Come closer to the window-frame
Window to the dark and the field of snow
I saw you running like summer-flame
Running through the grass
Turning gold to black

Oh, turn the dirt over
If you want to grow back
Oh! open up the shutters
See the moonlight on
The snow
On the snow

You left your brother in a northern town
Took the ferry o'er the water on the bay
His body covered by the colors going down
A statue in the square before the wind could change

Oh, turn the water over If you want to flow down Oh! open up the shutters See the falling snow The falling snow

Come softly to the window frame
Window through the dark and the fields of snow
I saw you running like a summer-flame
Running through the grass
Turning gold to black

Oh, turn the dirt over
If you want to grow back
Oh, open up the shutters
See the moonlight on
The snow
See the moonlight on
The snow
On the snow