

Steven Curtis Chapman

"The night before christmas"

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It was the night
Before Christmas
And all through
The world
Everything looked
Like business
As usual
Shepherds
Sat on a hillside
Looking up
At the stars
While the world
Fell asleep
Unaware
Just how deep
Was the darkness
The night
Before Christmas

And the night
Before Christmas
It seemed
To be just a night
But the wind blew
Like something
Was coming
And like children
With secrets
That they're
Bursting to tell
The cedars
Danced
In the breeze
While all of nature
It seemed
Held its breath
On the night
Before Christmas

And hope
Hope long awaited

The hope
Of the ages
Would break
With the dawn
And the song
That all
Of creation
Was anticipating
Would start
With a baby's
First cry

And on the night
Before Christmas
Mary laid
Down to rest
While Joseph
He paced
The floor praying
And in
An everyday stable
In an
Everyday town
In the hours
To come God
Would wrap
Himself up
And come down
From heaven
And the world
Would forever
Be changed
After the night
Before Christmas

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