

O Holy Night

John Denver

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining, it is the night of our dear Savior's birth.

Long lay the world in sin and error pining till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.

A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices for yonder breaks a new glorious morn.

Fall on your knees, oh, hear the angels' voices, oh, night divine, oh night when Christ was born.

O night divine, oh night, oh night divine, oh night divine.

Oh, night divine, oh night when Christ was born.

O night divine, oh night, oh night divine, oh night divine.