

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 ?