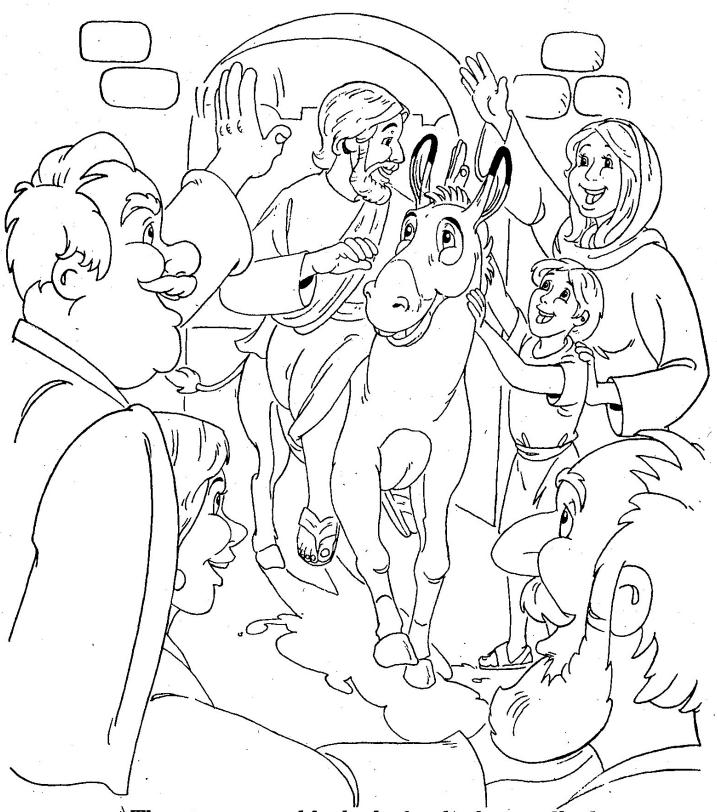


The donkey stopped. His long ears flopped. This seemed to be his day. It made him proud that in this crowd, He had a part to play.



The street was blocked, the donkey walked On coats the people threw. "This is the king!", he heard them sing.

The donkey knew it too.



As Jesus came, they praised His name, Inside the house of prayer.



And turned into a stall.

The blind, the lame, the deaf-mutes came,
And Jesus healed them all.



The crowd went wild! The merchants riled, When Jesus came inside.
They rushed about. He threw them out.

They had no place to hide.