

O Come All Ye Faithful

So Elated

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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