Angels we have heard on high Sweet-ly sing-ing o’er the plains,
Shep-herds, why this ju-bi-lee? Why your joy-ous strains pro-long?
Come to Beth-le-hem and see Christ Whose birth the an-gels sing;
See Him in a man-ger laid, Whom the choirs of an-gels praise;

And the moun-tains in re- ply E-cho-ing their joy-ous strains.
What the glad-some ti-dings be Which in-spire your heaven-ly song?
Come a-dore on bend-ed knee, Christ the Lord, the new born King.
Ma-ry, Jo-seph, lend your aid, While our hears in love we raise.

Glo - - - - - - - - - - - ri-a,
in ex-cel-sis De-o! Glo - - - - - - - - - - - ri-a, in ex-cel-sis De-o!