Christmas Song The Trees are all bare



The trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen And the meadows their beauty have lost. Now winter has come and 'tis cold for man and beast And the streams they are all fast bound down with frost.

'Twas down in the farmyard where oxen feed on straw They send forth their breath like the steam. Sweet Betsy the milkmaid now quickly she must go For flakes of ice she finds a-floating on her cream.

'Tis now all the small birds to the barn-door fly for food And gently they rest on the spray A-down the plantation the hares do search for food And lift their footsteps sure for fear the do betray.

Now Christmas is come and our song is almost done For we soon shall have the turning of the year. So fill up your glasses and let your health go round For I wish you all a joyful New Year.