

Snowflakes



Merry little snowflakes

Falling through the air,



Resting on the steeple



And tall trees everywhere.



Covering roofs and fences,



Capping every post,



Covering the hillside

Where we like to coast.

Merry little snowflakes



Do their very best

To make a soft, white blanket



So buds and flowers may rest.



But when the bright spring sunshine

Says it's come to stay.

Those merry little snowflakes



Quickly run away.

From

Hand Rhymes

Collected & Illustrate by Marc Brown