

# O Holy Night

Paul Brandt

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  
O night divine  
O night

When Christ was born  
O night divine  
O night  
O night divine

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