

## Silent Night

Richard Marx

Silent Night, Holy Night,  
All is calm, all is bright.  
Round yon virgin mother and child,  
Holy infant so tender and mild,

Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

We've kissed the kids goodnight,  
We've got their stockings by the fire.  
A flame lights up the room and hand in hand,  
We watch it start to snow.

The lights glow on the tree,  
And we drink last hot coffee.  
Your head's upon my shoulder,  
And they just played Mistletoe and Wine on the radio.

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Holy infant so tender and mild,

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