

Angels we have heard in heaven
sweetly singing o'er our plains,
and the mountain tops in answer
echoing their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

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Shepherds, why this exultation?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
Tell us of the gladsome tidings,
which inspire your joyous song.

Come to Bethlehem, and see Him
o'er Whose birth the angels sing,
come, adore, devoutly kneeling,
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.

See Him in a manger lying
Whom the choir of angels praise!
Mary, Joseph, come to aid us
while our hearts in love we raise.