

# Remember the Poor

Cold win - ter has come with its cold chill - ing breath. And the ver - dure has fell from the trees. All na - ture seems touched by the fin - ger of death, And the streams are be - gin - ning to freeze, When the poor rob - in red - breast ap - proach - es the cot with the ic - i - cles hang - ing at the door. When con - ten - ted you sit by a good fire - side, That's the time to re - mem - ber the poor.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes) and various rests. The lyrics are placed below the corresponding notes.

When the cold feathery snow from the North does descend  
And lighten the prospect around,  
It covers the earth with a mantle of white  
Hard chilling and freezing the ground.  
When the poor, harmless hare escapes from the wood,  
His footsteps indented in snow,  
When the lips and fingers are tinted with blood,  
The sportsman a-hunting may go.

When the lads and the lasses on the rivers do slide  
Where the water no longer does flow,  
The fishes in prison can find no release,  
No danger for travelers to go.  
When the trees in the forest are covered with snow  
And the flowers attend us no more,  
When the black, billowing smoke, reviving and hot,  
That's the time to remember the poor.

Soon the time will be here when our Savior was born,  
All the ends of the earth will rejoice.  
Saints, angels, and men hallelujah will sing,  
And the rich will lie down with the poor.