

TI


T II


B I


B II


T I



ri-vers run; $\boldsymbol{p}$ These are but streams of Win-ter cold, $\boldsymbol{f}$ And pain-ted mists that quench the

B II


T I


B I


B II



TI








B II


T I


leaves that take to wing. $\boldsymbol{f}$ And win-try winds that pipe so loud, And winds so

loud.
that take to



B II


T I
 wing, $\boldsymbol{f}$ And win-try winds_ that pipe so loud. $\boldsymbol{m} \boldsymbol{f} 3$. 'Tis not trees' shade, but clou-dy glooms That
 wing, $\boldsymbol{f}$ And win-try winds_ that pipe so loud. $\boldsymbol{m} \boldsymbol{f} 3$. 'Tis not trees' shade, but clou-dy glooms That


B II



T I

T II

B I

on__ the cheer-less val-leys fall, $\boldsymbol{p}$ The flowers are in their gras-sy tombs, $\boldsymbol{f}$ And tears of




B II


T I


