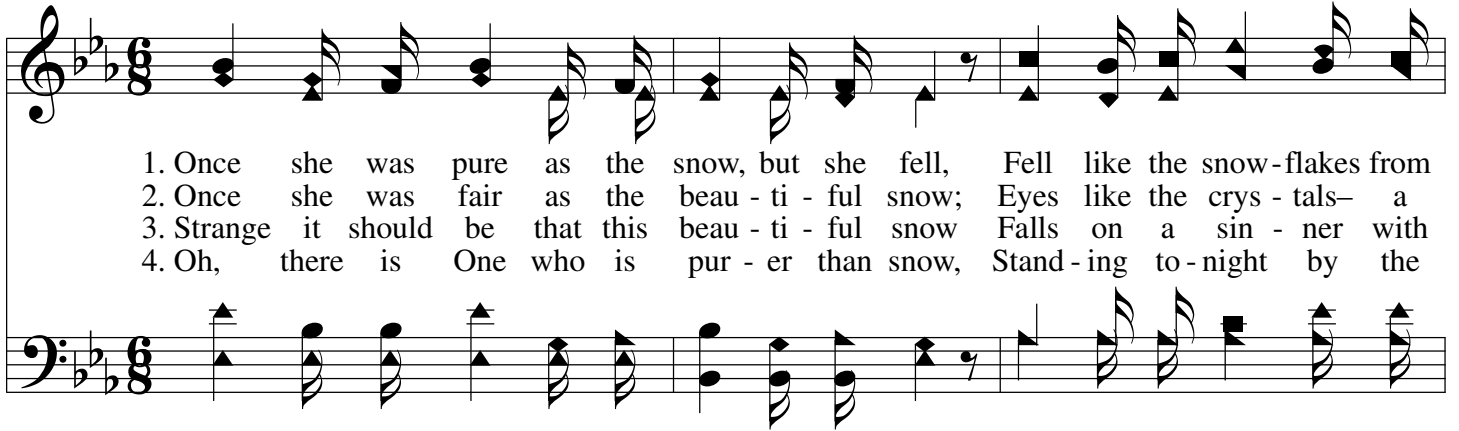
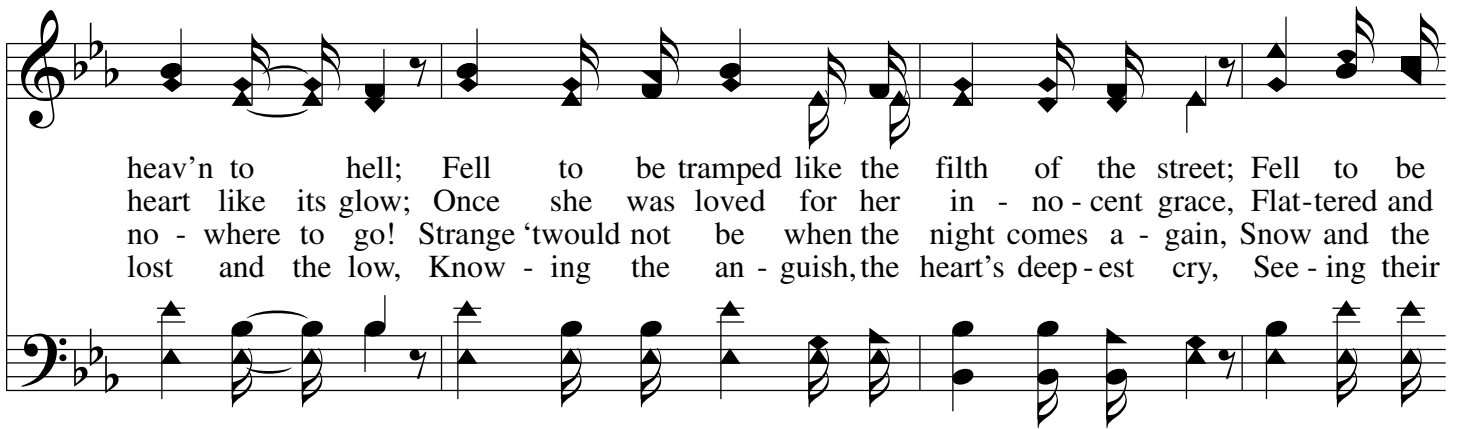


