

George Michael, 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.