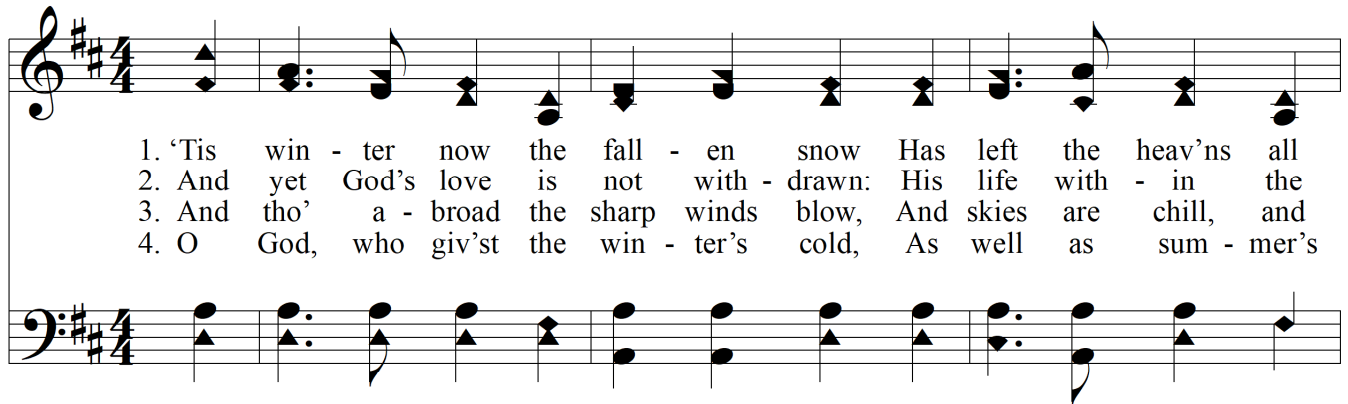
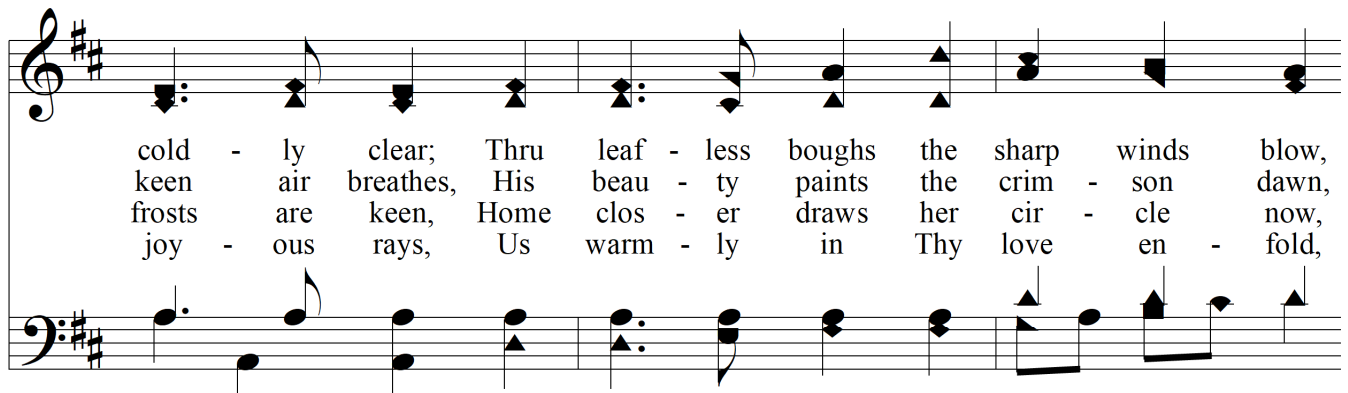


'Tis Winter Now: The Fallen Snow

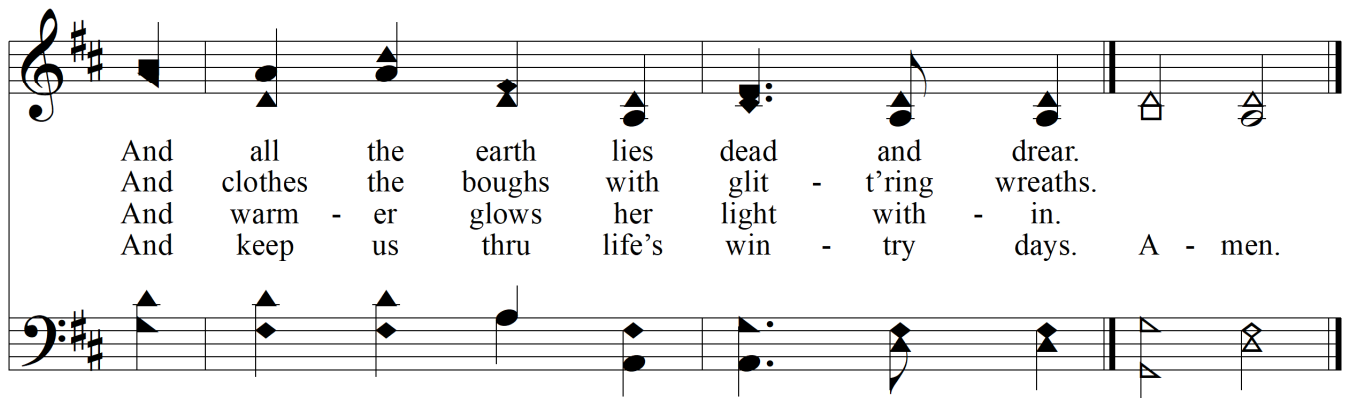
WELLESLEY L. M.



1. 'Tis win - ter now the fall - en snow Has left the heav'ns all
2. And yet God's love is not with - drawn: His life with - in the
3. And tho' a - broad the sharp winds blow, And skies are chill, and
4. O God, who giv'st the win - ter's cold, As well as sum - mer's



cold - ly clear; Thru leaf - less boughs the sharp winds blow,
keen air breathes, His beau - ty paints the crim - son dawn,
frosts are keen, Home clos - er draws her cir - cle now,
joy - ous rays, Us warm - ly in Thy love en - fold,



And all the earth lies dead and drear.
And clothes the boughs with glit - t'ring wreaths.
And warm - er glows her light with - in.
And keep us thru life's win - try days. A - men.