

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing/The Music Of Christmas

Steven Curtis Chapman

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 the angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King

There's a man who stands in the cold wind tonight
And he greets everyone passing by
With a smile and a ringing bell
And the song that he's playing is his own way of saying
Love is here, it's the music of Christmas

And there's a lady who sits all alone with her thoughts
And the memories of all that she's lost
When she hears a sound at her door
And a song comes to find here, as a gentle reminder
Love is here, it's the music of Christmas

So listen, listen with your heart
And you will hear a song in the laughter of a child
Oh, won't you listen for the sound of hope
And you will hear the music of Christmas
For the music of Christmas is love
(Oh, it's love)

So light the fire, tell the family to gather around
And the wall will echo the sound
Of memories that are and will be
And their voices, like a chorus, will sing so sweetly for us
Love is here, it's the music of Christmas

So listen, listen with your heart
And you will hear a song in the laughter of a child
Oh, won't you listen for the sound of hope
And you will hear the music of Christmas
For the music of Christmas is love

Long ago, a baby was born in the night
And as He let out His very first cry
The sound was bringing hope alive
Stars were shining, angels singing
All heaven and earth was ringing
Love is here, it's the music of Christmas

So listen, listen with your heart
And you will hear a song in the laughter of a child
Oh, won't you listen for the sound of hope
And you will hear the music of Christmas
For the music of Christmas is love
(Oh, it's love)