

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 melts on the window panes and the house is getting warm
From the fire's crackling flames on a quiet Christmas morn. I walked out in the silent world,
no engines roared, no sirens whined
The teasing boys chased squealing girls, no noisy school bells chimed
No one raced off to work through the din of honking horns
There was truly peace on earth on a quiet Christmas morn 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 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 Shepherds heard the baby cry, saw a new star in the sky
On a quiet Christmas morn

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