

O Come All Ye Faithful

Engelbert Humperdinck

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.

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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!

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

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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!

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

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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!

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?

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O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
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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!

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

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O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
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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!

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

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Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
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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!