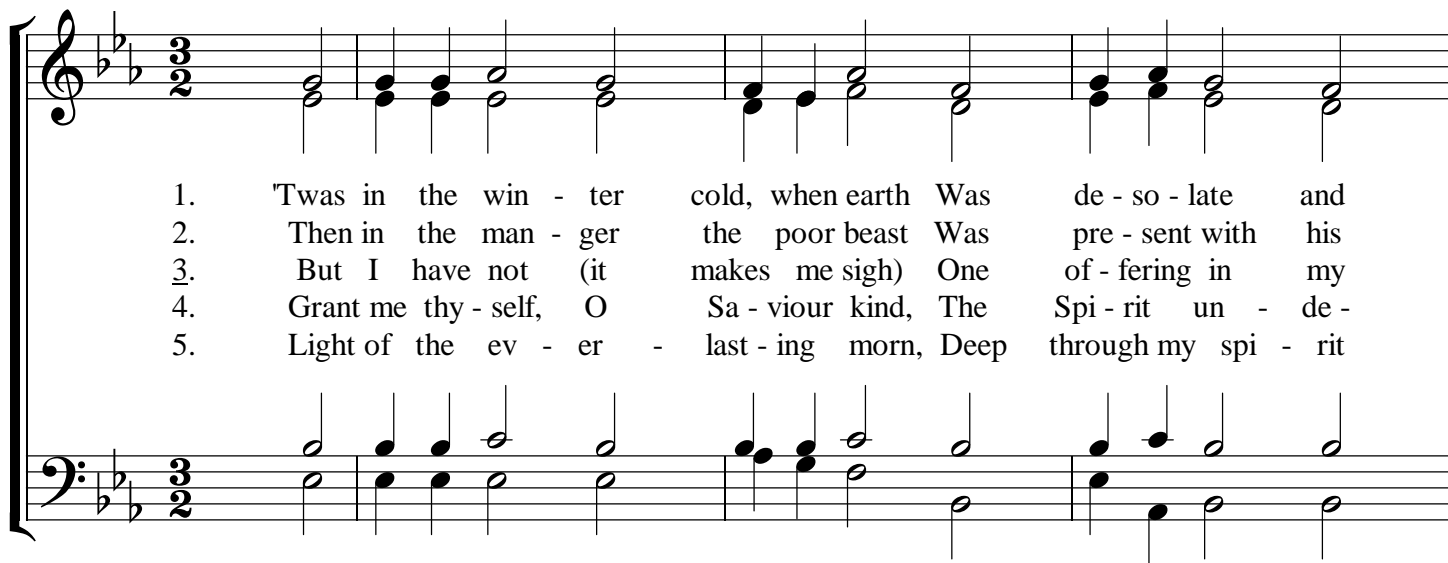


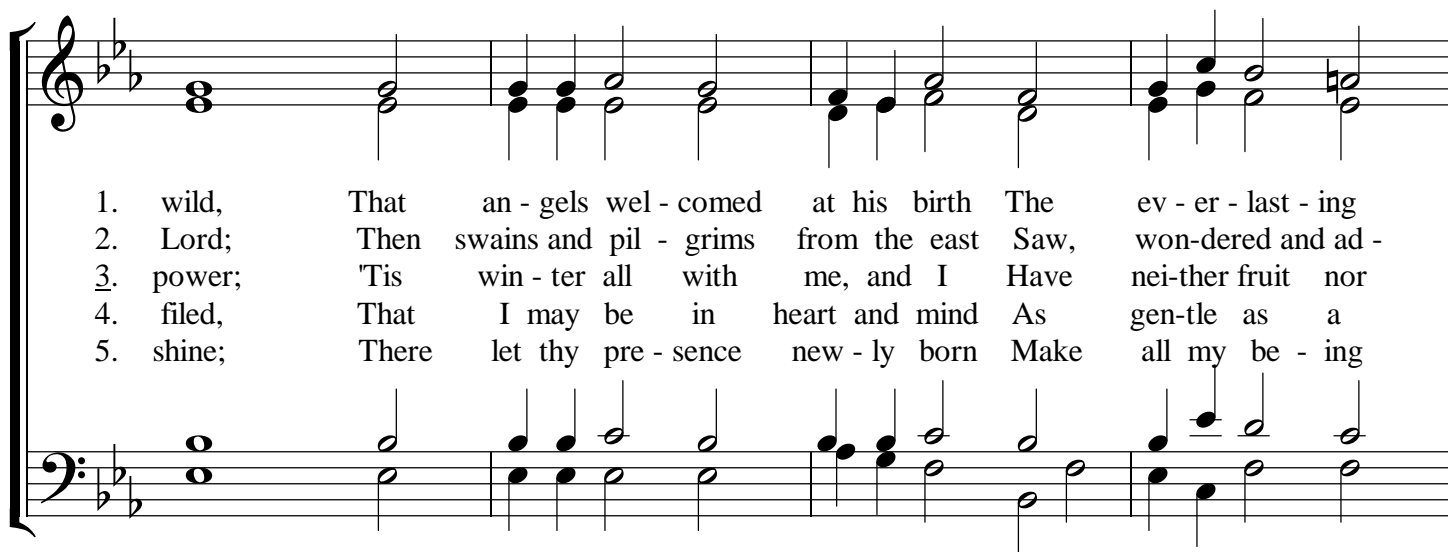
# 'Twas in the winter cold

Rev. C. J. Black (19th. century)

"YPSILANTI," D.C.M.  
Anonymous (19th. century)



1. 'Twas in the win - ter cold, when earth Was de - so - late and  
2. Then in the man - ger the poor beast Was pre - sent with his  
3. But I have not (it makes me sigh) One of - fering in my  
4. Grant me thy - self, O Sa - viour kind, The Spi - rit un - de -  
5. Light of the ev - er - last - ing morn, Deep through my spi - rit



1. wild, That an - gels wel - comed at his birth The ev - er - last - ing  
2. Lord; Then swains and pil - grims from the east Saw, won - dered and ad -  
3. power; 'Tis win - ter all with me, and I Have nei - ther fruit nor  
4. filed, That I may be in heart and mind As gen - tle as a  
5. shine; There let thy pre - sence new - ly born Make all my be - ing

1. Child. From realms of ev - er brighten-ing day, And from his throne a - bove, He  
 2. ored. And I this morn would come with them This bless-ed sight to see, And  
 3. flower. O God, O Bro-ther, let me give My worth-less self to thee; And  
 4. child; That I may tread life's ar-duous ways, As thou thy-self hast trod, And  
 5. thine: There try me as the sil-ver, try, And cleanse my soul with care, Till

1. came, with hu - man kind to stay, All low-li - ness and love.  
 2. to the Babe of Beth-le-hem Bend low the rev - erent knee.  
 3. that the years which I may live May pure and spot - less be:  
 4. in the might of prayer and praise Keep ev - er close to God.  
 5. thou art a - ble to des - cry Thy fault-less i - mage there.