The first novel, the angels did say, was to certain poor shepherds in fields where they lay. In fields where they lay keeping their
Sheep on a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, noel! Noel, noel!

Ooh

Born is the king of Israel.

Ooh
They looked up, and saw an el. They looked up, and saw an

star shining in the East beyond them

far, And to the earth it gave a great

And to the earth it gave a great
light, and so it continued both day and night.

No - el, no - el. No - el, no - el! No - el, no - el!

No - el, the king of Is - ra - el! Born is the king of Is - ra - el.
The star drew night to the northwest. Over Bethlehem!
‘Hem it took it’s rest. And there it

‘did both stop and stay right over the

‘place where Jesus lay. No - el, no -
el! No - el, no - el! No - el, Born is no - 
el! Sing no - el, Born is no - 
eling Sing is no - el. Born is the 

king of Is - ra - el!