

# Snow

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Jonathan Dove

Soft- ly like an an- swered prayer, Si- lence fall- ing from the

air. Pure and pale and true and slow Drops the bles- sing of the

snow. The moon- lit mi- ra- cle all night

Soothes the dir- ty world with white. Hea- ven bles- sing us be- low

With the an- swered prayer of snow.