

First Snow

*Whose child I am I think I know,
yet oft I long for Him to show
His face upon this wasteland, cheer
my dearth: and then He sends the snow*

*To cool my tongue. I bend my ear
to hear Him who holds this trembling sphere.
He whispers in each downy flake:
His still, small voice, it draws me near.*

*Just as my children gently make
a man of snow, so He doth take
my life. He means my soul to keep,
for on this one He's set His stake.*

*So though the miles be dark and deep,
though sin and sorrow o'er me sweep,
my Lord His promises will keep,
'til in His arms I fall asleep.*