

# Little Jack Frost

Kate Rusby

Here is a tale of the trees in a wood  
They were never that pleased on the land that they stood.  
So they upped and they walked as far as they could  
'Til they felt the sun shine on their branches.

I was little boy lost, and I was little boy blue  
I am little Jack Frost but I am warm through and through  
It's not easy to hide when your heart's on full view  
Oh, tonight, cruel world be forgiving  
Oh, for once in my life I am living.

There they did stand and there they did stay  
When there came a young boy who was running away  
From a mad world, a bad world, a world of decay  
And it's comfort he sought in their branches

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There we found love and there we found joy  
And the warmth in his heart oh, it filled the young boy  
And his friends taught him magic and secrets of old  
While the trees kept him safe with their branches.

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