

Glory in the highest (7)

Hark the angels singing! Make the happy

Joyful tidings bringing, Christ the babe is born.

In a lonely manger, (This shall be the sign)

See the new born stranger, that the babe divine!

Ch. Glory! Glory! Glory! In the highest sing,

Glory! Glory! Glory! To our Lord, our King!

Glory! Glory! Glory! Peace to earth again

" " " " and good will to men.

Come let us be joyous

Come let us be joyous, & welcome the day

Let us be glad tidings of our success.

It is the merry Christmas, the Christmas song,

It is the joyous birthday, the gladdest birthday,

There shout glad choruses, will laugh will sing

Our gifts unto others as freely we bring.

Will make our friends happy, will try to be kind,

And thus in their gladness our happiness find.

" " " " " " " "

Oh, golly, bring it home, oh dear Santa Claus

Come quick down the chimney to see us because,

We've worked and we've waited for you so long,

Dear Santa Claus haster & hear our glad song,

Dear Santa Claus haster " " " "