

THE CAMELS' CAROL

We were three camels carrying kings,
laden with gifts and beautiful things.
Crossing a desert far we came,
following a star without a name,
to see what we saw in a dream.

Sand after sand, rock upon rock,
when will we get there, when will we stop?
Never the star will give us rest,
drawing us onward from East to West,
to find what we found in a dream.

Many the days, heavy the load,
where are we going, long is the road?
What does the star say that shines so bright,
silent by day but calls by night,
to tell what it told in a dream?

Look at the star, the star is still,
stopped beyond this windy hill.
Let us stand right under the star,
it will show us where we are,
and show what was shown in a dream,

There is a manger, lit within,
there is a baby, looks like a King.
We three camels and kings bowed down,
we touched our heads upon the ground,
just as we did in the dream.

Gave we our gifts to Him, one by one,
myrrh and frankincense, gold like the sun.
We camels will carry you where we can,
this we have done for the Son of Man,
for he was the King in our dreams.

