

Joan Baez "Burgundian Carol"

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The winter season of the year
When to this world our Lord was born
The ox and donkey, so they say
Did keep his holy presence warm
How many oxen and donkeys now
If they were there when first he came
How many oxen and donkeys you know
At such a time would do the same?

And on that night it has been told
These humble beasts so rough and rude
Throughout the night of holy birth
Drank no water, ate no food
How many oxen and donkeys now
If they were there when first he came
How many oxen and donkeys you know
At such a time would do the same?

As soon as to these humble beasts
Appeared our Lord, so mild and sweet
With joy they knelt before his Grace
And gently kissed His tiny feet
How many oxen and donkeys now
Dressed in ermine, silk and such,
How many oxen and donkeys you know
At such a time would do as much?

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