O Come, All Ye Faithful

John Francis Wade, circa 1743

1. O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, O
2. True God of true God, Light from Light Eternal,
3. Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation; O
4. See how the shepherds, summoned to His cradle,
5. Lo! star led chief-tains, Magi, Christ adoring,
6. Child, for us sinners poor and in the manger,
7. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;

O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem.
Lo, He shuns not the Virgin’s womb;
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above!
Leaving their flocks, drawn to gaze;
Other Him incense, gold, and myrrh;
We would embrace Thee, with love and awe;
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;

Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;
Son of the Father, begotten, not created;
Glory to God, all glory in the highest;
We too will ther bend our joyful steps;
We to the Christ Child bring our hearts’ oblations;
Who would not love Thee, loving us so dearly?
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

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O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.