

# O Come All Ye Faithful

Moriah Peters

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

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