

A CAROL

*Our Lord Who did the Ox command
To kneel to Judah's King,
He linds His frost upon the land
To ripen it for Spring—
To ripen it for Spring, good sirs,
According to His word;
Which well must be as ye can see—
And who shall judge the Lord?*

*When we poor fenmen skate the ice
Or shiver on the wold,
We hear the cry of a single tree
That breaks her heart in the cold—
That breaks her heart in the cold, good sirs,
And rendeth by the board;
Which well must be as ye can see—
And who shall judge the Lord?*

*Her wood is crazed and little worth
Excepting as to burn,
That we may warm and make our mirth
Until the Spring return—
Until the Spring return, good sirs,
When people walk abroad;
Which well must be as ye can see—
And who shall judge the Lord?*