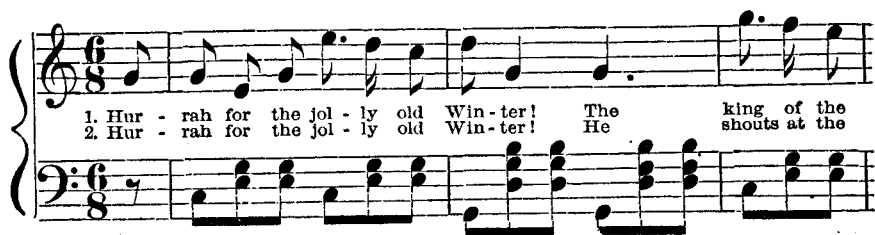




stand, And sing me a wel-come to their own na-tive land.

## WINTER SONG.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Music by H. M. T.



1. Hur - rah for the jol - ly old Win-ter! The king of the  
2. Hur - rah for the jol - ly old Win-ter! He shouts at the



year is he; Though his breath is cold and i - cy,  
door by night: "Come out where the ice is gleaming



His heart it is full of glee. He piles up the  
Like steel in the cold moonlight. Like swal - lows