

Jethro Tull, Jack Frost & The Hooded Crow

Through long December nights we talk in words of rain or snow
While you, through chattering teeth, reply and curse us as you go.
Why not spare a thought this day for those who have no flame
To warm their bones at Christmas time?
Say Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.

Now as the last broad oak leaf falls, we beg: consider this ---
there's some who have no coin to save for turkey, wine or gifts.
No children's laughter round the fire, no family left to know.

So lend a warm and a helping hand ---
Say Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.

As holly pricks and ivy clings,
Your fate is none too clear.
The Lord may find you wanting, let your good fortune disappear.
All homely comforts blown away and all that's left to show
Is to share your joy at Christmas time
With Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.