

Snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
 The town is alive, and its heart in a glow  
 To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,  
 Hailing each other with humor and song !  
 How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,  
 Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye !  
 Ringing,

Swinging,

Dashing they go,  
 Over the crest of the beautiful snow.  
 Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing  
 by ;  
 To be trampled and tracked by the thousands  
 of feet  
 Till it blends with the horrible filth in the  
 street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell,  
 Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to  
 hell ;

Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street,  
 Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat,  
 Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading to die,  
 Selling my soul to whoever would buy ;  
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread.  
 Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
 Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?