

'Tis Winter Now

SATB *a cappella*

arr. J. Guy Stalnaker

Samuel Longfellow, 1819-1892

'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And yet God's love is not withdrawn;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.

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If this work is performed, recorded, etc.

please let the composer know by email:

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DANBY, LM

Samuel Longfellow, 1819-1892

J. Guy Stalnaker

♩ = 92

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

'Tis win - ter now; the fall - en snow Has left the heav'n's all cold - ly
And yet God's love is not with-drawn His life with - in the keen air
And though a - broad the sharp winds blow, And skies are chill, and frosts are
O God! who giv'st the win - ter's cold, As well as sum - mer's joy - ous

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rays, Us warmly in thy love en - fold, And keep us through life's win-try days.