

## The Wise Man

## The Cats

Far to the east, Lord, I see them in my mind  
They carry in their hands for what they must find  
They come in each year, Lord, today in one place  
Within their faces, what they shall face

I will always remember the end of December  
How I went to the chapel as a child  
Oho, I was silently watching the stable  
And for me all the figures inside came alive

They moved in silence with feeling's so sure  
Their garmensts all shining so bright and pure  
Like figures of marble and all set with gold  
Their graceful features so noble and cold

I will always remember the end of December  
How I went to the chapel as a child  
Oho, I was silently watching the stable  
And for me all the figures inside came alive

They do not change, Lord, they're each year the same  
They've got no future but only their name  
I know their memory, it won't fade away  
Never ending there journey, never meanin' to stay

I will always remember the end of December  
How I went to the chapel as a child  
Oh, I was silently watching the stable  
And for me all the figures inside came alive