Angels We Have Heard On High

DADDADAngels we have heard on highSweetly singing o'er the plains,DADADAnd the mountains in reply Echoing their joyous strains.

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

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

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