

# The Kingston Trio, The White Snows Of Winter

Bob Shane/Tom Drake

The white snows of winter fall into the quiet town.  
The town lies asleeping. Asleeping beneath the down.  
It soon will be Christmas. Bells will be ringing. Bring us another round.  
But here in the white of a cold winter night, my love cannot be found.

'Twas only October, we danced the fire out.  
I called as I left her, "Away from here I'm bound."  
I've been to the sea and back to the land and many's the hill I've crowned,  
And here in the white of a cold winter night, my love cannot be found.

And now in the winter I've come to find her here.  
My love lies a sleeping. I know that she is near.  
It soon will be Christmas. Bells will be ringing. Blessings are all around,  
For here in the white of a warm winter's night, my love at last I've found