

Hark! the song of choirs angelic

E. Lancaster

p
Hark! the song of choirs an - gel-ic, Ra-diant in their robes of white. Gent - ly borne up - on the

7
bree - zes Breaks the si - lence of the night. Wake, O sleep - er! Wake right

12
ear - ly! He - rald an - gels sing to thee, Mu - sic swell-ing, Joy fore - tell-ing,— 'T is thy

17
Lord's Na - ti - vi - ty. *mf* Symphony after last verse

2. Filled with fear the wakeful shepherds
Listened to the angels' lay,
Reassured, they learn the message:
"Christ, your Lord, is born to-day!
Peace on earth, good-will to all men
Through eternal ages be."
Sight and sadness
Turn to gladness
On the Lord's Nativity!

3. Lowly in a manger lying,
Heavenly light around Thee shed,
Object of our praise undying:
Holy Child in humble bed;
May Thy birthday ever find us
Praising the Eternal Three,
Who, to save us,
Freely gave us
Life, with Thy Nativity.

4. Year by year, Thy Church unsleeping
Careful of Thy lambs below,
Still her faithful watch is keeping,
Till her cup of joy o'erflow;
Praises will she ever mingle
With her glad festivity:
Carols singing,
Joybells ringing,
On her Lord's Nativity.