

Al Jarreau, Gloria In Excelsis

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