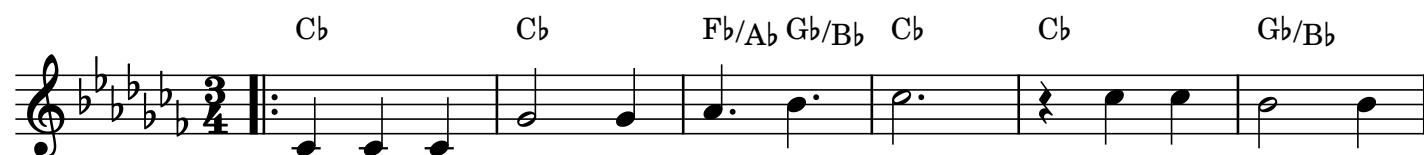


# Green

♩ = 156



When win-ter's gray is on the sky, rust u - pon the  
Wav-ing de - fi - ant pine tree boughs, ce - dar need - les,  
Death may raise its voice to - day; O, but Life will  
So keep it in your win - ter store, hang its gar - land

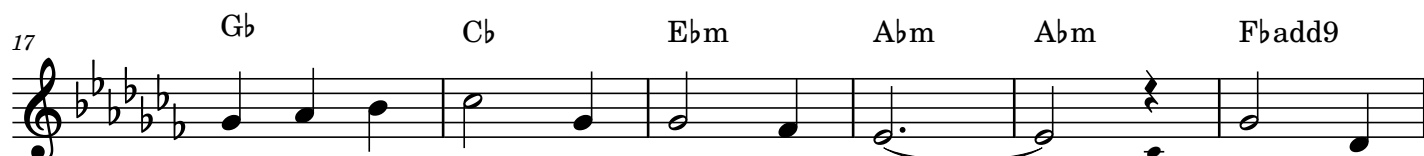


leaves that lie, red on the last few ber - ries cling - ing,  
stub-born and proud, hid - ing in - side the seeds of sum - mer,  
have its say, speak-ing in lov - ers and in chil - dren,  
'round the door, grant to your heart its hope - ful prom - ise,



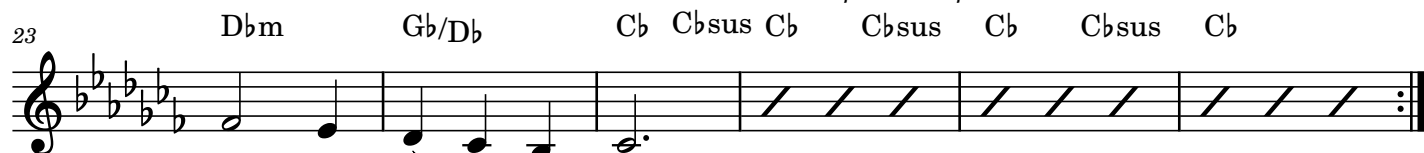
brown on the branch where the bit - ter wind's sing - ing—  
deep in the root where it sleeps un - der cov - er—  
in po - ets' pens and phil - os - o - phers' vis - ions.  
fash - ion a wreath for its bles - sing up - on us.

*Intro begins here*



E - ven when white ob - scures the scene, still, in  
Pa - tient - ly wait - ing there un - seen, in the  
Life is a plan - et's dar - ing dream: Earth's de -  
Win - ter brings browns and grays in - deed; but when it

*optional repeat between verses*



win - ter, there is green.  
win - ter, there is green.  
-vo - tion, spo-ken in green.  
comes, re - mem - ber green.

## Arrangement Permissions

👉 One-time Adaptation

👍 New Arrangement OK

🚫 Seek-permission-to-arrange

Look at the *Sing Out Love* "Permissions" section for further explanation