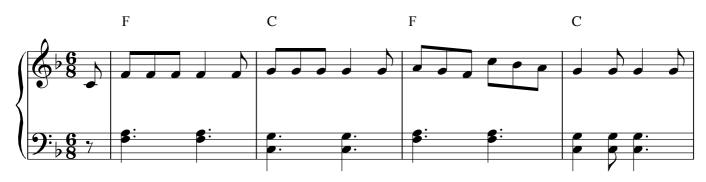
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The North Wind Doth Blow

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, And what will poor robin do then, poor thing? He'll sleep in a barn, to keep himself warm, And hide himself under his wing, poor thing.

Traditional arr. Jim Paterson





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