A CAROL

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING

Music by BERNARD BERTSCHINGER

(f) Our Lord, who did the ox command to kneel to Judah’s King, he
(p) When we poor men skate the ice or shiver on the wold, we
(f) Her wood is crazed and little worth expecting us to burn, that

binds his frost upon the land to ripen it for Spring. To
hear the cry of a single tree that breaks her heart in cold. That
we may warm and make our mirth untill the Spring returns. Un-

ripen it for Spring, good sirs, according to his word; Which
breaks her heart in cold, good sirs, and retrodeth by the board; When

till the Spring returns, good sirs, when people walk abroad;

well must be as ye can see, and who shall judge the Lord.