

'Tis winter now

Paul Ayres (*1970)
Samuel Longfellow (1819–1892)
aus: *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864

Medium tempo (♩ = ca. 108)

Soprano *mp sempre espressivo*
'Tis win - ter now; the fall - en snow has left the heav'ns all cold-ly clear.

Alto *mp sempre espressivo*
'Tis win - ter now; the fall - en snow has left the heav'ns all cold-ly clear.

Tenore *mp sempre espressivo*
'Tis win - ter now; the fall - en snow has left the heav'ns all cold - ly c'

Basso *mp sempre espressivo*
'Tis win - ter now; the fall - en snow has left the heav'ns all

6 *p* and all the *mp* and drear.

... through boughs winds blow, ar u dead and drear.

leaf - less boughs the sharp winds blow, and all lies dead and drear.

leaf - less boughs the sharp wir and all lies dead and drear.

11 *mp* And in - drawn: *p*

... yet God's love ... His life with - in, his life with -

And yet God's love ... His life with - in

His life with - in th

Aufführungsdauer / Duration: ca. 2'40"

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mp poco crescendo

his beau - ty paints _____ the crim - son dawn, _____

poco crescendo

in the keen air breathes; his beau - ty paints the dawn, _____

p *mp poco crescendo*

in the keen air breathes; _____ his beau - ty paints the crim - son dawn, _____

his beau - ty paints _____ the crim - son dawn, and

20

mf *A little faster* (♩ = ca. ...) *mf*

_____ and clothes the boughs with glit-t'ring wreaths. _____

mf *mf* *mf* *mf*

clothes the boughs with glit-t'ring _____ wreaths, _____ with glit-t'ring wreaths. _____ the

mf *mf* *mf* *mf*

clothes the boughs with glit-t'ring wreaths. _____

clothes _____ the boughs with glit-t'ring wreaths. _____ a - broad the sharp winds

25

poco a poco rall. *p*

though a - broad the sharp winds blow, and _____ home _____

p

sharp winds blow, and skies are chill, _____ .osts _____ .n, _____ home _____

mf *mp dolce*

... the sharp winds blow, _____ e + _____ and frosts are keen, _____ home clos - er draws her

blow, and _____ .osts are keen, _____

30

cle now, _____

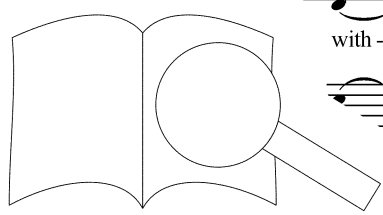
cir - cle now, _____ ... glows _____ with -

p

cle now, _____ ... glows _____

mp

and warm - er glows _____ her light _____ with -



Tempo primo (♩ = ca. 108)

mp O God, who gives the win-ter's cold, as well as sum-mer's joy-ous rays, *mf*

mp - in. O God, who gives the win-ter's cold, as well as sum-mer's joy-ous rays, *mf*

mp - in. O God, who gives the win-ter's cold, as well as sum-mer's joy-ous rays, *mf*

mp in. O God, who gives the win-ter's cold, as well as sum-mer's joy-ous rays, *mf*

poco crescendo us warm-ly in thy love, thy love en-fold, us warm-ly

poco crescendo us warm-ly in thy love en-fold, love en-fold,

poco crescendo us warm-ly in thy love, in thy love en-fold, in thy

poco crescendo us warm-ly in thy love en-fold, in thy love

f en-fold, *mf* win-try days, *dolce* and *mp*

en-fold, thy love en-fold, rough life's win-try days, *dolce* and *mp*

love en-deep us through life's win-try days, *dolce* and *mp*

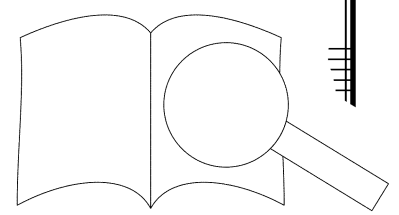
er and keep us through life's win-try days, and

keep us through life's win-try days, and keep us through life's win-try days.

in-try days, and keep us through life's w

ugh life's win-try days, and keep us through life's w

keep us through life's win-try days, and keep us through life's win-try days.



* lower note if possible

Text

1. 'Tis winter now; the fallen snow
has left the heav'ns all coldly clear.
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
and all the earth lies dead and drear.

2. And yet God's love is not withdrawn:
His life within the keen air breathes;
his beauty paints the crimson dawn,
and clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.

3. And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
and skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
home closer draws her circle now,
and warmer glows her light within.

4. O God, who gives the winter's cold,
as well as summer's joyous rays,
us warmly in thy love enfold,
and keep us through life's wintry days.

Samuel Longfellow (1819–1892)
from *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864

1. Es ist nun Winter; der gefallene Schnee
hat alle Himmel kalt und klar zurückgelassen.
Durch blattloses Geäst wehen die scharfen Winde
und die ganze Welt liegt tot und trostlos da.

2. Und doch ist Gottes Liebe nicht fortgenommen:
Sein Leben atmet in der scharfen Luft,
seine Schönheit malt die karminrote Morgendämmerung
und bekleidet die Äste mit glitzernden Kränzen.

3. Und obwohl draußen die scharfen Winde wehen
und der Himmel kalt ist und der Frost schneidend,
zieht die Heimat jetzt ihre Kreise enger
und wärmer leuchtet ihr inneres Licht.

4. O Gott, der die Winterkälte gib'
wie auch die freudigen Strahler
du umfasst uns herzlich in d'r
und hältst uns in den win'

Samuel Longfellow (1819–1892)
Übersetzung: Sabin

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