

Bill Anderson**"Silent Night"**

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(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...

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