'Tis winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes;
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.
'Tis Winter Now
DANBY, LM

Samuel Longfellow, 1819-1892

Soprano
Alto

'Tis winter now; the fallen snow Has left the heav'n all cold-
And yet God's love is not withdrawn His life within the keen air
And though abroad the sharp winds blow, And skies are chill, and frosts are
O God! who giv'st the winter's cold, As well as summer's joy-

Tenor

clear Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow And all the earth lies dead and drear;
keen, Home closer draws her circle now, And warmer glows her light within.
rays, Us warmly in thy love enfold, And keep us through life's weary days.

Bass

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If this work is performed, recorded, etc. please let the composer know by email: guy.stalnaker@gmail.com