Here, in These Months that Seem Like Winter

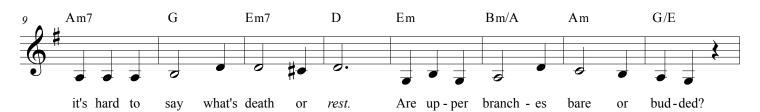
a solo with guitar

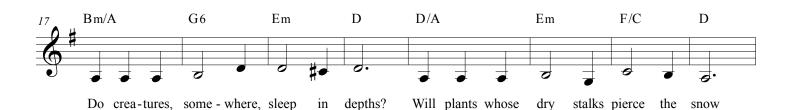
text and arrangement by Constance Morgenstern

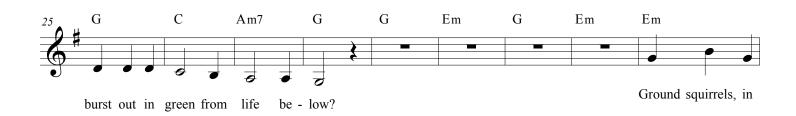


Here, in these months that seem like win-ter,*

Here, in con - tin - ued months of win-ter,*



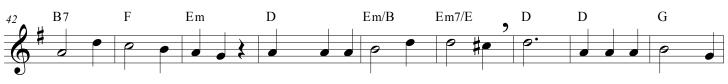




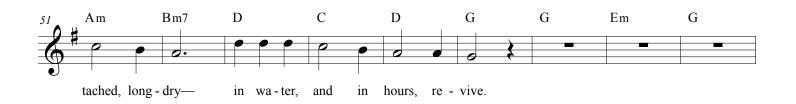


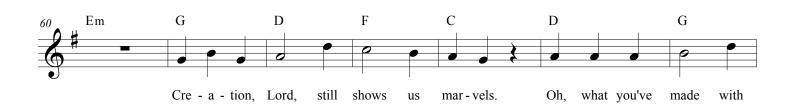
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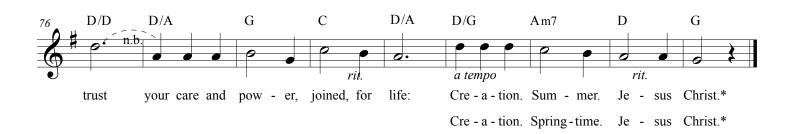


wa - ters leave by sea-son, wrapped with-in sun-parched marsh-beds... wait. And cer-tain plants— de-









^{*}We offer a choice of lyrics in these spots. Choose the ones that better suit your time and place.