

Amy Grant

"The Song of the Camels"

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Not born to the forest are we
Not born to the plain
To the grass and the shadowed tree
And the splashing of rain.
Only the sand we know
And the cloudless sky,
The mirage and the deep-sunk well
And stars on high

To the sound of our bells we came
With huge soft stride
Kings riding upon our backs
And the slave's at our side
Out of the east brought on by a dream of a star
Seeking the hills and the groves
Where the fixed towns are.

Our goal was no palace gate
No temple of old
But a child in his mother's lap
In the cloudy cold
The olives were windy and white
Dust swirled through the town
As all in their royal robes
Our masters knelt down

Then back to the dessert we paced in our phantom
state
And faded again int he sands
That are secret as fate-
Portents of glory and danger our dark shadows lay
At the feet of the babe in the manger
And then drifted away...

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