

Paul Potts, O Holy Night

O holy night,
The stars are brightly shining
It is the night
Of our dear Saviour'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 and glorious morn,

Fall on your knees
Oh, hear the angel voices

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

Oh night divine,
Oh night,
Oh, night divine

(Oh holy night,
The stars are brightly shining
It is the night
Of our dear Saviour's birth)

Sweet hymns of joy
In grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us
Praise His holy name

Christ is the Lord,
The name forever praise we,
Oh, (unintelligible-Italian?)
Oh night, oh night divine,

Oh night
Divine,
Oh night,
Oh, holy night