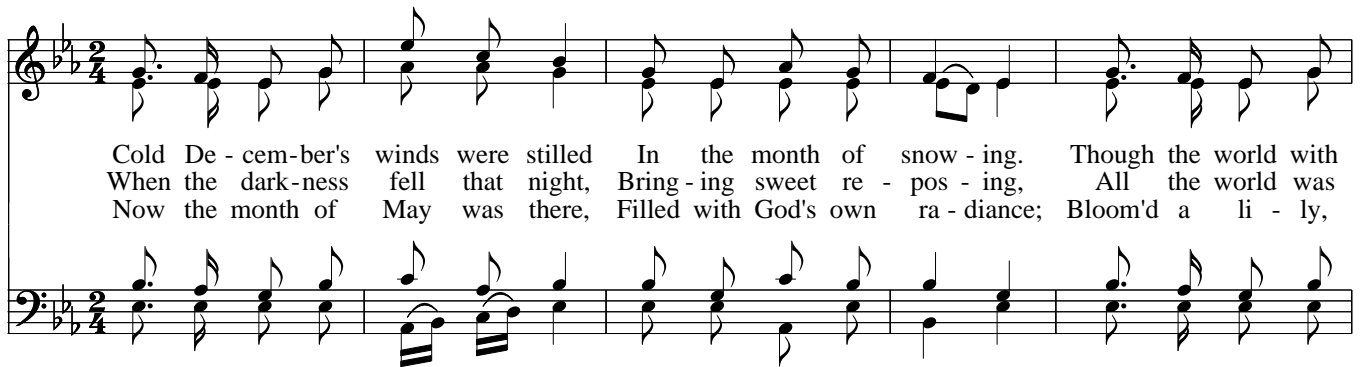
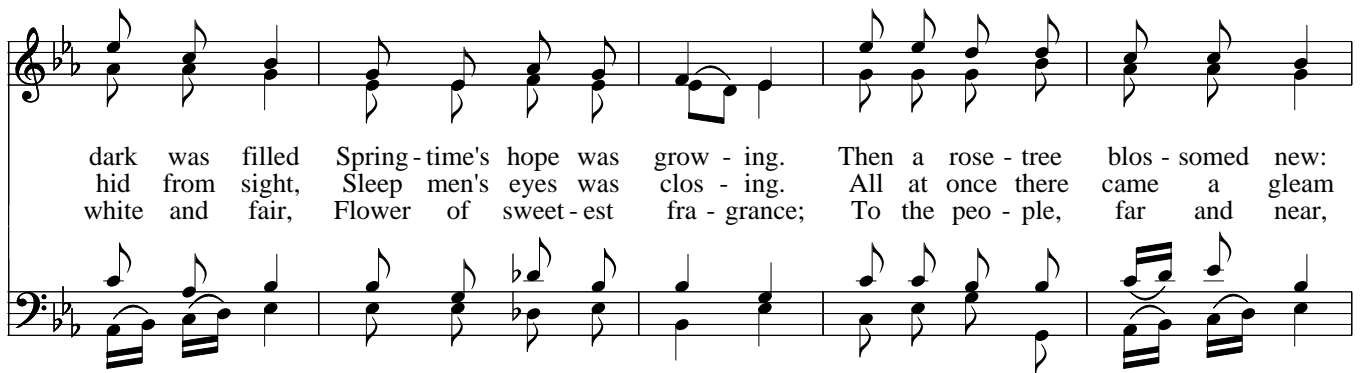


# Cold December's winds are stilled

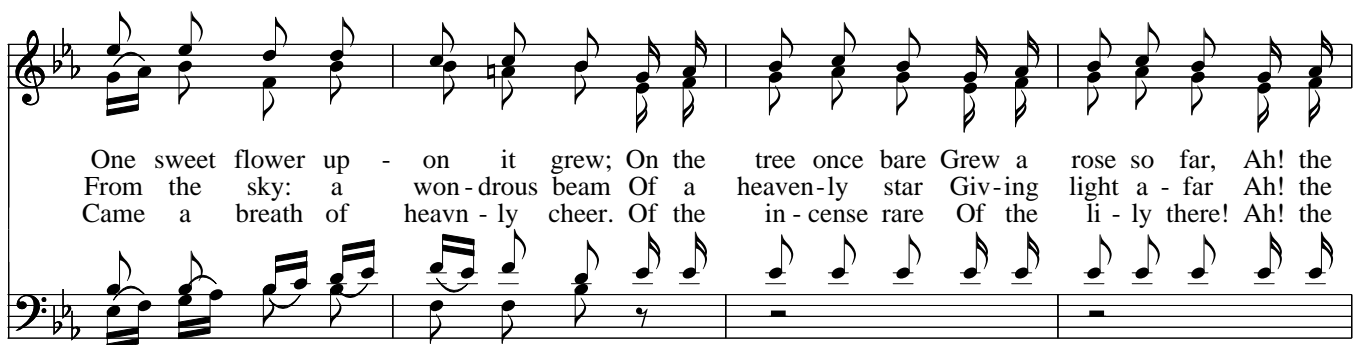
Catalan traditional



Cold De - cem - ber's winds were stilled In the month of snow - ing. Though the world with  
When the dark - ness fell that night, Bring - ing sweet re - pos - ing, All the world was  
Now the month of May was there, Filled with God's own ra - diance; Bloom'd a li - ly,



dark was filled Spring - time's hope was grow - ing. Then a rose - tree blos - somed new:  
hid from sight, Sleep men's eyes was clos - ing. All at once there came a gleam  
white and fair, Flower of sweet - est fra - grance; To the peo - ple, far and near,



One sweet flower up - on it grew; On the tree once bare Grew a rose so far, Ah! the  
From the sky: a won - drous beam Of a heav - en - ly star Giv - ing light a - far Ah! the  
Came a breath of heavn - ly cheer. Of the in - cense rare Of the li - ly there! Ah! the

rose, ah! the rose, Ah! the      rose-tree bloom - ing,      Sweet the air per - fu - ming.  
 star, ah! the star, Ah! the      star-beam glow - ing      Bright-ness ev - er - grow - ing  
 scent, ah! the scent Of the      li - ly bloom - ing,      All the air per - fu - ming.