

# This Evenfall 'tis snowing

Es ist ein Schnee gefallen

Caspar Othmayr (1515-1553)

1. This E - ven - fall 'tis snow - ing, Long ere the frost is due; \_\_\_ With  
2. My chim - ney does but sput - ter, It grows ex - ceed - ing old; \_\_\_ With  
3. Ah, Love, does it not grieve you That I so wretch - ed be? \_\_\_ Then

ic - y breath a - blow - ing, Does Win - ter whis - tle through. \_\_\_ With  
ev' - ry shut - ter bro - ken, My tin - y room so cold; \_\_\_ With  
hold me in your arms, dear, Let Win - ter fly from me! \_\_\_ Then

ic - y breath a - blow - ing, Does Win - ter whis - tle through.  
ev' - ry shut - ter bro - ken, My tin - y room so cold.  
hold me in your arms, dear, Let Win - ter fly from me!