

O Come All Ye Faithful

Glen Campbell

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!
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
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.

See how the shepherds
Summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze!
We, too, will thither
Bend our hearts' oblations.

Lo, star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer Him incense, gold and myrrh;
We to the Christ-child
Bring our hearts' oblations

Child, for us sinners,
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace Thee with love and awe;
Who would not love Thee,
Loving us so dearly?

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
"Glory to God,
In the highest!"

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing!