

Jack Frost

The door was shut, as doors should be
Before you went to bed last night
Yet Jack Frost has got in you see
And left your window silver white

Chorus

He must have waited till you slept
And not a single word he spoke
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane

Chorus

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Before you went to bed last night
Yet Jack Frost has got in you see
And left your window silver white