

Aled Jones

"The Little Road To Bethlehem"

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As I walked down the road at set of sun
The lambs were coming homewards one by one
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them
Along the little road to Bethlehem

Beside an open door as I drew nigh
I heard sweet Mary sing a lullaby
She sang about the lambs at close of day
And rocked her tiny King among the hay

Across the air the silver sheepbells rang
"The lambs are coming home," sweet Mary sang
"Your star of gold, your star of gold is shining in the
sky
So sleep, my little King, go lullaby"

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