Like The Snow

E♭/B♭ - SOL



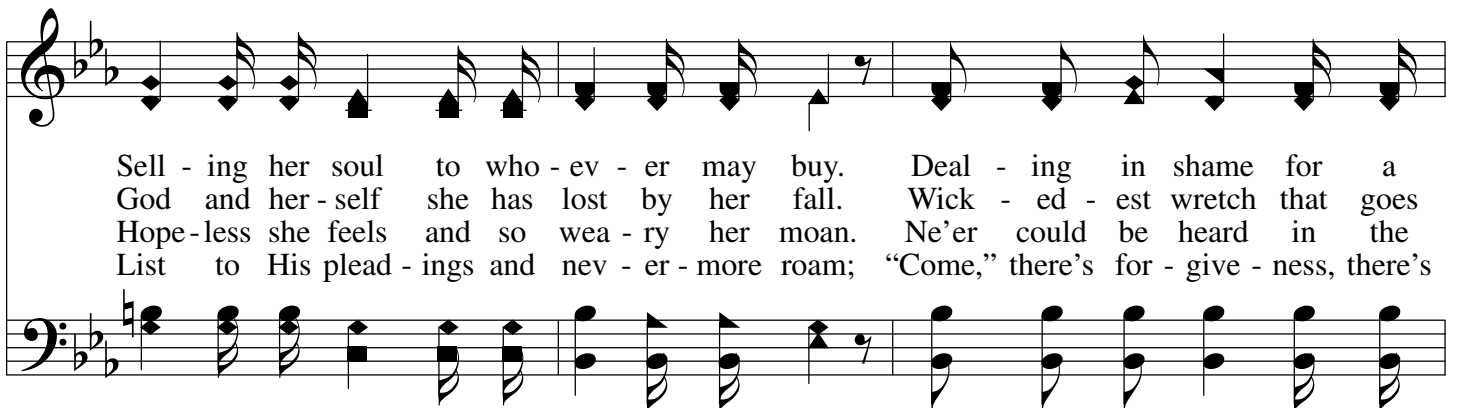
1. Once she was pure as the snow, but she fell, Fell like the snow-flakes from
2. Once she was fair as the beau - ti - ful snow; Eyes like the crys - tals - a
3. Strange it should be that this beau - ti - ful snow Falls on a sin - ner with
4. Oh, there is One who is pur - er than snow, Stand - ing to - night by the



heav'n to hell; Fell to be tramped like the filth of the street; Fell to be
heart like its glow; Once she was loved for her in - no - cent grace, Flat - tered and
no - where to go! Strange 'twould not be when the night comes a - gain, Snow and the
lost and the low, Know - ing the an - guish, the heart's deep - est cry, See - ing their

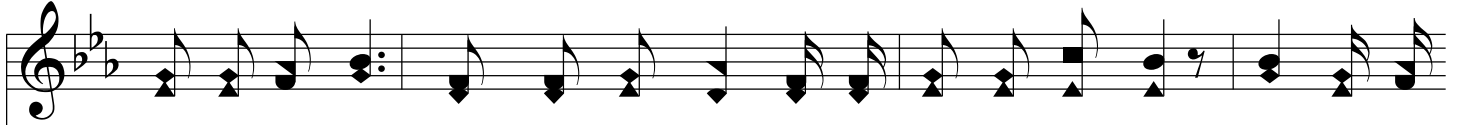


scoffed, to be spit on and beat. Plead - ing, curs - ing, dread - ing to die,
sought for the charm of her face. Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ters and all,
ice strike her des - per - ate brain, Faint - ing, freez - ing, dy - ing a - lone,
foot - falls wher - ev - er they go, Lov - ing - ly, pa - tient - ly call - ing "come home!"

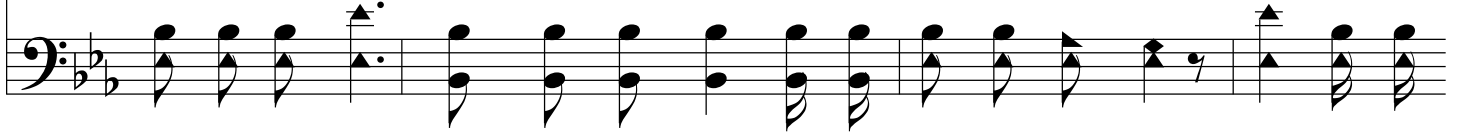


Sell - ing her soul to who - ev - er may buy. Deal - ing in shame for a
God and her - self she has lost by her fall. Wick - ed - est wretch that goes
Hope - less she feels and so wea - ry her moan. Ne'er could be heard in the
List to His plead - ings and nev - er - more roam; "Come," there's for - give - ness, there's

Like The Snow



mor - sel of bread, Hat - ing the liv - ing, yet fear - ing the dead. Mer - ci - ful
shiv - er - ing by, Takes a wide sweep lest she wan - der too nigh; All of her
crash of the town, Mad in its joy at the snow cor - ning down, Ly - ing and
mer - cy for thee, "Come," there is heal - ing, sal - va - tion so free! Come to the



God has she fall - en so low? And yet she was once like the beau - ti - ful snow.
vile - ness we read and we know, There's naught that is pure but the beau - ti - ful snow.
dy - ing, un - know in her woe; With a bed and a shroud of the beau - ti - ful snow.
Sav - ior! His gra - cious - ness know, His blood has re - deem'd and makes whit - er than snow.

