

## The Little Match Seller

The Puppini Sisters

Silent Night, Lonely Night  
Streets are dark, no soul in sight  
Round and round does the match seller roam  
Only trouble awaits her at home  
Shivering, hungry and weary  
The little girl sits in the snow

She strikes one match  
And the flame's like a stove  
The second's a banquet  
Of sweetmeats and cloves  
And the third brings a vision of baubles and stars  
A beautiful Christmas tree for her only

Silent Night, Wonderful Night  
All is calm and veiled in white  
Someone's calling the matchseller's name  
Angels sing as she burns the last flame  
Glory Hallelujah  
The little girl smiles in the snow  
Glory Hallelujah  
The little girl sleeps in the snow