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The song of the donkey

(Tune: Baa, baa, black sheep)

Donkey, donkey,
With your precious load,
Trotting slowly
Up the road.
Many miles to travel
To David's town,
Now you're trotting up the hill,
Soon be trotting down.

Donkey, donkey,
With your precious load,
Trotting slowly
Up the road.
Not far to go now,
The town's in sight,
You can take it easier
Later tonight.

Donkey, donkey,
With your precious load,
Trotting slowly
Up the road.
The town is very crowded,
Lots of people there,
Mary and Joseph are
Starting to despair.

Donkey, donkey,
With your precious load,
Trotting slowly
Up the road.
All the inns are full,
No rooms are free,
Jesus has a stable for
His nursery.

