

Spiers And Boden, On Christmas Day

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

"Oh man, oh man, what makes you plough
So hard upon the Lord's birthday?"
The farmer he answered him with great speed,
"For to 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 let him in,
Before that 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 the breaking of our Lord's birthday.