

1. Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains:

Glo. . . . ria in excelsis Deo!

Glo. . . . ria in excelsis Deo!

(Glory to God in the highest!)

2. Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
Say what may the tidings be,
Which inspire your heav'nly song?

Glo. . . . ria in excelsis Deo!

Glo. . . . ria in excelsis Deo!

(Glory to God in the highest!)

3. Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.

Glo. . . . ria in excelsis Deo!

Glo. . . . ria in excelsis Deo!

(Glory to God in the highest!)

4. See within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heav'n and earth!
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
With us sing our Savior's birth.

Glo. . . . ria in excelsis Deo!

Glo. . . . ria in excelsis Deo!

(Glory to God in the highest!)

