Excelsis Gloria!



"Excelsis! Gloria!"

I raised my head and tried to hear,

But only "God" came clear.

They sang and sang; but what, I could not understand. I answered "We know not Your Latin in this land! If you wish me to listen Please speak to me straight out; You'll find my simple plain Walloon Will fit to any tune." Then, dazed, I heard their news; That Christ the Lord is born! But that His life He'd lose, Perhaps before the morn. If no one brought Him comforts For He was cold and poor; He had a stone beneath His head And straw was all His bed.

I called the shepherds, quick! We filled our bags with cake, And cheese and milk so thick, As much as we could take. And following the star's beam We found the little crib. The virgin spoke Walloon and smiled And let us hold the child!