Slowly fall the snow-flakes

Traditional



2. Slowly fall the snow-flakes,
Virgin-white the sod,
In the chill descending,
Like the grace of God;
Wild the varied chimings,
One tale only tell
Lies in Bethlehem's manger
Great EMMANUEL.

3. Slowly fall the snow-flakes,
Hang the holly high,
Bright its berries, greeting
God Incarnate nigh;
Dark the earth no longer,
Barren nevermore,
Grace-flowers spring to blossom
On the eternal shore.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)