

John Denver, Noel: Christmas Eve, 1913

A frosty Christmas Eve, when the stars were shining
I traveled for the home, where westward falls the hill
And for many, many a village, in the darkness of the valley
distant music reached me, peels of bells were ringing.

Then spread my thoughts to olden times, to that first of Christmases
when shepherds who were watching, heard music in the fields
and they sat there and they marveled, and they knew they could not tell

whether it were angels, or the bright stars a-singing

But to me heard a far, it was starry music
the singing of the angels, the comfort of our Lord
words of old that come a traveling, by the riches of the times
and I softly listened, as I stood upon the hill
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