

Martina McBride

"O Come All Ye Faithful"

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O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him,
Born the King of angels;

[Chorus]

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
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
All glory in the highest;

[Chorus]

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O Come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

See how the shepherds,

Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps;

[Chorus]

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
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.

[Chorus]

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O Come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

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