

# One Winter's Night

Rev. L. J. T. Darwell



One win-ter's night I saw a sight, A maid an In-fant keep; And



ever she sung, and said a-mong, "Lul - lay, my Child, and sleep. I



may not sleep, but I may weep, I am so woe be - gone; For



sleep I would, but I am cold, And cloth-ing have I none."