

## Al Jarreau "Gloria In Excelsis"

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O blessed town  
Of Bethlehem  
Within thy gray  
Green shade  
Ringed round  
With  
Terraced vineyard  
And depth  
Of olive glade  
There on thy high  
Green pastures  
The shepherds  
Watch their sheep  
The low large moon  
Shines glim'ring  
O'er all  
The upland steep

What music  
Of the heavens  
What magic song  
Of bliss  
What vision  
Of the night-tide  
What mystic light  
Is this?  
The silly sheep  
Are blinded  
The shepherds  
In amaze  
Stand awe-struck  
All the hillside  
With glory  
Is abaze

The angels'  
Joyous

Chorus:  
Rings out  
Into the night  
O Gloria

In excelsis  
Sing praises  
In the height  
Sing praises  
Men of Bethlehem  
Sing praises  
Here below  
For peace  
On Earth  
And goodwill  
He doth  
On your bestow

For on this day  
Is born there  
Within  
Your little town  
A Child  
Who Christ  
The Lord is  
Yet wears  
No earthly crown  
He bringeth joy  
And gladness  
To you  
And all mankind  
Yea  
Peace on earth  
And good-will  
To men  
Of equal mind

O blessed town  
Of Bethlehem  
How happy  
Is thy state  
How blest  
Above all palaces  
The stable  
At thy gate  
For there  
In manger-cradle  
(Oh  
true the angel word)  
As King enthroned  
Of all the worlds  
Reigns Jesus Christ  
The Lord

