

# Jack Frost

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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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