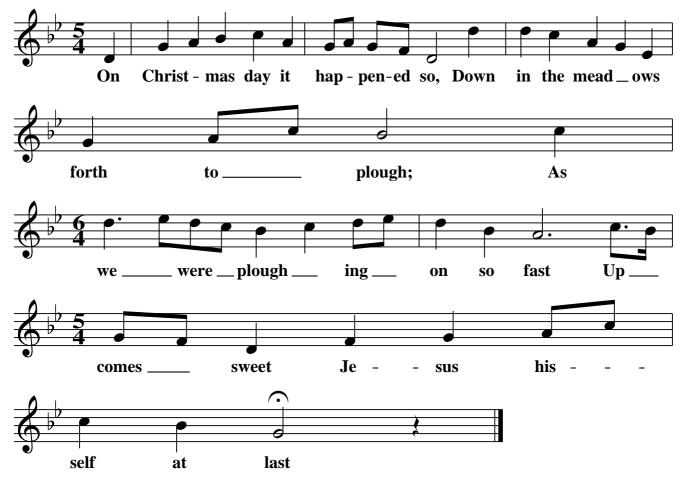
On Christmas Day



On Christmas Day it happened so, Down in the meadows for to plough; As we were ploughing on so fast Up comes sweet Jesus hisself at last.

"O man, O man, what makes you plough So hard upon the Lord's birthday?" The farmer answered him with great speed: "For the plough this day we have great need."

His arms did quaver to and fro His arms did quaver, he could not plough. The ground did open and lose him in, Before he could repent of sin.

His wife and children are out of place, His beasts and cattle they die away; His beasts and cattle, they die away, For ploughing on our Lord's birthday.