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:

*O come, let us adore him...*

See how the shepherds,

summoned to his cradle,

leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;

we too will thither bend our joyful footsteps:

*O come, let us adore him...*

Lo! star-led chieftains,

Magi, Christ adoring,

offer him incense, gold and myrrh.

we to the Christ-child bring our hearts oblations:

*O come, let us adore him...*

Sing, choirs of angels,

sing in exultation,

sing, all ye citizen of heaven above:

"Glory to God, in the highest."

*O come, let us adore him...*

Once in Royal David's city

stood a lowly cattle shed,

where a mother laid her baby

in a manger for his bed:

Mary was that mother mild,

Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven

who is God and Lord of all,

and his shelter was a stable,

and his cradle was a stall;

With the poor and mean and lowly

lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see him

through his own redeeming love,

for that child so dear and gentle

is our Lord in heaven above;

and he leads his children on

to the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,

with the oxen standing by,

we shall see him; but in heaven,

set at God's right hand on high;

where like stars his children crowned

all in white shall wait around.