

Ferdinand of Abyssinia

High on the hill of a desert plain
Ferdinand crawled where there is no rain
Thirsty for water his mouth was dry
Drinking the tears from his blood-stained eyes

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Scorching the skin of his hot-red face
Down beat the sun as he searched for shade
All his companions are dead or lost
Quoting from Bible he prays to God

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What have I done to deserve this fate
All of my life I have never prayed
Now Lord I'm asking for a quick death
To hear the sound of my rattling breath

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Just then he sees something from afar
Is it a well or just a mirage
Crawling towards it his hope returns
Does he the strength to reach what he yearns

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