

Christmas Day (The North Wind)

John Wheeler and William James

The north wind is tossing the leaves
The red dust is over the town
The sparrows are under the eaves
And the grass in the paddock is brown
As we lift up our voices and sing
To the Christ child our heavenly king

The tree ferns in green gullies sway
The cool stream flows silently by
The joy bells are greeting the day
And the chimes are adrift in the sky
As we lift up our voices and sing
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