

# 'Tis Winter Now

E $\flat$

*Quietly*

1. 'Tis win - ter now; the fall - en snow,  
2. And yet God's love is not with - drawn;  
3. O God, who giv' st the win - ter's cold,

Has left the heav'ns all cold - ly clear.  
His life with - in the keen air breathes;  
As well as sum - mer's joy - ous, rays,

Thru leaf - less boughs, the sharp wind blows  
His beau - ty paints the the crim - son dawn  
Thy chil - dren all in love en - fold

And all the earth lies dead and drear.  
And clothes the the boughs with git - t'ring wreaths.  
And guard thru - out life's win - try days.