Oh Holy Night









sin and er - ror pin - ing, 'til He ap - peared, and the star, ____ sweet - ly gleam - ing, there came the wise men from slave ____ is our bro - ther, and in His name all op -



soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope, the wearry world re-O-ri-ent land. The King of kings lay thus in low-ly pres-sion shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in grate-ful cho-rus



joic - es, for yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn, man - ger, in all our tri - als born to be our friend. raise we, let all with - in us praise His ho - ly name,

