

Jack Frost

Someone's painted patterns on the windows,
And I know who!
There are frosty ferns that sparkle
As the sun shines through.

Jack Frost, you nip our fingers!
Jack Frost, you nip our toes!
And we always know you're coming
When the north wind blows.

Someone's turned the water in the duck pond
To an icy sheet;
And now we've made some patterns
With our sliding feet.

Jack Frost, you nip our fingers!
Jack Frost, you nip our toes!
And we always know you're coming
when the north wind blows.

Mary Dawson

