G
A FROSTY CHRISTMAS EVE, WHEN THE STARS WHERE SHINING
   Em                        C            D
I TRAVELED FOR THE HOME, WHERE WESTWARD FALLS THE HILL
   C            D            C            D
AND FOR MANY, MANY A VILLAGE, IN THE DARKNESS OF THE VALLEY
   G                        C            G
DISTANT MUSIC REACHED ME, PEELS OF BELLS WERE RINGING.

G
THEN SPREAD MY THOUGHTS TO OLDEN TIMES, TO THAT FIRST OF CHRISTMASES
   Em                        C            D
WHEN SHEPHERDS WHO WERE WATCHING, HEARD MUSIC IN THE FIELDS
   C            D            C            D
AND THEY SAT THERE AND THEY MARVELED, AND THEY KNEW THEY COULD NOT TELL
   G                        C            G
WHETHER IT WERE ANGELS, OR THE BRIGHT STARS A-SINGING

G
BUT TO ME HEARD A FAR, IT WAS STARRY MUSIC
   Em                        C            D
THE SINGING OF THE ANGELS, THE COMFORT OF OUR LORD
   C            D            C            D
WORDS OF OLD THAT COME A TRAVELING, BY THE RICHES OF THE TIMES
   G                        C            G
AND I SOFTLY LISTENED, AS I STOOD UPON THE HILL
   C                        G
AND I SOFTLY LISTENED, AS I STOOD UPON THE HILL

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