

43

8a & 7a.

"On earth peace, good-will toward
men."

HARK! what mean those holy
voices, [skies?
Sweetly sounding through the
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story, [joy;
Which they chant in hymns of
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!"

3 Peace on earth, good-will from
heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall
sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises
sing;

O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His
joy:

Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

44

7a.

Glory to God in the highest.

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!

4 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.

5 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.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST
2. HIS CRUCIFIXION.

45

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8,

Christ crowned with thorns.

O LAMB of God, once wounded
With grief and pain weighed
down,

Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown
O Lamb of God, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

? What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, dearest friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thyself to me;
And for my succour dying,
Come, Lord and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.