

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

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heav'nly song?
Gloria, in excelsis Deo.

See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.
Gloria, in excelsis Deo.