O Holy Night

<u>Celtic Woman</u>

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining It is the night of our dear Savior'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 Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother And in His name all oppression shall cease Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we Let all within us praise His holy name Christ is the Lord, that ever, ever praise we O night, O night O night, O night divine O night, O night O night, O night divine O night, O night, O O night, O night divine

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