

Shepherds, in the field abiding

Shepherds in the field abiding,
tell us, when the seraph bright
greeted you with wondrous tiding
what you saw and heard that night.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

We beheld it (it is no fable),
God incarnate, King of bliss,
swathed and cradled in a stable,
and the angel strain was this:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Choristers on high were singing,
Jesus and his Virgin birth
heavenly bells the while a-ring,
"Peace, good will to men on earth."
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Thanks, good herdmen, true your story,
have with you to Bethlehem;
angels hymn the King of glory,
carol we with you and them.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.