

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Faith Hill

Oh, come ye
Oh come ye to Bethlehem
Come and behold him
Born the King of angels
Oh 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
Oh 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
In the highest Oh come
Let us adore him
Christ the Lord See how the shepherds
Summoned to his cradle
Leaving their flocks
Draw nigh with lowly fear
We too will thither hie
Our joyful footsteps
Oh 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
Oh come
Let us adore him
Christ the Lord