

# THE SNOW

*Words & Music by Allen Power*

The snow, the snow, it covers the ground,  
The birches shiver and bend,  
And the west wind wails with the mournful sound  
Of a spirit lost on the land.

I met my love on a sweet April morn  
When the heather returned to the hills.  
He called me "Beauty - a rose among thorns",  
And I gave my heart with a will.

He worked by day in Aberdeen town  
And late returned to my bed.  
Though his kisses lingered as soft as the down,  
Strange voices came into my head.

"Beware! Beware!", sang the whistling lark.  
"Sweet lies!", cried the nighthawk above.  
"False heart! False heart!", the ravens did bark.  
"Poor fool! Poor fool!", cooed the dove.

Then, late one night, as I sat by the fire  
With the voices loud in my ears.  
The door flew open, the flames rose higher,  
And a demon's form did appear.

He bared his claws and his eyes burned red.  
He spoke with the voice of the Crow:  
"Before this sunrise, your love will lie dead,  
And peace you never will know."

I pulled a pistol from under my cloak  
A pall fell over his face.  
His body crumbled in fire and smoke,  
But my love lay dead in his place.

And now, the voices have left me alone.  
The birds are solemn and still.  
And I roam this wide world of ice and stone  
To cool the fires of Hell.

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