

Silent Night

Tiny Tim

Silent night, holy night
All is calm, and all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night
Shepherds quake at the sight
Glory beams from Thy holy face
With a dawn of redeeming grace
Christ the Savior is born
Christ the Savior is born

Silent night, holy night
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia
Jesus Lord at Thy birth
Jesus Lord at Thy birth

Silent night
Those words are true
For on one day, we get pompous and religious
With great ornaments and great, great facades
But how many silent nights do we have in denying Jesus Christ?
The other 363 days of the year
How many times do those who put on false tears
And profess the kind of reverence on one day are hypocrites?
Right in his name, professing his name
Fornicating with children, fornicating with young girls
And professing his name
A hatred of races, a secondary class and a third-dary class
And yet, we put on our best faces on one silent night of the year
But our silent nights in professing Jesus Christ's name
Every day of the year, in the shame of mentioning the name
Jesus Christ in public because our friends won't like it
Our business friends may deny us
It's not chic to mention the name of Jesus Christ
So we mention God, and we mention Lord
But we're really silent to his ways
We're really silent, we have silent nights every day of our lives
Except on Christmas Eve
Oh, ye hypocrites, oh Lord be merciful to me, a sinner
Sing the song, but first do his deeds

Silent night, holy night
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With a dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus Lord at Thy birth
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