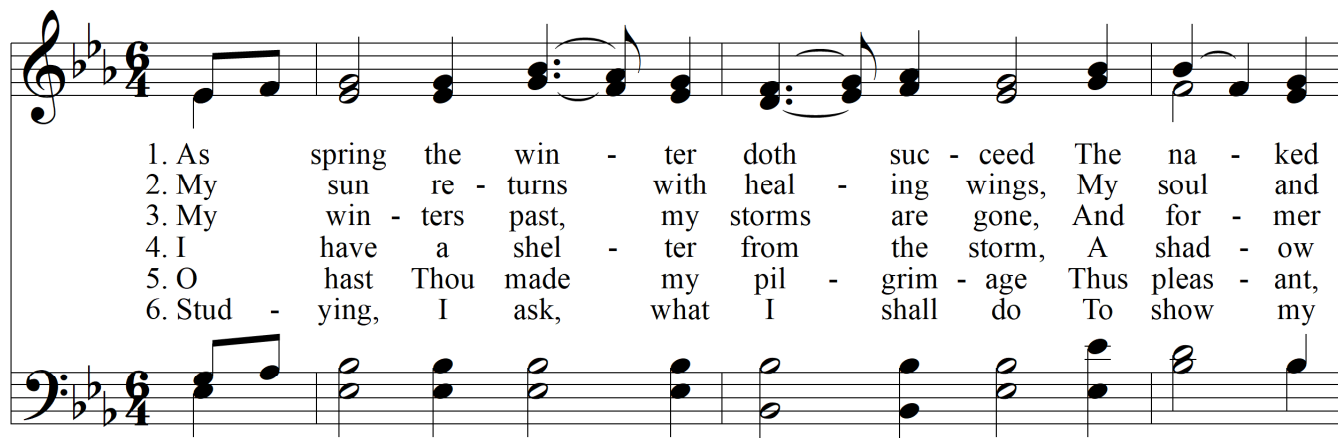
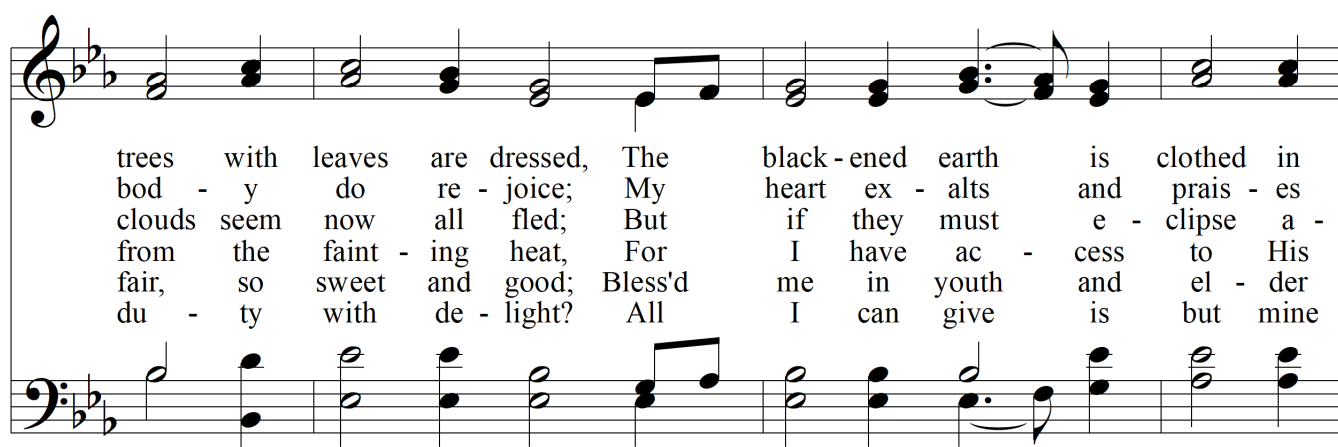


# As Spring The Winter Doth Succeed

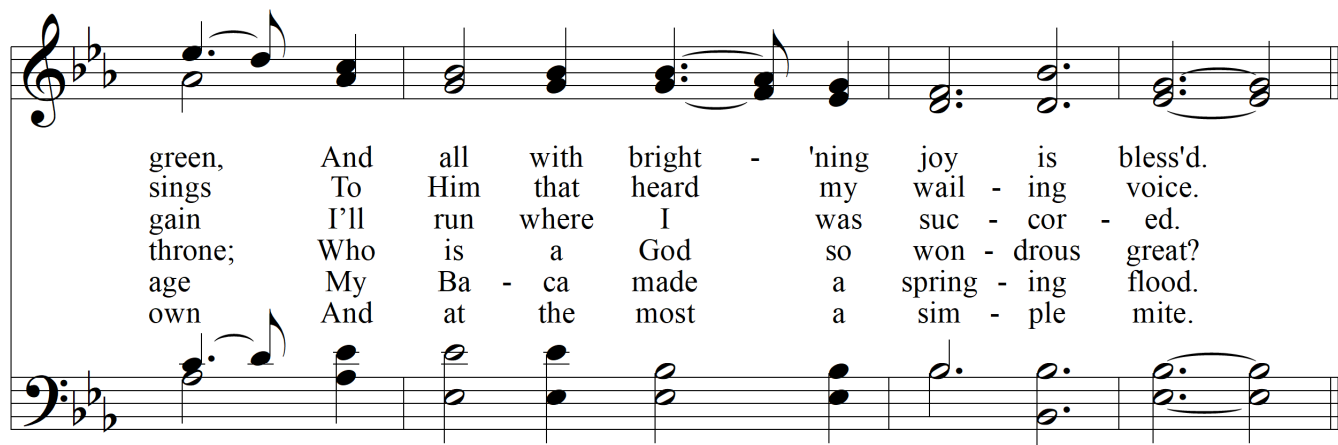
WOODWORTH



1. As spring the win - ter doth suc - ceed The na - ked  
2. My sun re - turns with heal - ing wings, My soul and  
3. My win - ters past, my storms are gone, And for - mer  
4. I have a shel - ter from the storm, A shad - ow  
5. O hast Thou made my pil - grim - age Thus pleas - ant,  
6. Stud - ying, I ask, what I shall do To show my



trees with leaves are dressed, The black - ened earth is clothed in  
bod - y do re - joice; My heart ex -alts and prais - es  
clouds seem now all fled; But if they must e - clipse a -  
from the faint - ing heat, For I have ac - cess to His  
fair, so sweet and good; Bless'd me in youth and el - der  
du - ty with de - light? All I can give is but mine



green, And all with bright - 'ning joy is bless'd.  
sings To Him that heard my wail - ing voice.  
gain I'll run where I was suc - cor - ed.  
throne; Who is a God so won - drous great?  
age My Ba - ca made a spring - ing flood.  
own And at the most a sim - ple mite.