

# Gabriel's Message

S. Baring Gould arr. Edgar Pettman

*Smoothly*

1. The An-gel Gab-ri-el from hea-ven came,— his wings as drift-ed snow, his  
2. "For know a bless-ed Moth-er thou shalt be,— all gen-er-a-tions laud and  
3. Then gen-tle Ma-ry meek-ly bowed her head,— "To me be as it pleas-eth  
4. Of her Em-man-u-el the Christ was born,— in Beth-le-hem all on a  
eyes as flame.— "All hail" said he "Thou low-ly maid-en Ma-ry,— most  
hon-our thee,— Thou son shall be Em-man-u-el by seers fore-told,— most  
God" she said,— "My soul shall laud and mag-ni-fy His Ho-ly name"— Most  
Christ-mas morn,— and Christ-ian folk through-out the world will ev-er say,— most  
high-ly fav-oured la-dy." Glo-ri-a!  
high-ly fav-oured la-dy." Glo-ri-a!  
high-ly fav-oured la-dy. Glo-ri-a!  
high-ly fav-oured la-dy. Glo-ri-a!

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