



One Fine Christmas



Angels On High

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.
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.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ, the Lord our newborn King.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

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