Christ's manger. The prophecies recalled in stanza three come from Isaiah 9:6.