**H2. Cold of Winter John Purifoy (SA)**

Cold of winter gray and still

Bold and bitter, the airy chill

Stings my cheeks and frosts my breath.

Cold is winter, silent and still.

Deep of winter pierce my soul,

gone are leaves **(!Alt: now)** replaced with snow,

White on white ‘neath stars so bright.

Deep is winter piercing my soul.

Cold, deep, peace, still, moon glow on snow.

Airy chill stings my cheek pierces through my soul.

Peace of winter, moon at night

Sheds its glow on fields of white.

Birds and creatures all a-sleep

Peace in winter all through the night.

Cold, deep, peace, moon, still, glow on snow