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Hayley Westenra "The Little Road To Bethlehem"

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As I walked down the road at set of sun, The lambs were coming homeward 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. \hat{A} "The lambs are coming home, \hat{A} " sweet Mary sang. \hat{A} "Your star of gold, your star of gold is shining in the sky.

So sleep, my little King, go lullaby.Â"

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