

Downhere, Glory To God In The Highest

On hillsides of moonlight, and shooting stars
Shepards keep the late watch, on a crisp blue night
Suddenly the darkness breaks with full daylight
With hosts of heaven's angels filling the sky

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Glory to God in the highest, now here in Bethlehem
Glory to God, In the highest, the Child who will save all men

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Rushing to the city, sandal slipping on cobblestone
Find they in the great story, for centuries we've now known
And pouring out with wonder, the shepards step outside
And lift worn hands to heaven singing aloud

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Glory to God in the highest, now here in Bethlehem
Glory to God, In the highest, the Child who will save all men

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Now until he returns, remember this time
When least of men were given the greatest of light
That God chose not to glory in wealth, power, fame
But with the small and simple he came

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Glory to God in the highest, now here in Bethlehem
Glory to God, In the highest, the Child who will save all men

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Glory to God, Glory to God