

# 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