

## Easter Snow

Christy Moore

Oh the Easter snow  
It has faded away  
It was so rare and beautiful  
And it melted back into the clay

Those days will be remembered  
Beyond out in the Naul  
Listening to the master's notes  
As gently they did fall  
Oh the music  
When Seamus he did play  
But the thaw came on the mantle white  
And turned it back into the clay

He gazed at the embers in reflection  
Called up lost verses again  
Smiled in roguish recollection  
While his fingers gripped the glass to stem the pain  
When knocked upon his door would open  
With a welcome he'd bid the time of day  
Though you came when the last flakes had melted  
While it lay upon the ground you stayed away