

STILL, STILL, STILL

(words by Kenneth Cope
music: traditional Austrian carol)

Still, still, still comes the thrill of our Savior's birth
Loved by the high and lowly in station
Reverenced in every language and nation
Still, still, still comes the thrill of our Savior's birth

Peace, peace, peace—'tis the season of His peace
Love shows its face with God in a manger
Mercy's embraced while hate's made a stranger
Peace, peace, peace—'tis the season of His peace

Wake, nations wake—'tis the eve of our Lord's return
Come from His throne to those who receive Him
Making on earth one long Christmas season
Wake, nations wake, and prepare for the Lord's return