

**Bring a torch, Jeannete, Isabella!**

Bring a torch, Jeannete, Isabella!  
Bring a torch, to the cradle, run!  
Light the way so the children may see him;  
Jesus Christ, our Lord is sleeping:  
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is the baby!  
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is the child!

Bring a song, Jeannete, Isabella!  
Bring a song of worship, come!  
Hosts of heav'n choirs of angels  
fill the sky with joyful praises.  
Gloria! Gloria! In excelsis Deo!  
Gloria! Gloria! Et in terra pax!

Bring the shepherds, Jeannete, Isabella!  
Bring the shepherds to Bethlehem, come!  
Keeping watch o'er their flocks in the night,  
they're longing, to come and worship Jesus!  
Alleluia! Christ is born!  
Alleluia! Christ is born!

Bring your heart, Jeannete, Isabella!  
Bring your heart to the Lord of love!  
Gold, myrrh and frankincense are precious on earth, but heaven's gift is  
Jesus, born in a lowly stable!  
Jesus, born unto us a king!

Bring a torch!