

John Denver, Holy Night

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
O hear the angels' voices
O ni--ight divine

O night when Christ was born
O night divine, O night
O night divine

O ni--ight divine
O night when Christ was born
O night, O holy night
O night divine