

Wildwood Carol

Jane Siberry

Sing o the wild wood, the green holly
The silent river and barren tree
The humble creatures that no man sees
Sing O the wild wood

A weary journey one winter's night
No hope of shelter, no rest in sight
Who was the creature that bore Mary?
A simple donkey

And when they came into Bethl'hem town
They found a stable to lay them down
For their companions that Christmas night
An ox and an ass

And then an angel came down to earth
To bear the news of the Saviour's birth
The first to marvel were shepherds poor
And sheep with their lambs

Sing O the wild wood