

## Georges Moustaki

### "Humbly He Came"

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(Georges Moustaki) adaptation anglaise Graeme Allwright

Humbly he came, nobody knew his name.  
He was so poorly dressed, looking for a place to rest.  
Because his feet was bare, they didn't really care.  
Humbly he came, nobody knew his name.  
The words he said were good but no one understood  
Though some of them received, so very few believed.  
Humbly he came, nobody knew his name  
Just asked for wine and bread, somewhere to lay his  
head  
But he asked for so much more from the rich and from  
the poor.  
So, humbly he came, his leaving was the same  
Like a ship without a crew, a stranger passing through.  
He left the way he came, nobody cried his name.

Humbly he came and never came again.  
It happened long ago, now, they would not let him go.  
Women wear their nicest dress as for a much awaited  
guest.  
Children call him by his name, invite him to their game.  
Men keep a glass of wine to celebrate that time.  
They will feast and sing and then, they will love and  
love and love again.

Humbly he came, nobody knew his name.  
Humbly he came and never came again.

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