Bleak Winter Is Subdued at Length

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Bleak winter is sub- dued at length, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
forced to yield the day; The

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
sun has waited all his strength, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
driven him a- way.

The other verses

2 And now long wished for spring is come,
How altered is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dressed in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.

3 Where'er we tread, beneath our feet
The clust'ring flowers spring;
The artless birds, in concert sweet,
Invite our hearts to sing.

4 But ah! in vain I strive to join,
Oppressed with sin and doubt;
I feet 'tis winter still, within,
Though all is spring without.

5 O! would my Savior from on high,
Break through these clouds and shine!
No creature then, more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

6 Till then--no softly warbling thrush,
Nor cowslip's sweet perfume;
Nor beauties of each painted bush,
Can dissipate my gloom.

7 To Adam, soon as he transgressed,
Thus Eden bloomed in vain;
Not paradise could give him rest,
Or soothe his heart-felt pain.

8 Yet here an emblem I perceive
Of what the Lord can do;
Dear Savior, help me to believe
That I may flourish too.

9 Thy word can soon my hopes revive,
Can overcome my foes;
And make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.