

George Huff "Miracles"

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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. Gloria...

[Chorus:]

Gloria, In Excelsius Deo

Shepherd why this jubilee,
Why your joyous strains prolong
What the gladsome tidings be,
Which inspire your heavenly song?

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King,
peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcile.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
join the triumph of the skies;
with the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem'
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King.
Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
hail, the incarnate deity,
pleased as Man with to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
born that man no more may die,
born to raise the suns of earth,

born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King.

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