

Remember the Poor

Cold win - ter has come with its cold, chill - ing breath, And the leaves have all fell from the trees. When all nat - ure seems touched with the fing - er 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 i - ci - cle hang - ing from the door; When, con - tent - ed you sit by a good fire - side That's the time to re - mem - ber the poor.

When the cold feathery snow from the North does descend
 And lightens 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 the fingers are tinted with blood,
 The sportsman a-hunting may go.

When the lasses and lads on the rivers do glide
 Where the water no longer does flow,
 The fishes from 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 rolls 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.