

The Gifts They Gave

Harry Belafonte

Jesus, our brother, kind and good
Was humbly born in a stable of wood
And the friendly beasts around Him stood
Jesus, our brother, kind and good
I said, the donkey, shaggy and brown
I carried His mother up hill and down
I carried His mother to Bethlehem town
I said, the donkey, shaggy and brown
I said, the sheep with curly horn
I gave Him my wool for a blanket warm
He wore my coat on Christmas morn
I said, the sheep with curly horn
I said, the dove from the rafters high
I cooed Him to sleep that He should not cry
We cooed Him to sleep my love and I
I said, the dove from rafters high
Thus, every beast by some good spell
In the stable dark was glad to tell
Of the gift he gave Emmanuel
Of the gift he gave Emmanuel

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