

And of the two  
 Might be the winner.  
 Then over his shoulder  
 With a smile and a grin  
 Jack looks at winter  
 So cold and so thin;  
 Gasping for breath  
 And panting within,  
 With quick decision  
 Slows down his pace;  
 And so lets old winter  
 Win the race.  
 Then when they sit  
 Close together;  
 First of all these two  
 No odds the weather.  
 The laugh's on me  
 Jack Frost, you sinner.  
 You only know  
 Why I'm the winner.  
 Every year  
 This game we play;  
 You always end it  
 Just this way.  
 And the children  
 Wondering, go,  
 Why Jack Frost  
 Was beaten so.  
 Goodbye, old winter,  
 I too must go  
 To meet Miss April  
 Through thinning snow.  
 No wonder April weeps  
                     and weeps  
 Warm tears from out the skies,  
 For in her arms her lover sleeps  
 Melting till he dies.