

The air was dry with summer heat,
and smoke was on the yellow moon;
But, from the heavens, faint and sweet,
came floating down a wond'rous tune;
And, as they heard , they sang full well,
those drovers three – Noel! Noel!

The black swans flew across the sky,
the wild dog called across the plain,
The starry luster blazed on high,
still echoed on the heavenly strain;
And still they sang Noel! Noel!
Those drovers three. Noel! Noel!