

Polaris

Police are hunting high and low
for the thief who nicked the winter snow.
Who got their mitts on those glittery days?
The Arctic fox, the motorway says.

But the star of the north is the star of truth.

Majors and ministers want to know
what on earth became of the British snow.
December went AWOL - who's to blame?
The Arctic hare, said the aeroplane.

But the star of the north is the star of truth.

Bishops are wondering...where did it go,
the magical heavenly Christmassy snow?
There isn't a flake of the stuff in the air
and the chimney points at the polar bear.

But the star of the north is the star of truth.
The star of truth is the star of the north.

Simon Armitage

Lyrics composed for the BBC Radio 3 Christmas Carol Competition,
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