

# 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