

Cold winters come cold winters come
 With all its chilling blast.
 The rippling streams the murmuring brooks
 In chains are bound at last.

Cold winters come cold winters come,
 With breath so piercing cold.
 The snow white decks in masses hang
 Around his visage bold.

Cold winters come cold winters come,
 Oh god protect the poor,
 Who wander forth in tattered garbs
 To beg from door to door.

Cold winters come cold winters come
 The wealthy heed it not
 They give food enough to eat and spare
 The poor are now forgot.

They think of little save a ride
 Within the merry sleigh
 While prancing coursers wild and high
 Lead swiftly on their way.

They little know the wretchedness
 The poverty and pain
 That dwells within the poor man's foot
 The poor owns only gain.

God only knows how much they bear
 Ere winter's reign is over
 To them he lends a willing ear
 And drives them from the door.

Had I a power at my command,
 That's great to my heart
 How fast to them would go
 And with them be a part, *HC & J*

Henry Clay

Hail to the statesman great and wise
 The patriot true and bold
 Whose out-trophied eagle flies
 His name with praise is told
 From Maine's dark fens and mists of snow
 To where magnolias bloom
 Our rich floridian flowers
 From hill, east to favored west
 We hail him as our mightiest
 Rejoice in him as ours.

Twice when the tempest was as hurrying
 And roused destruction's wave
 Like light from darkness forth he sprung
 To guide us and to save
 In the fierce flashings of the storm
 He saw his proud undaunted form
 Upon the quivering deck
 As with his eye on unious star
 By his unwavering arm afar
 He shunned the threatening wreck.

His heart has beat in sympathy
 Whence ever throughout the world
 The yoked have fought for liberty
 With freedom's flag unfurled
 Say grace when nations sweep you bleed
 Who trumpet tongue proclaimed your need
 And climes of an'ous say
 That templed land with answering shout
 And those stern summits thunder out
 The name of Henry Clay.