

Midwinter's Chill

S+A: Frozen lakes, frozen streams,
frozen sky, or so it seems.

Alle: All the world, so cold and still,
hides in slumber from the chill.

But I, with hope, in quiet wait
and look upon midwinter's fate.

Knowing, trusting it will end.

Life returns, begins again.

Icy branches, bare and gray,
stretch to search these clouds of day

S+A: and pierce (*TB:* pierce) the crisp, black (*TB:* crisp, black)

Alle: veil of night for one brief touch of sun's warm light.

S+A: Ground, once green, lies dull and brown.

T+B: Waiting for the snow that's bound (*S+A:* that's bound)

S+A: ||: to camouflage, ***T+B:*** to camouflage :||

Alle: and leave no trace, leave no trace, leave no trace
of what's become a hardend face.

But I, with hope, in quiet wait
and look upon midwinter's fate.

Knowing, trusting it will end.

Life returns, begins again.

S+A: All the world, ***T+B:*** cold and still,

Alle: hides in slumber from the chill.

