The first Noel, the angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night, that was so deep.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east, beyond them far
And to the earth, it gave great light
And so it continued, both day and night

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel Born is the King of Israel. This star drew nigh to the northwest O'er Bethlehem, it took its rest And there it did, both stop and stay Right over the place, where Jesus lay

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three,

Full reverently, upon the knee

And offered there, in His presence,

Their gold and myrrh, and frankincense

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel Born is the King of Israel.