

JACK FROST

**NOW listen: Once upon a time,
There lived a foolish boy,
Who would not be contented
With any pretty toy.**

**But one thing he did wish for,
You'll think it very droll--
For sure enough he wanted
To see the great North Pole.**

**He rode upon a donkey,
Once in the summer weather,
These two fit companions
Went on their way together.**

**They travelled through great deserts,
And forests that were greater;
They waded through the seas, and then
Jumped over the Equator.**

**And so they journeyed Northward,
A long, long, weary way;
It was a toilsome journey
For the longest summer day.**

**At last they reached the great North Pole,
And it, with age, was white;
To see it there so stiff and still
It was a wondrous sight.**

**Then, foolish boy, he touched it
With one finger--only one--
But quickly he repented
What he had rashly done!**

**For three tall icebergs round him,
Each shook its great white head,**

**And then there were no icebergs there,
But three tall men instead.**

**"Foolish little boy," said one,
"You shall be always cold."
The second said, "And you shall live
Till you are very old."**

**The third said, "You may tremble,
For all we say is true,
And everything you breathe upon
Shall be as cold as you."**

**And so it is--we always know
When that little boy is near,
And when our lips are pinched and blue,
We say, "Jack Frost is here."**

**He walks about at nightfall,
And kills the poor field-mice;
He breathes upon the rivers,
And they are turned to ice.**

**He passes through our gardens,--
We see where he has been,
For every little blade of grass
Is white instead of green;**

**And if a foolish snowdrop
Lifts up too soon its head,
He holds it in his prickly hand
Till the little thing is dead.**

**He stays here all the winter,
Sometimes till almost May,
Then come the gentle summer winds
And blow him quite away.**