Come, good people, to the stable



Hasten to the manger-side

Come, behold the Infant holy



Come and see the blessed Child

Come and follow,
one and all



Come see him lying
in the stall

For He is born, the Child divine



Faithful shepherds watching ever

O’er their flocks by dark of night



Wondering, fearing, tidings hearing

‘Mid a glorious, shining light



Music ringing
Angels singing

News of joy and comfort bringing



He is born, the Child divine