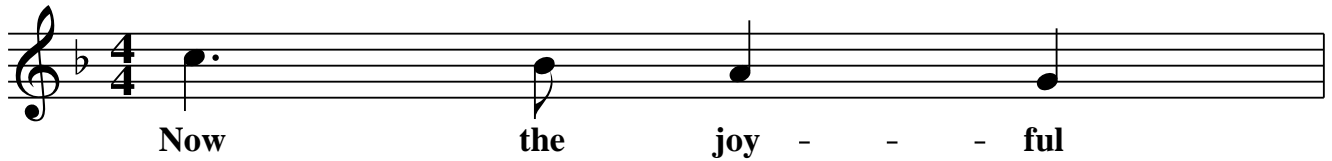


Winter



Now the joyful bells a-ringing,
All ye mountains, praise the Lord,
Lift our hearts like birds a-winging,
All ye mountains, praise the Lord.
Now our festal season, bringing
Kinsmen all, to bide and board,
Sets our cheery voices singing
All ye mountains, praise the Lord.

Cold the year, new whiteness wearing,
All ye mountains, praise the Lord!
Peace, goodwill to us a-bearing,
All ye mountains praise the Lord,
Now we all, God's goodness sharing,
Break the bread and sheath the sword;
Bright our hearths, the signal flaring,
All ye mountains, praise the Lord.