

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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