

Hymn #47

Still, still, still,
He sleeps this night so chill!
The virgin's tender arms enfolding,
Warm and safe the child are holding.
Still, still, still,
He sleeps this night so chill.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
He lies in slumber deep;
While angel hosts from heaven come winging,
Sweetest songs of joy are singing.
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
He lies in slumber deep.