

Winter Vale. C.M.

A minor Anne Steele, 1760.

Aldous, 2014.

1. Stern win-ter throws his i - cy chains, En - circ - ling na - ture round; How bleak, how com - fort - less the plains, Of late with ver - dure crown'd.

2. The sun with - draws his vi - tal beams, And light and warmth de - part; And droop - ing, life - less, na - ture seems An em - blem of my heart.

3. Re - turn, O bliss - ful sun, and bring Thy soul - re - viv - ing ray; This dole - ful win - ter shall be spring, This dark - ness, cheer - ful day.

4. Great source of light, thy beams dis - play, My droop - ing joys re - store; And guide me to the seats of day, Where win - ter frowns no more.