## **Cold Song**

## **Sting**

What power art thou who from below
Hast made me unwillingly and slow
From beds of everlasting snow?
See'st thou not how stiff, how stiff and wondrous old,
Far, far unfit to bear the bitter cold?
I can scarcely move or draw my breath;
Let me, let me, let me freeze again to death.

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