See, How Rude Winter's Icy Hand

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
See, how rude winter's icy hand Has

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
stripped the trees, and sealed the ground! But

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
spring shall soon his rage withstand, And

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
spread new beauties all around.

The other verses

2 My soul, a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3 Jesus, my glorious Sun arise!
'Tis thine, the frozen heart to move
O hush these storms and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble prayer, and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repose on what his promise faith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word,
Seasons this changing course maintain;
In every change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WINCHESTER NEW (From "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690); 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.