Tuning Out...

Bastille

Oh 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,
'til 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, that leads to morn.
Fall on your knees,
Oh hear the angel voices.
Oh night divine, oh night, when Christ was born.
Oh night, oh holy night, oh night divine.

Hold me in your arms,
Hold me in your arms,
I'll be buried here with you.
And I'll hold in these hands,
All that remains.

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