

# A Winter Night

Jeff Smallman  
text: Sara Teasdale

*p*  
My win-dow-pane is starred with frost, The

*mp*  
world is bit-ter cold to - night, The moon is cru - el,

*f*  
and the wind is like a two-edged sword to smite. *sva*

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13 *mf*

(*8va*) God pi - ty all the home-less ones, the

13 *mf*

16 *mp*

beg - gars pac - ing to and fro, God pi - ty all the

16 *mp*

19

poor to-night Who walk the lamp - lit streets of snow.

19