

The Night it is so Cold

Anne Gregson

The night it is so cold the night it is so clear

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no move-ment shakes the mag - ic in the frost - y air.

The night it is so cold
The night it is so clear
No movement shakes the magic
In the frosty air.

The moon it shines so full
The moon it shines so bright
Over the gardens spreading its light
Where nothing grows this Winter's night.

From the dead undergrowth
Shines a tiny silver light
What can reflect the moonlight so bright?
Can there be a flower there?

In the depths of Winter grows
One lovely fresh white rose
Still the sweetest flower survived
After all the rest had died.