

## The (not so) Wise Man

*Hello !!*

A King is what they call me, or a Wise Man, or a Sage  
Though / think it has less to do with my knowledge and more to do with my age !!  
I'm one of a band of Magi, we travel throughout the land  
Presenting magic for one and all ... producing things from our hands !  
I know some men from far away, who watch the skies for signs;  
And they sent me a message, to go on a journey....the stars would soon be aligned.  
I packed my bags and saddled my mule, and set off to meet my friends  
Not knowing the reasons why we were going, or where the journey might end.  
We all met-up...the four of us... Balthazar, Caspar, Melchior & me  
But they were far better equipped for this, than I would ever be.  
Presents they had gathered, for they were sure this trip would prove  
That the Son of God, had come down to earth....things were really starting to move !!  
Well, I felt totally unprepared, with no present, and little water or food  
So the *three Wise Men* set off ahead of me, in a none-too-happy mood.  
I searched around for something to take...Frankincense, Myrrh or Gold  
Then I remembered that was what they all had...I was totally out in the cold.  
And so I set forth on the road once more, following in their train  
Hoping that before too much time had passed I'd meet up with them again.  
But somehow, I'm not sure how it happened, I got lost along the way  
And by the time I got to Bethlehem, they'd been gone for more than a day.  
I saw the babe in the stable, but felt too ashamed to go in.  
But then I realised .....it wasn't *presents*, but what is really within  
our hearts that matters in this world of ours....we have no need to show  
How rich we are, or clever, or wise, but this one thing I know  
That baby born in a stable.....that King of humble birth...  
Is the one who was sent from God on high to save this poor troubled earth.  
So....wherever your journey takes you, no matter how much your road may bend,  
Try to follow the star as you travel, and enjoy the company of friends.  
Don't worry about possessions; how rich or poor you may be;  
Just give your heart to the Christ-Child, who came to earth for you and me

Oh... and a final thought... whatever *you* want to call *me*, and (please) be as polite as you can,  
I'm just a humble old chap who got lost on his way going to see Jesus, The Son of Man

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