

# Michael George, O' Come All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,  
Oh come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
come and behold him, born the King of angels;  
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:  
O 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:

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

See how the shepards summoned to his cradel,  
leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;  
we too will thither hend our joyful footsteps;  
O 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:  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.