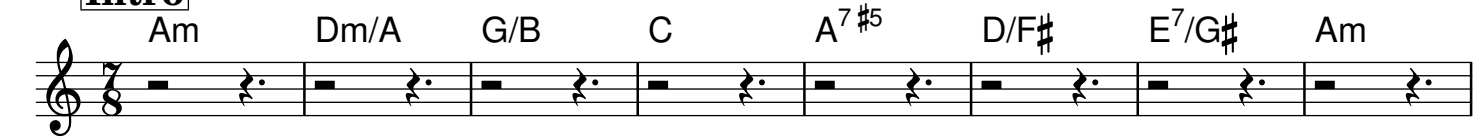


Chanson froide réchauffée (d'après Cold Song) (mi bémol)

H. Purcell (arr. BS)

Intro



A



What power are you who from be -



low has made me rise un - wil - ling - ly and slow from



beds of e - ver - las - - - ting snow? Don't you

B



see how stiff I am sti - ff and won - drous



old far, fa - r un - fit to bear the bit - ter cold?

C

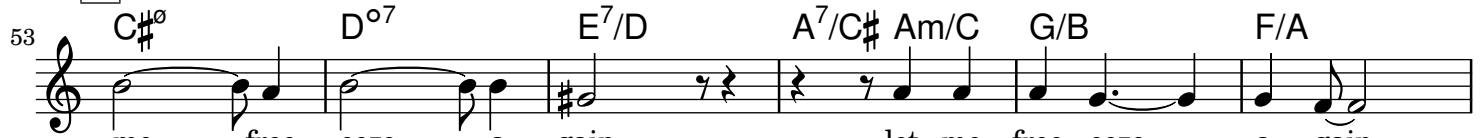


I can scar - cely move or draw my



breath can scar - cely move or draw my breath Let

D



me free - eeze a - gain let me free - eeze a - gain



to death let me free - eeze a - gain to death