

48. Santa Lucia

Hark! through the darksome night
Sounds come a winging:
Lo! 'tis the Queen of Light
Joyfully singing.
Clad in her garment white,
Wearing her crown of light,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia!

Deep in the northern sky
Bright stars are beaming.
Christmas is drawing nigh,
Candles are gleaming.
Welcome thou vision rare,
Lights glowing in thy hair.
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia!