

# 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  
 To the Christ child our heavenly king

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