



15  
— the bit - ter cold! — My bo - dy aches for — shel -

18  
ter. I

21 *mf*  
search the ru - ins But no sign of my life is there. ————

24 *dim.*  
I pull my torn gar - ment round me Hope - less - ly,

27  
hope - - - - less - ly, Try to ward off death.