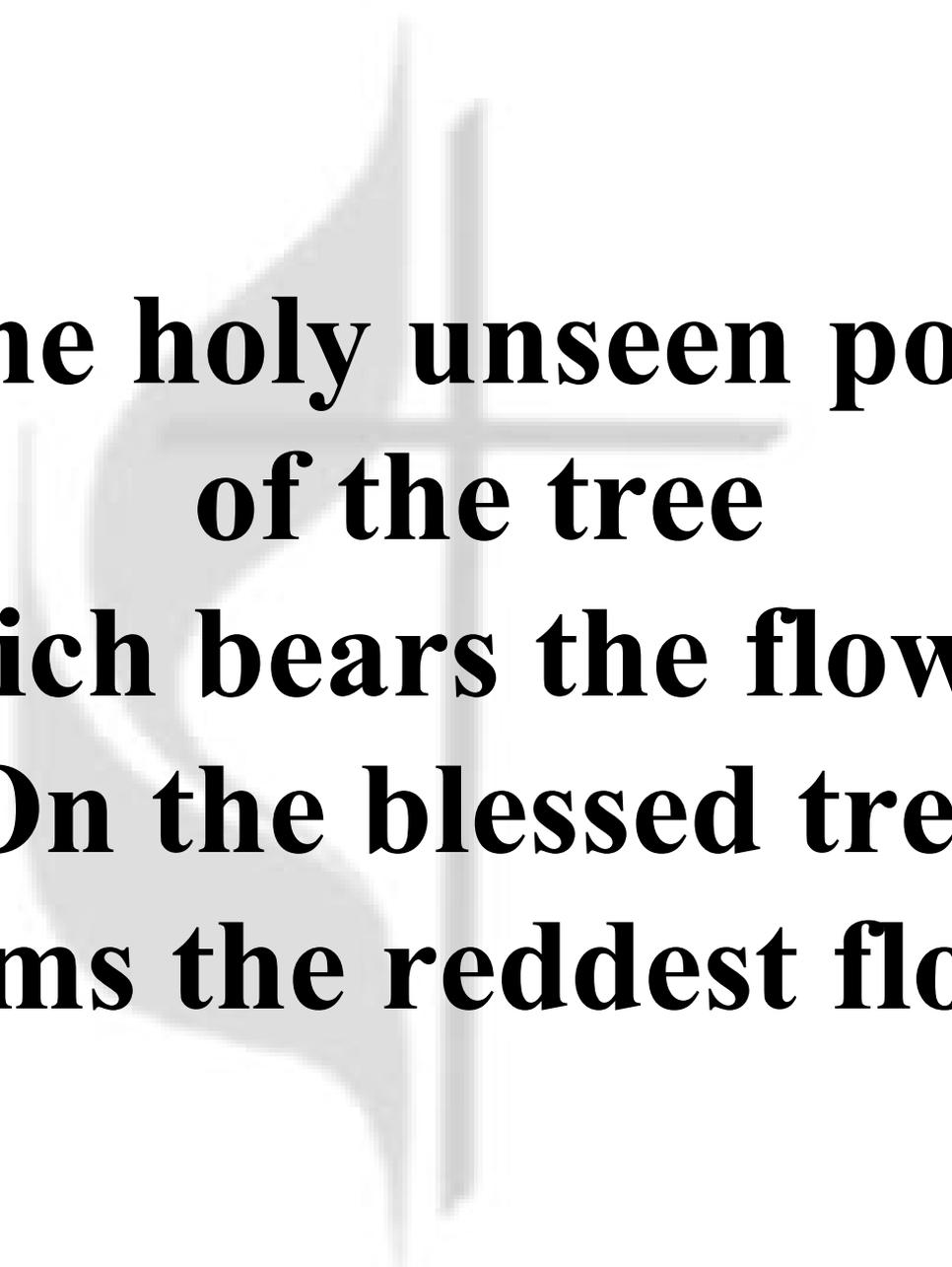


Cold December Flies Away (En el Frío Invernal)

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WORDS: Catalanian carol; trans. by Howard Hawhee, 1978;
Spanish by Skinner Chávez-Melo, 1987 (Is. 35:1-2)

