

Rebecca Lynn Howard

"The First Noel"

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The First Noel
The angels did say
Was to certain
Poor shepherds
In fields as they lay
In fields where they may
Keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night
That was so deep
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born
Is the King of Israel

They looked up
And saw a star
Shining in the East
Beyond them far
And to the Earth
It gave great light
And so it continued
Both day and night
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born
Is the King of Israel

Then entered
In those Wise men three
Full reverently
Upon their knee
And offered there
In His presence
Their gold and myrrh
And frankincense
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born
Is the King of Israel
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born
Is the King of Israel

