

# White Winter Hymnal

Birdy

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I was following the pack,  
All swallowed in their coats  
With scarves of red tied 'round their throats  
To keep their little heads  
From fallin' in the snow  
And I turned 'round and there you go.  
And, Michael, you would fall,  
And turn the white snow  
Red as strawberries in the summertime.

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