Angels We have heard on high

Angels we have heard on high,

Sweetly singing o'er the plains

And the mountains in reply,

Echoing their joyous strains.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?

Why your joyous strains prolong?

What the gladsome tidings be

Which inspire your heav'nly song?

Come to Bethlehem and see

Him whose birth the angels sing;

Come, adore on bended knee

Christ the Lord, the newborn King.