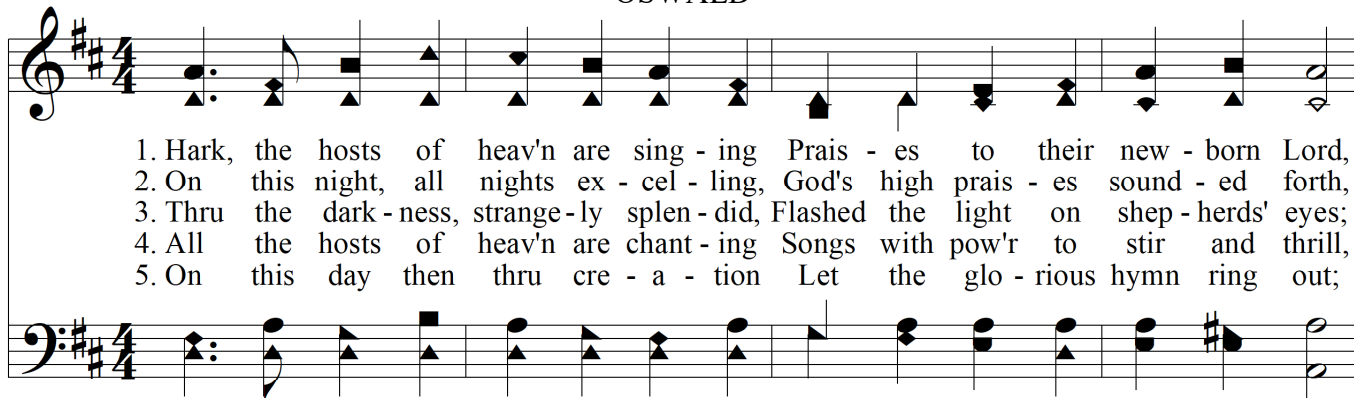
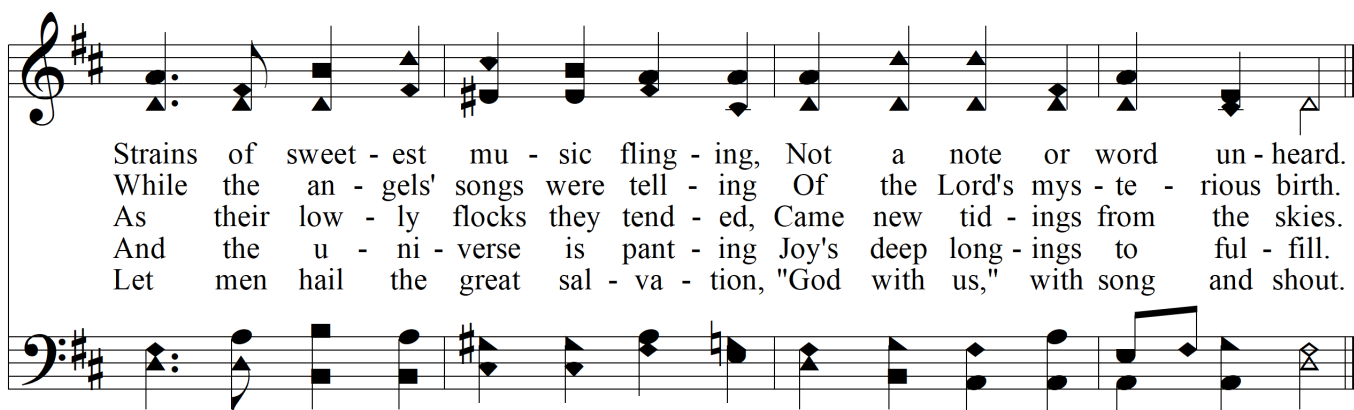


Hark, The Hosts Of Heaven Are Singing

OSWALD



1. Hark, the hosts of heav'n are sing - ing Prais - es to their new - born Lord,
2. On this night, all nights ex - cel - ling, God's high prais - es sound - ed forth,
3. Thru the dark - ness, strange - ly splen - did, Flashed the light on shep - herds' eyes;
4. All the hosts of heav'n are chant - ing Songs with pow'r to stir and thrill,
5. On this day then thru cre - a - tion Let the glo - rious hymn ring out;



Strains of sweet - est mu - sic fling - ing, Not a note or word un - heard.
While the an - gels' songs were tell - ing Of the Lord's mys - te - rious birth.
As their low - ly flocks they tend - ed, Came new tid - ings from the skies.
And the u - ni - verse is pant - ing Joy's deep long - ings to ful - fill.
Let men hail the great sal - va - tion, "God with us," with song and shout.