

133R Tis Winter Now, The Fallen Snow

$\text{♩} = 130$

1. 'Tis win - ter now, the fall - en snow has left the
2. And though a - broad the sharp winds blow, and skies are
heavens all cold - ly clear; Through leaf - less boughs the sharp winds
chill, and frosts are keen, home clos - er draws a cir - cle
blow, and all the earth lies dead and drear; And yet God's
now, and warm - er glows the light with - in; O God! Who
love is not with - drawn; The Life with - in the keen air
does give the win - ter's cold as well as sum - mer's joy - ous
breathes, and Beau - ty paints the crim - son dawn, and clothes the
rays, us warm - ly in your love en - fold, and keep us
boughs with glitter - ing wreaths.
through life's win - try days.

Words: Samuel Longfellow, alt. REH (2005)

Music: DEUS TUORUM MILITUM (L.M.D.), Grenoble Antiphoner (1753)