

# The Night Before Christmas

Steven Curtis Chapman

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