

Fire and Wine

Anne Briggs

Winter's coming,
We live a shorter day.
The sun is hunting
For a place to stay.
And Jack Frost's fingers
Are in the wind again.

Ragged Robin is see-sawin'
In one half of a coconut shell.
He can't find the bacon rind,
Hunger makes his redbreast swell.

Chorus (after each verse):
Now is the time for fire and wine,
Fire for body and wine for mind.
We will sing and play till break of day,
And we will sing the frost away.

Cold October bowls me over,
Damp November makes me sneeze,
Then December cruelly sends the
Winter frost to freeze my knees.

Winter brings us to the singers
And the drinkers glass in hand.
Roll up smokers, cards and jokers,
Listeners all who sit and stand.