

## John Denver "Noel, Christmas Eve 1913"

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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 Christmases  
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

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