I'll be here come winter when the cold winds blow. We'll watch the geese together to see which way they go. And I won't have to tell you, then I'm sure you'll know. My love will be as plain as the ashes in the snow.

I'll be here beside you when the grass is gone.
I'll be here when water is stilled upon the stone.
There'll be songs and stories, then I'm sure you'll know.
My love will be as plain as the ashes in the snow.

Ashes in the snow, ashes in the snow. My love will be as plain as the ashes in the snow.

I'll be here to hold you when flowers are fast asleep. When perfumes of the meadow no longer haunt the sheep. My kiss will surely tell you I still love you so. My love will be as plain as the ashes in the snow.

Ashes in the snow, ashes in the snow. My love will be as plain as the ashes in the snow.