**1. Cold December flies away
at the rose red splendor.
April's crowning glory breaks
while the whole world wonders**



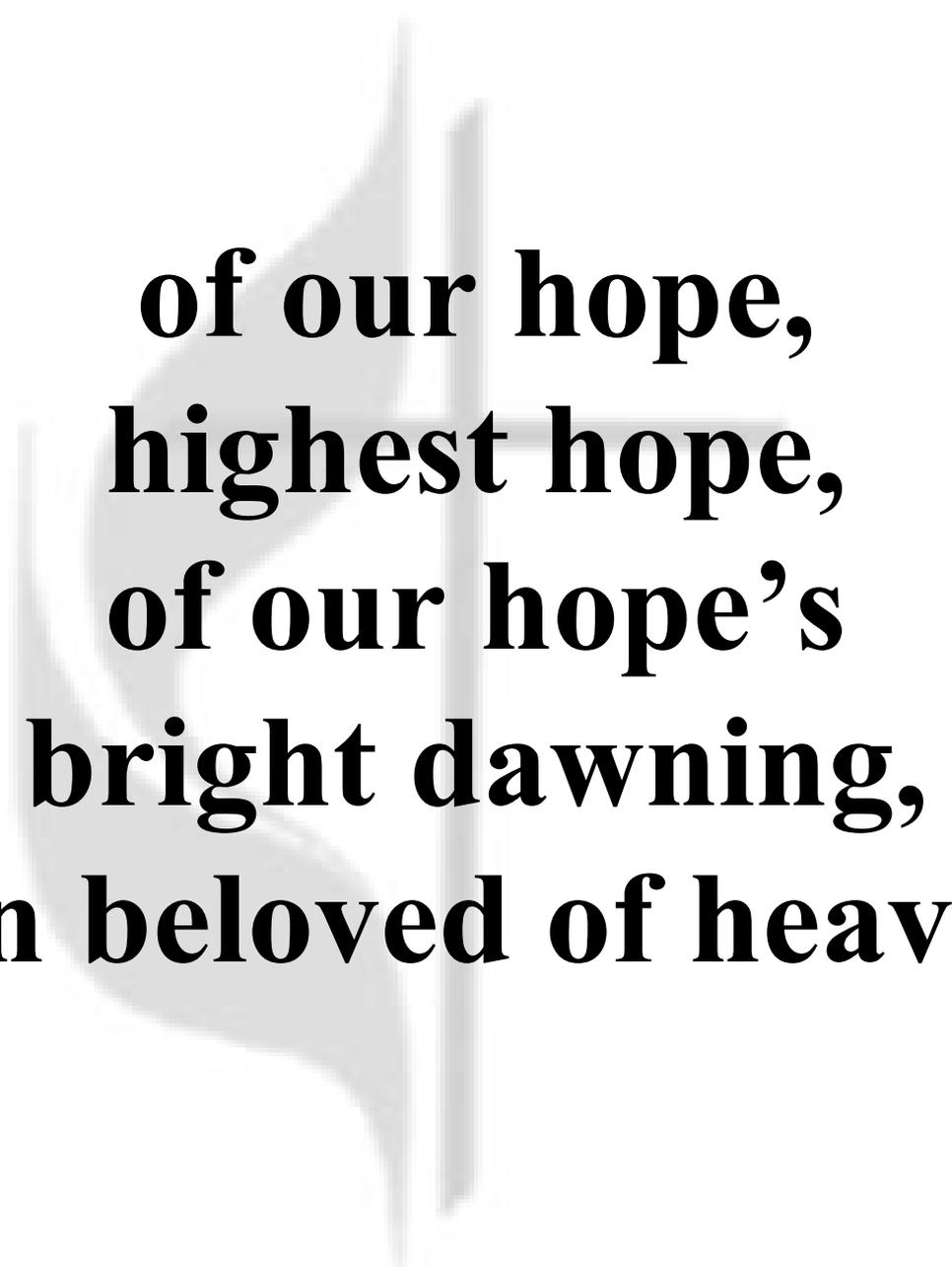
**at the holy unseen power
of the tree
which bears the flower.
On the blessed tree
blooms the reddest flower,**



**on the tree
blooms the rose
here in love's own garden,
full and strong in glory.**

**2. In the hopeless
time of sin
shadows deep had fallen.
All the world
lay underneath,
eyes were closed in sleeping.**

**But, when all seemed
lost in night,
came the sun
whose golden light
brings unending joy,
brings the endless joy**



**of our hope,
highest hope,
of our hope's
bright dawning,
Son beloved of heaven.**

**3. Now the bud has
come to bloom,
and the world awakens.**

**In the lily's
purest flower dwells
a wondrous fragrance.**

**And it spreads to
all the earth
from the moment
of its birth;
and its beauty lives.
In the flower it lives,**



**in the flower,
and it spreads
in its heavenly brightness,
sweet perfume delightful.**