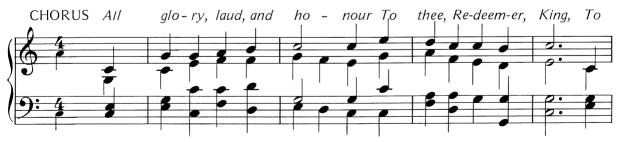
DONKEYS

Calling someone an ass or a donkey is like saying he is stupid, or at least obstinate. People also make fun of this patient and useful animal for other reasons, such as his loud, braying voice and his fondness for eating thistles. All the same, the donkey has been much loved and even respected. In eastern lands he used to be given special honour as the mount chosen to carry kings and other great personages. Muslim law forbids overloading the donkey, and there are several stories in the Bible that show him as a trustworthy and intelligent animal. In the Old Testament there is the story of Balak the king, Balaam the prophet, and the ass that spoke. In the New Testament we can read accounts of how Jesus rode on the back of a donkey into Jerusalem, an event remembered in Christian churches on Palm Sunday. A fine old hymn often sung in the Palm Sunday processions goes like this (only two verses are given here, but originally it had thirty-seven, so that it could last through a very long procession!):

ALL GLORY, LAUD, AND HONOUR

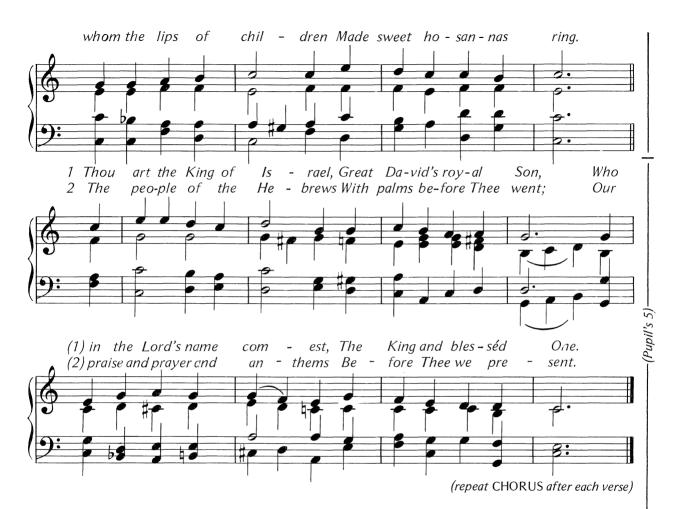
English version by J. M. Neale





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Christ mounted on a donkey



Another church procession, with a donkey as its centre, used to take place in France about six hundred years ago. It was held in memory of the journey of Mary and Joseph, with the child Jesus, into Egypt to escape the massacre ordered by King Herod. A donkey richly arrayed, and carrying a young

woman with a baby in her arms, was solemnly led along the street, through the great west door of the church, and right up to the high altar, in the midst of a cheering and singing crowd. The choir sang this song, and all the people joined in at the end of each verse:

HERE'S A DONKEY FROM THE EAST





A very beautiful but rather sad song in a minor key comes from the mountains of Spain. It mourns the death of a donkey everyone knew and loved:

THE DONKEY'S BURIAL

Our poor don - key's dead and gone, He'll car - ry no more all don - kevs he was best. For he was brave and When he died stretched his legs, His he poor old iaws а the neigh-bours see When AIIcame to to his grave we

