What power art thou, who, from below, Hast made me rise, unwillingly and slow, From Beds of ever
la - sting Snow?
See'st thou
not how stiff, how stiff and wond'-rous old, Far, far un-fit to bear the
bitter cold. I can scarcely move or draw my breath, can scarcely move or draw my breath: Let me, let me freeze again, let me, let me freeze again to death, let me, let me freeze again to death.