

Angels we have heard on high
sweetly singing o'er our plains,
and the mountains in reply
echo still their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

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Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
Say, what may your tidings be,
which inspire your heavenly song.

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him Whose birth the angels sing:
come, adore on bended knee
the infant Christ, the new-born King.

See within the manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth!
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid
to celebrate our Saviour's birth.