

Gloria

Adapted by Rev. S.S. Greatheed

When the crim-son sun had set Low be-hind the win-try sea, On the bright And

6 cold mid-night Burst a sound of heaven-ly glee: Glo-

12 - ri - a in ex-cel-sis De - o. Glo ri - a

19 in ex-cel-sis De - o!