

# The Frost Upon The Pane - song lyrics

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THE FROST UPON THE PANE.

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Written by Richard F. Carroll. Composed by Frederic Solomon.

The winter world was clad in white, the window-panes with frost,  
As in my chair that silent night I dreamed of hopes that were lost.  
I idly scratched the window-panes, drew fancy pictures free  
Of the past that could never come back again, hopes lost fore'er to me!

Refrain.

A fair-faced, brown-haired lady; a laughing, prattling child;  
A sweetly-pretty picture, drawn by my fancy wild;  
Dreams of the joys before me-had my life commenced again?  
I saw there in those pictures in the frost upon the panel

The sun arose at peep o' day, struck thro' my window-pane;  
The melting snow was washed away, my hopes were dead again.  
I prayed the sun to hide its light, the frost come back again,  
But ah! no more came to my sight those pictures on the panel

Refrain.

Through the sun-washed windows the village church I saw.  
And on the sward beyond it a silent grave, no more;  
There lie both wife and child, my earthly hopes and aims,  
The dear ones that I'd pictured in the frost upon the panel