

# Bill Anderson, Silent Night

(Franz Gruber - Joseph Mohr)

Yes, he was born in an obscure village  
The son of a simple pleasant woman  
He grew up in another small town  
And worked with his father in a carpenter shop  
Until he was thirty  
And then for three years he was  
What we would call a traveling preacher  
He never wrote a book, he never held political office  
The places he did go, he usually walked  
He never did any of the things  
That one usually associates with greatness  
He had no credentials but himself  
When he was only thirty three  
The tide of public opinion turned against him  
Some of his friends deserted him  
One denied him, one even betrayed him  
And turned him over to his enemies  
He went through the mockery of a trial  
He was nailed to a cross between two thieves  
While he was dying his executioners gambled  
For his only possession, His robe, his purple robe  
When he was dead he was taken from the cross  
And laid in a borrowed grave  
Provided through the compassion of a friend  
Nineteen wide centuries have since come and gone  
And today this man is the centerpiece of the human race  
The leader in the column of mankind's progress  
I think that I am well within the mark when I say  
All the armies that ever marched  
All the navies that ever sailed the seven seas  
All the legislative bodies that ever met  
All the kings and rulers that have ever reigned all put together  
Have not effected the life of man on this earth  
As much as that one solitary life.

Silent night, holy night  
All is calm, all is bright  
Round young virgin  
Mother and child  
Holy infant so tender and mild  
Sleep in heavenly peace  
Sleep in heavenly peace...