

# 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!