

Noel: Christmas Eve, 1913

John Denver

A frosty Christmas Eve, when the stars where 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 Christ
mases
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.
And I softly listened, as I stood upon the hill.