

Angels We Have Heard on High

Angels we have on heard high, sweetly singing o're the plains,
And the mountains in reply echo back their joyous strains.
Gloria in excelsis Deo, gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why the jubilee? Why your joyous strains prolong?
Say what may the tidings be, which inspire your heav'nly song?
Gloria in excelsis Deo, gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem and see him whose birth the angels sing;
Come adore on bended knee Christ the Lord, the newborn King.
Gloria in excelsis Deo, gloria in excelsis Deo.