

On A Quiet Christmas Morn

Mary Chapin Carpenter

There's not a soul out on the street,
No footprints in the falling snow
The only moving thing I see is the curl of chimney smoke
Frost elts on the window panes and the house is getting warm
From the fare's carckling flames on a quiet Christmas morn.

Now I walked out in the silent world,
No engines roared, no sirens whined
No one raced off to work through the din of honking horns
There was truly peace on earth on a quiet Christmas morn

And on a quiet Christmas morn, a child was in a stable born
Shepherds heard the baby cry, saw a new star in the sky
On a quiet Christmas morn

The hustle stops and the bustle stills,
On this day all is calm
Forgiving kindness and goodwill soothes like a healing balm
The hardest heart is softened by the blessing that was born
When the gift of grace was offered on a quiet Christmas morn

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