

Song of Winter

Come sing a song of winter, of winter, of winter!
Come sign a song of winter, the cold days are here!
With Winter winds blowing, and cold cheeks a glowing!
Come sing a song of winter, the cold days are here!



The North Wind Doth Blow

The north wind doth blow
and we will have snow,
and what will the poor Robin do
then?

He'll sit in a barn,
and keep himself warm,
with his head hid under his wing,
poor thing.



I'm a little snowman

I'm a little snowman, short and fat,
Here's my scarf!
And here's my hat!
When I see the snowflakes, hear
me shout!
All you children, please come out

