

Christmas

"O Come All Ye Faithful"

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O come all ye faithful joyful and triumphant
Oh come ye O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him born the King of angels;
O come let us adore him Christ the Lord.

God of God light of light
Lo he abhors not the virgin's womb;
Very God begotten not created:
O come let us adore him Christ the Lord.

Sing choirs of angels sing in exultation
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God in the highest:
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

See how the shepards summoned to his cradel,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither hend our joyful footsteps;
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

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