

# Winter

Kanon a 4

Text: John Updike  
Musik: Schmidt-Mechau

1.

The days are short, the sun a spark, hung thin bet-ween the dark and dark.

2.

Fat snow-y foot-steps track the floor. Milk bott-les burst out - side the door.

3.

The riv - er is a fro - zen place held still be - neath the trees of lace.

4.

The sky is low. The wind is gray. The ra - di - a - tor purrs all day.